TWELVE NOTABLE GOOD WOMEN

ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY

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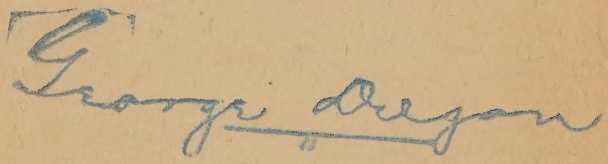

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HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

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TWELVE NOTABLE GOOD WOMEN OF THE XIX^TH CENTURY

BY

ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY

WITH TWELVE PORTRAITS

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NEW YORK . . . .
E. P. DUTTON & CO
31, WEST TWENTY-THIRD
STREET . . . .

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INTRODUCTION

IN ancient and modern Syria—that land of historic and sacred memories—the name of "lady" is unknown, and is only expressed by the term "a virtuous woman"; and yet what truer and nobler definition can be given, for, as Solomon tells us, a virtuous woman "is far above rubies."

And so, from time to time, on our little world-stage there enters, one by one, some representative living personality to play her part in the great life-drama.

It is the old, the ever new, parable of the talents over again,—"to whom much is given, of him shall much be required;" and yet how various are the gifts, how diversified and unequal the *rôle*, the *répertoire*!

Rich indeed is our record in the Victorian era, when our crowned Lady leads the van,—when a saintly Elizabeth Fry trod the murky purlieus of Newgate, and raised fallen and degraded womankind by her angel message of pity and love. And not far behind her moved that dear "Lady with the Lamp," revered and beloved by every English

heart—Florence Nightingale; and following them a noble little band of workers.

And it is the parable again—the many, the few. Not all are called to be pioneers, or to go down into the heat of the battle. There are some that must watch beside the tents, faithful in little, faithful in much; and yet we may believe that their recording angels have written their names in letters of gold.

"Write me as one who loves his fellow-men," said Abu Ben Adhem; and surely it might be written of the leal-hearted Scotch lassie who manned the lifeboat when the ship was sinking, or of Agnes Weston working year after year amongst her beloved blue-jackets; and so on with each one of our notable good women. "There is none good," said the Master; but the term is only used here in a relative sense, to express the idea of those who have discharged their duty, redeemed their pledge, fought the good fight, and kept in the right path, —true-hearted and virtuous women in the noble Syriac sense, which is far nobler than the old Saxon definition of lady—"*hlâfweardige*"—bread-keeper.

There are some of us who think there is too little reticence and reserve at the present day, too much publicity,—as though one lived with open doors, in Japanese fashion. There is nothing kept sacred; everywhere there is the beat of drums, the flourish of trumpets; from the favoured housetops a herald seems perpetually crying, "Oyez! good people, this

is to give notice!" and so on. And through the length and breadth of the land it passes, from mouth to mouth, spreads like wildfire—tittle-tattle, canard, topic of the day—interviewer and journalist all are tiptoe and agog for the latest tit-bit; and Mercury wears his fool's cap and bells, and has a suit of motley.

This, too, is true, and cannot be repudiated; but notwithstanding, there is one saving clause in this document of human infatuation—the strength and power of example, the light that shines from the unhidden candlestick—and this we must not deny. There is no such anomaly in nature as isolated good deeds; one might as well throw stones into a pond and expect no eddies or circles, as believe that good works may be done without influencing that generation. If "their works do follow the blessed dead" into the unseen life, most assuredly their potency and force are wide-spreading here, and the circles overlap each other and widen out, as they do on the watery bosom of the stream.

So, as men place finger-posts where intersecting roads meet, to point the way clearly, may these sketches of twelve noble and useful lives be read and studied by the women of this generation, and "go and do thou likewise" be written upon some true heart.

Her Majesty the Queen

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

CHAPTER I

VICTORIA THE GOOD

" Time in his mantle's sunniest fold
Uplifted in his arms the child ;
And, while the fearless infant smiled,
Her happy destiny foretold.
Infancy, by wisdom mild,
Framed to health and artless beauty ;
Youth by pleasure unbeguiled
From the path of lofty duty.
Womanhood in pure renown
Seated on her lineal throne."

ODE BY WORDSWORTH.

THERE was a striking sentence written some twelve years ago by Dr. Macaulay, to this effect :—

" When the time comes for the history of the reign of Queen Victoria to be written, it will be found that no equal epoch since the commencement of the Christian era—except, perhaps, that which includes the discovery of America, the invention of printing, and the Reformation—has been so full of important events, affecting the condition and progress of the human race. . . . In the advancement of science," he goes on to say, " and its application to the arts ; in the subjugation of nature to the use of man ; all around us and in our daily life, we see the results of

material progress. Nor is the advance less marked in social and moral, in educational and religious life."

"In Queen Victoria," said Lord Macaulay, "her subjects have found a wiser, gentler, happier Elizabeth"—and this, too, is pregnant with truth. The whole life of our beloved Queen, as we know it up to the present day, is a Royal Idyll, noble in its simplicity, its truth, its purity; and as child, crowned maiden, wife, mother, and widowed ruler, she alike claims our reverence and love.

It was a blessed day for England, that 24th of May, 1819, when in the grey old palace at Kensington the girl baby opened her blue eyes first on this world. The only child of the popular Duke of Kent and his wife, the widowed and charming Princess of Leiningen, great was her father's rejoicing at her birth. "Take care of her, for she will be Queen of England," he would say, with fond pride; and so the little Princess was baptised on the 24th of June, in the grand saloon of Kensington Palace, and received the name of Alexandrina Victoria; and it is interesting to read that she was successfully vaccinated the following August, and that she was "the first member of the Royal Family of Britain who received the benefit of Jenner's remarkable discovery." There is a happy little account of their stay at Sidmouth, where the little one thrived in the health-giving Devonshire air; but alas! the visit terminated sadly. The Duke was seized with a severe indisposition and chill, which resulted in inflammation of the chest with high fever; and before the babe was nine months old she was fatherless. Two days later the widowed Duchess, with her child and her brother Prince Leopold, set out for London.

There is a sweet word-picture here; for we are told that the royal infant, "being held up at the carriage window to bid the assembled population of Sidmouth farewell, sported and laughed joyously, and patted the glass with her pretty dimpled hands, in happy unconsciousness of her

melancholy bereavement." The graphic little scene seems to live for us: the crowing babe, the tiny hands beating in infantile fashion against the shining pane, the gurgling laughter of the unconscious little one; while the widowed mother wept beside her,—how vividly one seems to see it!

As we follow the footsteps of the Royal child from infancy to childhood, and on through her early youth, the curtain seems to rise for us again and again; and some never-to-be-forgotten picture is placed before our eyes—distinct, lifelike, rich with nature's verity, and warm with colour.

Every writer who has striven to pourtray the leading incidents of Queen Victoria's life has seized eagerly on these little episodes, which seem to stand out with cameo-like clearness, and one by one to reproduce them.

There was something grand and unique in the self-abnegation of the widowed Duchess of Kent when she determined to devote her life to the care and training of her fatherless child.

In her own noble words she says: "We stood alone—almost friendless and alone in this country; I could not even speak the language of it. I did not hesitate how to act; I gave up my home, my kindred, my duties [the regency of Leiningen] to devote myself to that duty which is to be the whole object of my life."

And from that time she lived at Kensington in strict seclusion; and from the day of her father's death until she ascended the throne the Princess always slept in her mother's room.

There is another infantile sketch that is very charming,—when we hear of the little Princess appearing in her phaeton, when she was fifteen months old, tied safely to the vehicle with a broad ribbon, and drawn by her half-sister Princess Feodore.

And we are told too that "the baby liked to be noticed, and answered all who spoke to her; she would say 'lady,'

and 'good morning,' and when told, would hold out her soft dimpled hand to be kissed, with an arch expression on her face. . . . Her large blue eyes, beautiful bloom, and fair complexion made her a model of infantine beauty."

The great philanthropist William Wilberforce writes to Hannah More, on July 21st, 1820: "In consequence of a civil message from the Duchess of Kent I waited on her this morning. She received me with her fine animated child on the floor beside her with her playthings, of which I soon became one." The life at Kensington Palace was as simple as that of any English household.

Mr. Charles Knight, the publisher, has left a pleasing record of this period of the Queen's life. "I delighted," he narrates, "to walk in Kensington Gardens sometimes on a holiday afternoon with my elder girls, more frequently in the early morning on my way to town. In such a season, when the sun was hardly high enough to have dried up the dews of Kensington green alleys, as I passed along the broad central walk I saw a group on the lawn before the Palace, which to my mind was a vision of exquisite loveliness. The Duchess of Kent and her daughter, whose age then numbered nine, were breakfasting in the open air, a single page attending on them at a respectful distance, the matron looking on with eyes of love, while the fair soft face is bright with smiles." And farther on he exclaims with enthusiasm, "What a beautiful characteristic it seems to me of the training of this Royal girl, that she should not have been taught to shrink from the public eye; that she should enjoy the freedom and simplicity of a child's nature; that she should not be restrained when she starts up from the breakfast table and runs to gather a flower in the adjoining pasture; and that her merry laugh should be as fearless as the notes of the thrushes around! I passed on and blessed her; and thank God I have lived to see the golden fruits of such training."

Nothing could exceed the almost severe simplicity of that Royal household. One record by a contemporary informs us of the daily routine.

"The family party met at breakfast at eight o'clock in summer time, the Princess Victoria having her bread and milk, and fruit, put on a little table by her mother's side. After breakfast the Princess Feodore studied with her governess, Baroness Lehzen, and the Princess Victoria went out for an hour's walk or drive. From ten to twelve her mother instructed her, and then she would amuse herself by running through the suite of rooms which extended round two sides of the Palace, and in which were many of her toys. Her nurse was a Mrs. Brock, whom the Princess used to call her 'dear dear Boppy.' At two came a plain dinner, while the Duchess took her luncheon. After this, lessons again until four; then would come a visit or a drive, and after that the Princess would ride or walk in the gardens; or occasionally, on very fine evenings, the whole party would sit out on the lawn under the trees. At the time of her mother's dinner the Princess had her supper laid at her side; then after playing with her nurse she would join them at dessert, and at nine she would retire to her bed which was placed beside her mother's, day and night watched over by maternal love.

Claremont, the residence of Prince Leopold, was a second home to the Duchess and her children, as the Royal pen has noted with reference to these visits. These were the happiest days of the Queen's childhood. The little Princess adored her uncle; and in 1842, when the Queen was staying at Claremont, she wrote to him in very touching words. "This place brings back recollections of the happiest days of my otherwise dull childhood; days when I experienced such kindness from you, dearest uncle; Victoria plays with my old bricks, and I see her running and jumping in the

flower garden as old (though I feel still little) Victoria of former days used to do."

There is a touch of sadness here—"my otherwise dull childhood": no doubt the high-spirited, affectionate child must have yearned sorely for playmates; and that in spite of the care observed in the young Princess' education, and her mother's untiring and watchful love, the young heart must have had lonely hours, and she must often have regarded with feelings akin to envy the groups of happy children sporting under the trees.

There is a charming passage in a letter written by the Dowager Duchess of Coburg to the Duchess of Kent upon the Princess's eleventh birthday. "My blessings and good wishes for the day which gave you the sweet blossom of May! May God preserve and protect the valuable life of that lovely flower from all the changes that will beset her mind and heart. The rays of the sun are scorching at the height to which she may one day attain. It is only by the blessing of God that all the fine qualities He has put into that young soul can be kept pure and untarnished."

"Very seldom," as Dr. Macaulay informs us, "has a young mind and heart been more wisely and carefully cultivated, judging by results." He goes on to say, "What was the progress of the training in those early years we do not know, and are not likely to know except by the publication of any records that may have been kept by the governesses and teachers of the Princess, especially by the late Baroness Lehzen, who was with her from childhood." If her correspondence or diary should ever see the light, we shall know more of the girlhood of the Queen.

How interesting her statement would be, may be inferred from a single recollection which she gave in a letter to the Queen as lately as December 2nd, 1867. This was long after the faithful governess had retired to spend the evening of her life in her own country.

"I ask your Majesty's leave," writes the Baroness, "to cite some remarkable words of your Majesty when only twelve years old, while the Regency Bill was still in progress. I then said to the Duchess of Kent that now for the first time your Majesty ought to know your place in the succession. Her Royal Highness agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When Mr. Davys" (the Queen's instructor, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough) "was gone, the Princess opened, as usual, the book again, and seeing the additional paper, said, 'I never saw that before.' 'It was not thought necessary you should, Princess,' I answered. 'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought.' 'So it is, Madam,' I said. After some moments, the Princess resumed, 'Now, many a child would boast; but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendour, but much responsibility.' The Princess, having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand, gave me that little hand, saying, 'I will be good, dear Lehzen; I will be good.' I then said, 'But your Aunt Adelaide is still young and may have children, and of course they will ascend the throne of their father William IV., and not you, Princess.' The Princess answered, 'And if that were so, I should never feel disappointed, for I know by the love my Aunt Adelaide bears me how fond she is of children.'"

One must surely allow that these were remarkable words to be spoken by a child of twelve; and in their calm seriousness they recall to our mind Mrs. Oliphant's pleasant description of the personal appearance of the young Princess. "I remember very distinctly," she says, "when I saw her first, being myself very young, how the calm, full look of her eyes impressed and affected me. Those eyes were very blue, serene, still, looking at you with a tranquil breadth of expression which somehow conveyed to your mind a feeling of unquestionable power and greatness, quite poetical in its serious simplicity. I do not suppose she was

at all aware of this, for the Queen does not take credit for being so calmly royal; but this is how she looked to a fanciful girl, seeing Her Majesty for the first time."

G. Barnett Smith, in his interesting "Life of the Queen," informs us that "the Duchess of Kent early familiarised her illustrious daughter with the features of her own country, interesting her in it by personal visits to its chief cities and towns." In this way they visited Birmingham, Worcester, Kenilworth, and Carnarvon, and other places, and accepted invitations to beautiful English country seats, such as Eaton Hall, Alton Towers, and Chatsworth.

In 1833 the Duchess and her daughter took up their residence at their beautiful seat of Norris Castle, Isle of Wight. It was here the young Princess first acquired her love of ships and the sea. Here we have another idyllic sketch, delightful in its simplicity. "A tourist on one occasion strolled into the old churchyard at Arreton, near Brading, to search out the grave of Elizabeth Wallbridge, the heroine of Legh Richmond's popular religious story, 'The Dairyman's Daughter.' Beside a grassy mound he discovered a lady and a young girl seated, the latter reading aloud in a full, melodious voice, the touching tale of the Christian maiden. The tourist turned away, and soon after was told by the sexton that the pilgrims to that humble grave were the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria."

When, in 1830, George IV. died and the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., ascended the throne, it became necessary, we are told, "to provide for the contingency of the Princess Victoria's accession to the throne before attaining the age of eighteen, that being the period of her majority."

A Regency Bill was passed, and the Duchess of Kent was named guardian of the infant Princess and Regent of the Kingdom, assisted by a Council of Regency. A sum of £10,000 a year was voted, in addition to the original

annual grant of £6000, for the maintenance and support of the heiress presumptive.

The young Princess made her first appearance at Court on Queen Adelaide's birthday, on February 24th, 1831, when she was thirteen. We read that "she wore a dress of English blonde over white satin, a pearl necklace, and a rich diamond agrafe fastened the Madonna braids of her fair hair at the back of her head."

There was much comment and questioning at the absence of the heiress presumptive on the occasion of the coronation of William IV. and Queen Adelaide; but controversy was silenced by the statement that the Duchess of Kent had been anxious about her daughter's delicate health, and had obtained the King's sanction for her absence; and indeed, at the close of the Princess Victoria's fifteenth year, her condition gave general concern.

On August 30th, 1835, the Princess was confirmed in the Chapel Royal of St. James'. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London officiated. The ceremony was private; only the King and Queen, the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, and other members of the Royal Family were present. But the scene was a touching one, for during the Archbishop's pathetic and tender exhortation the Royal girl was deeply affected, her face was bathed in tears, and unable at last to restrain her emotions, she laid her head on her mother's shoulder and sobbed aloud.

In painful contrast to this affecting scene Greville gives us a singular account of the King's birthday dinner—when about a hundred persons were present, and among them the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, when the King delivered a most extraordinary speech. "I trust in God," he is reported to have said, "that my life may be spared for nine months longer, after which period, in the event of my death, no regency would take place. I should

then have the satisfaction of leaving the royal authority to the personal exercise of that young lady," pointing to the Princess, "the heiress-presumptive of the crown, and not in the hands of a person near me, who is surrounded by evil advisers, and who is herself incompetent to act with propriety in the station in which she would be placed." The King went on to complain of the manner in which the Princess had been kept away from Court and from the Drawing-room, and in a most peremptory manner commanded that the Princess should for the future appear at Court on all occasions. Greville adds that this awful philippic was uttered with a loud voice and an excited manner, and that though the King concluded with an affectionate allusion to the Princess, it created a most painful sensation. The Queen was in great distress, the young Princess burst into tears; as for the insulted Duchess, she said not a word, but announced her immediate departure.

One can only hope that the scene is exaggerated, but it is well known that the King frequently lost his temper, and that more than once he had vented his displeasure on his sister-in-law. A sort of reconciliation was on this occasion effected, and the Duchess was induced to remain at Windsor until the next day.

May 1836 was a memorable month for Princess Victoria, for it was then that she first saw her future husband.

The "little May flower" had always been an object of interest to her relatives in Coburg, and the idea of her marriage to one of her cousins had taken deep root in the family. The Prince used to relate that when he was a child of three years old his nurse always told him that he should marry the Queen, and that when he first thought of marrying at all, he always thought of her.

This idea was warmly encouraged by King Leopold, and his friend and adviser Baron Stockmar, but the latter

urged "that no claim on the Prince's behalf for the hand of his cousin should be preferred, unless an impression in his favour from personal acquaintance should first have been produced."

An invitation from the Duchess to the Duke of Coburg and his sons Ernest and Albert afforded an opportunity for the Princess to make the acquaintance of her cousins. "But," Stockmar wrote, "it must be made a *sine quâ non* that the object of the visit be kept strictly secret from the Princess, as well as from the Prince, so as to leave them completely at their ease."

The visitors remained nearly four weeks at Kensington Palace, and the cousins spent delightful days together, playing duets on the piano, sketching, walking and riding, and visiting the chief attractions of the Metropolis.

Prince Albert writes home in his simple, affectionate way: "Dear Aunt is very kind to us, and does everything she can to please us; and our cousin also is very amiable." The Queen, too, gave the following description of the Prince at this period: "The Prince was at this time very handsome, but very stout, which he entirely grew out of afterwards. He was most amiable, natural, unaffected, and merry, full of interest in everything."

The visit of the Royal youths was a complete success, and the Queen unconsciously revealed her favourable opinion of Prince Albert in her confidential letters to her uncle, King Leopold. They were both now about seventeen years old, the Queen completing her seventeenth year during the visit, the Prince three months later. Sir Theodore Martin, in his life of the Prince Consort, tells us "that almost simultaneously with the Princes leaving England, King Leopold made the Queen aware of his wishes on the subject. The answer made it impossible to doubt how entirely those of the Princess were in accordance with his own. "I have only now to beg you, my dearest uncle,"

it concludes, "to take care of the health of one now so dear to me, and to take him under your special protection. I hope and trust that all will go on prosperously and well on this subject now of so much importance to me." (Letter of Princess Victoria to King Leopold, June 7th, 1836.)

On May 24th, 1837, the Princess came legally of age. It was a time of great rejoicing. Kind messages came from Windsor, and a costly piano from the King; but he was too ill to be present at the State Ball at St. James's, nor could the Queen leave him.

We read that the Princess Victoria opened the ball with young Lord FitzAlan, son of the premier Duke in England, the Duke of Norfolk, and that she danced with Prince Esterhazy—"ablaze with diamonds as usual." A few days later Baron Stockmar arrived on the scene, and less than a month after that festal birthday William IV. breathed his last.

It is interesting to note that Princess Victoria made her last appearance in public as heiress presumptive at a Charity Ball given at the Opera House for the benefit of the Spitalfields weavers, and that her life as Princess was thus fitly closed by a charitable act.

ACCESSION AND MARRIAGE

CHAPTER II

VICTORIA REGINA

"God save thee, weeping Queen!
Thou shalt be well beloved;
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move,
As those poor tears have moved;
Tho' nature in thy eyes we see
Which tyrants cannot own—
The love that guardeth liberties,
Strange blessing on the nation lies
Whose Sovereign wept—
Yea, wept to wear a crown."—E. B. BROWNING.

"Life treads on life, and heart on heart,
We press too close in church and mart,
To keep a dream or grave apart."

SO sang one of the sweetest of our English poets; but in this earthly existence of ours "the shadows of the prison-house" seem to environ us wherever we move, and our warm human personality shrinks from the cold touch of the dark angel's hand. Life and death, buoyant youth and senile decay, and light tripping feet moving with averted eyes among the graves!

The King is dead! The bluff, warm-hearted Sailor-King —so hasty of tongue, so kind of heart—"nothing in his life

became him like the leaving it." "Believe me, I am a religious man," he had said in his feeble voice to the Archbishop who was ministering to him; and more than once he had raised his dying eyes, as though in communion with the unseen King of kings, and murmured "Thy will be done."

Victoria Regina! God save the Queen! A Royal Idyll indeed!—it reads to us still like a fairy tale; we heard it first at our mother's knee, and hushed our young breaths as the thrilling story unfolded before us: the slumbering Palace in the dim light of that June morning, the sleeping Princess, the hurrying messengers: Dr. Howley, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Conyngham; the unavailing knocking, thumping, and ringing before the drowsy porter could be aroused. We read how, when the attendant hesitated about disturbing the Princess, so sweet and sound were her slumbers, the quick peremptoriness of the official reply, "We have come on business to the Queen, and even her sleep must give way to that." And then follows that quaint, natural word-picture drawn by Miss Wynn in her "Diary of a Lady of Quality": "In a few minutes she [the Princess] came into the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified." In Mrs. Tooley's "Personal Life of Queen Victoria," she gives us the following interesting piece of information: "In 1863, when Dean Stanley was on a visit to the Queen at Osborne, he asked Her Majesty if she would give him an account of how the news of her accession was conveyed to her, which she did in the following words: 'It was about 6 a.m. that mamma came and called me, and said I must go to see Lord Conyngham directly—alone. I got up, put on my dressing-gown, and went into a room, where I found Lord Conyngham, who knelt and

kissed my hand, and gave me the certificate of the King's death. In an hour Baron Stockmar came. He had been sent over by King Leopold on hearing of the King's dangerous illness. At 2 p.m. that same day (June 20th, 1837) I went to the council led by my two uncles, the King of Hanover and the Duke of Cambridge.'" But all accounts agree on one point: that the first words of the girl monarch on being informed of her new dignity were addressed to the Archbishop—"I ask your Grace to pray for me." Every episode of this memorable day is full of thrilling interest.

The young Queen's first Privy Council was held at Kensington Palace later that morning; and one can imagine the sensation and emotion that were excited when the doors were thrown open, and that girlish figure in mourning advanced, bowing quietly to her lords, and took her seat; and without embarrassment or tremor of nerves read her declaration in a clear silvery voice. Greville himself seemed to be struck with admiration at the young Queen's bearing. He tells us in his graphic way: "After she had read her speech and taken and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the Privy Councillors were sworn, the two Royal Dukes first by themselves. And as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and natural relations; and this was the only sign of emotion which she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging: she kissed them both, and rose from her chair and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her and too infirm to reach her. She seemed rather bewildered at the multitude of men who were sworn, and who came one after another to kiss her hand; but she did not speak to anybody, nor did she make the slightest difference in her manner, or show any in her countenance, to any individual of rank, station, or party. I particularly watched her when

Melbourne and the Ministers and the Duke of Wellington and Peel approached her. She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne for instruction when she had any doubt what to do, which hardly ever occurred, with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating."

This was a splendid eulogium from the "acid diarist." But the Duke of Wellington seemed also much impressed, and was heard to say "that if the Queen had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better."

Immediately after the Council, we are informed the Queen went to her mother's room and begged with deep emotion to be left in absolute solitude for two hours. No one dare invade that sacred privacy; but we may believe that that fair young head was bowed in earnest prayer for strength and wisdom to fulfil the duty of that high station to which she had been called in her youth—"Victoria Regina, by the grace of God, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland."

There is another incident on that day which deserves to be mentioned. One of her first acts had been to write a loving letter full of tenderest sympathy to the widowed Queen. Some one reading the superscription, "Her Majesty the Queen," observed that it should be "Her Majesty the Queen Dowager." "I am quite aware of Her Majesty's altered character," was the reply, "but I will not be the first person to remind her of it"—an answer instinct with the finest delicacy.

On the following morning, June 21st, the Queen, accompanied by her mother, drove in state to St. James's Palace. The guns in the Park fired a salute at ten o'clock, and immediately the "little Queen" stood at the window of the Presence Chamber in full view of the crowd, while the band

of the Royal Guards struck up the National Anthem, and at its conclusion, while Sir William Woods, acting for the Garter King-at-Arms, and accompanied by the Duke of Norfolk as Earl Marshal of England, read aloud the proclamation. The Queen looked very pale and fatigued. She was dressed in deep mourning, with a white tippet, white cuffs, and a border of white lace under a small black bonnet, which was placed far back on her head, exhibiting her light hair in front, simply parted over her forehead. She appeared deeply affected at the acclamations of her people, and was observed to shed tears. Elizabeth Barrett Browning commemorated this touching incident in a lovely poem, the last stanza is exceptionally beautiful.

"God bless thee, weeping Queen!
With blessing more divine,
And fill with better love than earth's
That tender heart of thine;
That when the throne of earth shall be
As low as graves brought down,
A piercèd Hand may give to thee
The crown which angels shout to see;
Thou will not weep
To wear that heavenly crown."

When the news of his cousin's accession reached Prince Albert, then a student at Bonn, he wrote to Her Majesty on June 26th: "Now you are Queen of the mightiest land of Europe, in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May Heaven assist you and strengthen you with its strength in that high but difficult task." And towards the end of the letter: "May I pray you to think likewise sometimes of your cousins in Bonn."

On July 13th the Queen took up her residence at Buckingham Palace, and four days later she went in state to dissolve Parliament. We read that the youthful Queen was dressed in white satin, with the ribbon of the Garter crossing her shoulder, and a magnificent tiara of diamonds

on her head, and a necklace and stomacher of costly brilliants; the Parliamentary mantle of crimson velvet and ermine being adjusted by the lords-in-waiting.

Fanny Kemble, who was present on this occasion, gives us an admirable description of the girl Queen. "The Queen is not handsome, but very pretty, and the singularity of her great position lent a sentimental and poetical charm to her youthful face and figure. The serene, serious sweetness of her candid brow and clear soft eyes gave dignity to the girlish countenance; while the want of height only added to the effect of extreme youth of the round but slender figure, and gracefully moulded hands and arms. The Queen's voice was exquisite, nor have I ever heard any spoken words more musical in their gentle distinctness than 'My Lords and Gentlemen,' which broke the breathless silence of the illustrious assembly, whose gaze was riveted on that fair flower of royalty. The enunciation was as perfect as the intonation was melodious, and I think it is impossible to hear a more excellent utterance than that of the Queen's English by the English Queen."

The first of Her Majesty's many deeds of mercy was performed soon after her accession, when she was called on to sign her first death warrant, presented her by the Duke of Wellington. It was a deserter condemned by court-martial; but the Queen, hearing that some witnesses had spoken for his character, wrote 'Pardoned' across the paper, and pushed it across the table, her hand trembling with emotion."

Her next act was to pay her father's debts—indeed, she never rested until all his liabilities had been discharged. His allowance had not been large, and his generosity had been great, and his indiscriminating charity had involved him in pecuniary embarrassment. "I want to pay all that remains of my father's debts," she said to the Prime Minister. "I must do it. I consider it a sacred duty."

Lord Melbourne said "that the earnestness and directness of that good daughter's manner when speaking of her father brought the tears to his eyes." Lord Melbourne was now her chief adviser. George Villiers told Greville "that he was exceedingly struck with Melbourne's manner to the Queen, and hers to him—his so parental and anxious, but always so respectful and deferential; hers indicative of such entire confidence, such pleasure in his society"; and later on, "I have no doubt he is passionately fond of her, as he might be of his own daughter if he had one—and the more because he is a man with a capacity for loving, without having anything in the world to love. It is become his province to educate, instruct and form the most interesting mind and character in the world."

From the very commencement of her reign the young Sovereign showed that untiring industry and remarkable aptitude for business that was to set such a noble example to her subjects. As we peruse contemporary records of her daily life we are reminded again and again of the child-princess holding out her little hand with the pathetic utterance, "I will be good." There is a very interesting account, that may be quoted with profit. "She [the Queen] gets up soon after eight o'clock, breakfasts in her own room, and is employed the whole morning in transacting business; she reads all the despatches, and has every matter of interest and importance in every department laid before her. At eleven or twelve Melbourne comes to her and stays an hour, more or less, according to the business he may have to transact. At two she rides with a large suite (and she likes to have it numerous); Melbourne always rides at her left hand, and the equerry-in-waiting on her right; she rides for two hours along the road, and the greater part of the time at a full gallop; after riding she amuses herself for the rest of the afternoon with music and singing, playing and romping with children, if there are any

in the Castle (and she is so fond of them that she generally contrives to have some there). The hour of dinner is nominally half-past seven o'clock, soon after which time the guests assemble, but she seldom appears before eight."

The account informs us that Melbourne always sat at her left hand at the dinner, and that the Queen would not allow the gentlemen to remain over their wine more than a quarter of an hour, but always remained standing in the drawing-room until they appeared. Coffee was then served, and after the Royal hostess had said a few words to each of her guests, the Duchess of Kent's whist table was arranged, the round table marshalled, Melbourne always seated at her left hand, and at half-past eleven the Queen retired.

The coronation of Her Majesty took place in Westminster Abbey on June 28th, 1838—a magnificent and soul-stirring spectacle, never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Many shed tears when the fair young girl in her royal robes knelt before the faldstool in silent prayer. During the long wearisome ceremonial, which lasted for more than four hours, the youthful monarch played her part with a noble composure and dignity. One or two incidents were most impressive: one when the Westminster boys exercised their prerogative, and rising *en masse* shouted "Victoria, Victoria! Vivat Victoria Regina!" and again when the crown was placed on her head, and at the same moment the peers and peeresses put on their coronets, the trumpets sounded, the drums beat, and the Tower and Park guns fired their volleys. We are told that at this moment the Queen was visibly agitated, and that the Duchess of Kent was drowned in tears; "by a strong effort Her Majesty regained her composure," and the ceremonial continued. "No wonder," as an eyewitness informs us, "the crowned lady looked fatigued."

The next important event in the Queen's private life was

the second visit of the cousins from Coburg. Three years had passed since they had been in England, and during most of this time Prince Albert had been carrying on his studies at Bonn. All that the Queen had heard of the Prince was most favourable, we are told; and, to use her own words, "she never had any idea, if she married at all, of any one else." Still she had desired delay—she was too young, the Prince was too young. Very likely the novelty of her dazzling position, the natural intoxication of youth, freedom, and power, made her reluctant to enter upon the serious duties and responsibilities of wedded life. She expressed, however, great regret afterwards that she had not after her accession kept up her correspondence with her cousin as she had done before it. "Nor can the Queen now," she adds, "think without indignation against herself of her wish to keep the Prince waiting, for probably three or four years, at the risk of ruining all his prospects for life, until she might feel inclined to marry! And the Prince has since told her that he came over in 1839 with the intention of telling her that if she could not then make up her mind, she must understand that he could not now wait for a decision, as he had done at a former period, when this marriage was first talked about."

And then, with noble frankness and perfect artlessness, Her Majesty continues, "The only excuse the Queen can make for herself is in the fact, that the sudden change from the secluded life at Kensington to the independence of her position as Queen Regnant at the age of eighteen, put all idea of marriage out of her mind, which she now most bitterly repents." All these maidenly doubts and scruples were to vanish, however, before the irresistible feeling inspired by the Prince when they met again. "The three years," as General Grey tells us, "had greatly improved both the young men." Prince Albert was eminently handsome. But there was also in his countenance a

gentleness of expression and peculiar sweetness in his smile, with a look of deep thought and high intelligence in his clear blue eyes and expansive forehead, that added a charm to the impression he produced in those who saw him, far beyond that derived from mere beauty or regularity of features. And the Queen herself writes to King Leopold: "Albert's beauty is most striking, and he is most amiable and unaffected—in short, very fascinating. The young men are both amiable and delightful companions, and I am glad to have them here."

"Happy the wooing that is not long a-doing," says the old adage. The Queen had given her impressions of her newly arrived cousins in these unaffected words probably on the very day of their arrival—October 10th; but on the 15th she writes a far more conclusive letter to her old friend, Baron Stockmar. She had so recently expressed to him her resolution not to marry for some time, that she touches on the subject with girlish embarrassment. "I do feel so guilty," she writes, "I know not how to begin my letter, but I think the news it contains will be sufficient to ensure your forgiveness. Albert has completely won my heart, and all was settled between us this morning. . . . I feel certain he will make me very happy. I wish I could say I felt as certain of making him happy, but I shall do my best."

Then we have the Prince's touching account to his aged grandmother: "The Queen sent for me alone to her room a few days ago, and declared to me, in a genuine outburst of love and affection ('*Ergusse von Herzlichkeit und Liebe*'), that I had gained her whole heart, and would make her intensely happy (*überglücklich*) if I would make her the sacrifice of sharing her life with her—for she said she looked on it as a sacrifice; the only thing that troubled her was that she did not think she was worthy of me. The joyous openness of manner in which she told me this quite

enchanted me, and I was quite carried away by it. She is really most good and amiable, and I am quite sure heaven has not given me into evil hands, and that we shall be happy together." Could anything be more idyllic in its simplicity and guileless reality than this betrothal of the "sweet Flower of May" to the princely Sir Galahad, so true to the motto of his house, "*Treu und Fest.*" "With the exception of my relations to the Queen," he writes to his stepmother, "my future position will have its dark side, and the sky will not always be blue and unclouded. But life has its thorns in every position, and the consciousness of having used one's powers and endeavours for an object so great as that of promoting the welfare of so many, will surely be sufficient to support me." But even as he writes these brave words there is a shadow over the bright prospect —the thought of leaving the beloved land of his birth, with all he loved so deeply.

But in spite of shadows and future partings, the betrothed couple were very happy. They had many tastes and sympathies in common. The Prince, we are told, had considerable facility as an artist, and still more as a composer; he also sang well and played with skill, and during his stay at Windsor Castle "her Majesty frequently accompanied him on the piano, and at a later period they sang together the admired productions of Rossini, Auber, Balfe, and Moore."

The Princes remained a month at Windsor, and when they left the Queen felt her loneliness sadly. There is a touching sentence in a letter of the Prince to the Duchess of Kent. "What you say about my poor little bride sitting all alone in her room, sad and silent, has touched me to the heart. Oh, that I might fly to her side to cheer her!" And the Queen herself afterwards wrote: "For 'the poor little bride' there was no lack of those sweet words, touched with the grateful humility of a manly love, to receive which

was a precious foretaste to her of the happiness of the years to come."

Very lover-like were the letters that came to her. Once he writes, "How often are my thoughts with you! The hours I was privileged to pass with you in your dear little room are the radiant points of my life, and I cannot even yet clearly picture to myself that I am indeed to *be* so happy as to be always near you, always your protector." And then, with the pious reverence that was already so inherent in his nature, he tells his *fiancée* that he was about to take the Sacrament, adding, with affectionate solemnity, "God will not take it amiss if in that serious act even at the altar I think of you, for I will pray to Him for you and for your soul's health, and He will not refuse us His blessing." Strangely beautiful words to be written by a young Prince not quite one-and-twenty!

The public Declaration of the intended marriage was postponed until it had been communicated to the Privy Council, and on November 20th the Queen came up to Buckingham Palace with her mother, and on the 23rd made her Declaration. It was a trying ordeal for the young Sovereign. "Precisely at two," the Queen writes in her journal, "I went in. The room was full, but I hardly knew who was there. Lord Melbourne I saw looking kindly at me, with tears in his eyes, but he was not near me. I then read my short declaration. I felt my hands shake, but I did not make one mistake. I felt most happy when it was over." The Queen always wore a bracelet with the Prince's portrait: "It seemed to give me courage at the council," she wrote in her naïve way.

A Bill for the naturalization of Prince Albert was at once passed through both Houses of Parliament, and Her Majesty shortly afterwards conferred upon her future husband the title of Royal Highness, as well as the rank of Field Marshal

in the British army. The question of the Prince's annuity excited a good deal of discussion in the House of Commons, and the sum of £50,000, proposed by Lord John Russell, was finally reduced to £30,000.

The marriage was fixed for February 10th, and on the 8th the Prince arrived, accompanied by his father and elder brother. There is an interesting little anecdote told of the Queen. It is said that the Archbishop inquired if it were her wish that any alteration should be made in the Liturgy with regard to the word "obedience." Report informs us that the Queen replied "that it was her wish to be married in all respects like any other woman, according to the revered usage of the Church of England; and that, though not as a queen, as a woman she was ready to promise all things contained in that portion of the Liturgy." We cannot vouch for the truth of this, but it is extremely probable that this answer was given.

The wedding ceremony was solemnised at St. James'. As the Royal bride entered her carriage, it was observed that she looked extremely pale and agitated; she wore a dress of Honiton lace over white satin, the material having been manufactured at Spitalfields, and the lace made by two hundred poor lace-workers in the village of Beer, near Honiton; a wreath of orange blossom and a veil completed her bridal attire; she had round her neck the collar of the Garter, but wore no other jewels. Her train was borne by twelve young ladies, the daughters of well-known peers. Her responses, made in low, clear, silvery voice, were audible at the extreme corners of the chapel; and as she said "I will," we are told "that she accompanied the expression with a glance at his Royal Highness which convinced all who beheld it that the heart was with her words." The Dowager Lady Lyttelton, who was an eyewitness of the marriage, wrote later on: "The Queen's look and manner were very pleasing, her eyes much swollen

with tears, but great happiness in her countenance ; and her look of confidence at the Prince when they walked away as man and wife was very pleasing to see. I understand she is in extremely high spirits since : such a new thing to her to dare to be unguarded in conversation with anybody ; and with her frank and fearless nature the restraints she had hitherto been under from one reason or another with everybody must have been most painful."

In the afternoon the bridal couple left for Windsor for their brief honeymoon of three days, the Queen in a white satin pelisse trimmed with swansdown, and a white satin bonnet and feather.

For only one day were the Queen and Prince alone together ; and on this day she wrote to Baron Stockmar, "There cannot exist a dearer, purer, nobler being in the world than the Prince." On the 12th the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Coburg, the hereditary Prince, and the whole court joined them, and after two more days they returned to London.

On the 28th the Duke of Coburg left England. The parting with his father was very painful to the Prince. The Queen writes of it in her Journal in her own womanly, pathetic fashion : "He said to me that I had never known a father, and could not therefore feel what he did. His childhood had been very happy. Ernest, he said, was now the only one remaining here of his earliest ties and recollections ; but that if I continued to love him as I did now, I could make up for all. . . . Oh ! how I did feel or my dearest, precious husband at that moment ! Father, brother, friends, country, all has he left, and all for me. God grant that I may be the happy person, the most happy person to make this dearest, blessed being happy and contented ! What is in my power to make him happy I will do."

Another heavy trial was in store for the Prince, when he

bade his brother good-bye. "They bade farewell German student fashion, singing together the parting song, 'Abschied.' The brothers embraced affectionately, Albert being pale as a sheet and his eyes full of tears."

The Queen and Prince Albert spent their first Easter together at Windsor, and here they received the Sacrament together for the first time. About this time the Duchess of Kent retired to a separate establishment, and removed to Ingestre House, Belgrave Square; but this separation did not interrupt her close and loving intercourse with her beloved daughter.

And so the ideal married life began; the maiden monarch no longer stood alone—she had now a strong arm on which to lean, and a discreet and faithful adviser ever beside her. No one who saw them could doubt that it was a marriage of profound happiness and true sympathy, and the good Queen had her peerless knight—*sans peur et sans reproche.*

A few touching verses written by a well-known song writer, Helen Marion Burnside, may fitly close this chapter. It is supposed to be the recollection of a Scotch peasant girl on the day of the Coronation.

"I mind how the cannon thundered, how millions shouted as one,
An' a' was a dazzle o' splendour spread under the summer sun,
I'd heard she'd be blazin' with jewels, an' wear her crown on her head
An' I went to London to see her wi' the lad I was bound to wed;
But when she came by i' her carriage I saw but a lassie fair,
Wi' a smile on the lips that trembled, an' a glint o' gowd i' her hair."

"She seemed so young an' so gentle, an' i' spite of her state so lone,
Wi' a look of prayer 'neath her eyelids that brought the tears to my own;
That I loved her, that sweet bit lassie, and set her image apart,—
For a' she was Queen o' the nation, i' the core o' my leal heart.'

MARRIED LIFE

CHAPTER III

WIFE AND MOTHER

"Her court was pure; her life serene,
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife and Queen."

LORD TENNYSON.

"IN that fierce light which beats upon a throne and blackens every blot," the wedded bliss and blameless life of the royal pair seemed only to be thrown out in stronger relief; and in spite of the trammels of etiquette and the wearisome routine and burdensome duties of a court, they enjoyed hours of quiet unalloyed happiness.

From the very beginning of their married life the youthful pair set a noble example by their untiring devotion to those high duties entailed on them by their station; and their industry, their method of utilising their moments of leisure, were indeed admirable and worthy of imitation.

There is a very interesting sketch of the occupations of their daily life in the "Early Years of the Prince Consort," which deserves to be quoted.

"At this time the Prince and Queen seem to have spent their day much as follows: They breakfasted at nine, and took a walk every morning soon afterwards. Then came

the usual amount of business (far less heavy than now), besides which they drew and etched a great deal together, which was a source of great amusement, having the plates 'bit' in the house. Luncheon followed at the usual hour of two o'clock. Lord Melbourne, who was generally staying in the house, came to the Queen in the afternoon, and between five and six the Prince usually drove her out in a pony phaeton. If the Prince did not drive the Queen, he rode, in which case she took a drive with the Duchess of Kent or the ladies. The Prince also read aloud most days to the Queen. The dinner was at eight o'clock, and always with the company. In the evening the Prince frequently played at double chess, a game of which he was very fond and which he played extremely well." And three years later, Mr. Uwins, one of the artists employed in decorating a pavilion in the garden of Buckingham Palace, wrote a most valuable letter, an extract from which is given in the "Life of the Prince Consort."

"It has happened to me in life," he writes, "to see something of many royal personages; and I must say, with the single exception of the Duke of Kent, I have never met with any, either in England or on the Continent of Europe, who have impressed me so favourably as our reigning Sovereign and her young and interesting husband. Coming to us twice a day unannounced and without attendants, entirely stript of all state and ceremony, courting conversation, and desiring reason rather than obedience, they have gained our admiration and love.

"In many things they are an example to the age. They have breakfasted, had morning prayers with the household in the private chapel, and are out some distance from the Palace, talking to us in the summer-house, before half-past nine o'clock, sometimes earlier. After the public duties of the day and before their dinner they come out again, evidently delighted to get away from the bustle of the

world to enjoy each other's society in the solitude of the garden.

"Our peaceful pursuits are in accordance with the scene; and the opportunity of watching our proceedings seems to give a zest to the enjoyment of those moments snatched from state, parade, and ceremony. Here, too, the royal children are brought out by their nurses, and the whole arrangement seems like real domestic pleasure."

Could any description be more idyllic in its sweet simplicity? What an example to those frivolous butterflies of fashion always seeking after pleasure, and frittering away precious time and strength in their search for what they call happiness. Very different was our young Queen to these jaded worldlings; for, as Mr. Uwins says in another passage: "The Queen, too, is full of intelligence, her observations very acute, and her judgment apparently matured beyond her age."

The Queen's influence on the stage was wonderfully beneficial; as Mrs. Oliphant observes, "she was in the foreground of the national life, affecting it always for good, and setting an example of purity and virtue. The theatres to which she went, and which both she and her husband enjoyed, were purified by her presence; evils which had been the growth of years disappearing before the face of the young Queen."

On November 21st, 1840, the Queen gave birth to her first child, the Princess Royal, at Buckingham Palace; and Mrs. Lilly, the nurse, presented the little stranger, "a beautiful plump and healthy infant," to the Privy Councillors assembled in the ante-room.

The Prince's care and devotion were most admirable. While the Queen was laid up he refused to go to the play or to amuse himself, and always dined quietly with the Duchess of Kent. We are told, "that no one but himself ever lifted her from her bed to her sofa, and he always

helped to wheel her on her bed or sofa into the next room." The Queen's memorandum adds in her own expressive words, always pathetic from their natural simplicity: "For this purpose he would come instantly when sent for from any part of the house." As years went on, and he became overwhelmed with work (for his attentions were the same in all the Queen's subsequent confinements), this was often done at much inconvenience to himself; but he ever came with a sweet smile on his face. In short, his care of her was like that of a mother, nor could there have been a kinder, wiser, or more judicious nurse.

The christening of the Princess Royal took place in the Throne Room at Buckingham Palace, on February 10th. The water used for the ceremony was brought from the Jordan. The infant received the names of "Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa." Shortly before the christening the Prince had an awkward accident: skating in the gardens of the Palace, the ice gave way, and he was suddenly immersed in deep water. The Queen was the only one who gave him efficient help, the other ladies only screaming for assistance. He escaped all ill effects, with the exception of a cold.

There was great rejoicing when, on the following November 9th, 1841, the Queen gave birth to a son. An act of royal clemency inaugurated the auspicious event. All convicts who had behaved well had their punishment commuted, and those deserving this clemency on board the various hulks had their liberty granted them. There was great happiness in the palace. The Queen writes in her Journal: "To think we have two children now, and one who enjoys the sight already (the Christmas-tree); it is like a dream." And again, in a pretty, maternal way, "Albert brought in dearest little Pussy (Princess Victoria) in such a smart white merino dress, trimmed with blue, which mamma had given her, and a pretty cap, and placed her

on my bed, seating himself next to her, and she was very dear and good; and as my precious, invaluable Albert sat there, and our little love between us, I felt quite warm with happiness and love to God." And again, writing to the King of the Belgians: "I wonder very much whom our little one will be like. You will understand how fervent are my prayers, and I am sure everybody's must be, to see him resemble his father in every respect, both in mind and body." And in a later letter she remarks, "We all have our trials and vexations; but if one's home is happy, then the rest is nothing." What true womanly words!

The christening of the Prince of Wales was a most imposing ceremony. It took place on January 25th, 1842, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, the chief sponsor being the King of Prussia. He received the names of Albert Edward.

After the ceremony the Queen held a Chapter of the Order of the Garter, when the King of Prussia, as a lineal descendant of George I., was elected a Knight Companion. In the evening there was a grand banquet in St. George's Hall.

In spite of the Queen's domestic happiness, the year 1842 brought troubles with it. There was terrible news from Afghanistan, and though the British arms ultimately conquered, there were fearfully heavy losses, some of the finest of our troops being cut up. There was also war with China, and the condition of things at home was most unsatisfactory, and a growing agitation on account of the corn laws. There were fears of a Chartist rising, and to offer a stimulus to trade the Queen gave a *bal masqué* at Buckingham Palace, always mentioned as "The Queen's Plantagenet Ball." About a fortnight later a grand ball was given in Her Majesty's Theatre for the benefit of the Spitalfields weavers. The Queen was present at this.

Two daring attempts to assassinate the young Queen

were made in this year, one by a scoundrel named John Francis, who fired a pistol at her as Her Majesty was driving down Constitution Hill, and the other by a deformed youth, John William Bean, who also levelled his pistol at the Queen, but fortunately it failed to go off. Francis was sentenced to death, but the Queen directed a reprieve of the sentence, although, to quote her own words, "she was fully conscious of the encouragement to similar attempts which might follow such leniency." The sentence was commuted to transportation for life, and he was sent to Tasmania. Bean was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment in Newgate. On both occasions the Queen showed the utmost courage. On the 13th the Queen took her first railway journey, travelling from Slough to Paddington in twenty-five minutes.

Her Majesty also paid her first visit to Scotland in this year—that land afterwards so beloved by her and the Prince Consort—and the enthusiasm of her Scottish subjects produced a marked impression on Her Majesty's mind. The following year the Queen's uncle, the Duke of Sussex, died; and a few days later, on April 21st, another daughter was born to Her Majesty, who afterwards received the names of Alice Maud Mary.

The next important event was the Queen and Prince Consort's visit to the Château d'Eu, near Tréport, the private domain of Louis Philippe. It was the first time an English Sovereign had visited France since the Field of the Cloth of Gold. This visit was a great success, and the Queen, writing from Eu, speaks of her pleasure "at being in the midst of this admirable and truly amiable family, where we are quite at home, and as if we are one of them."

The Queen and her Royal Consort paid other visits this year, first to Drayton Manor, as guests of Sir Robert Peel, and then to the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. On January 29th, 1844, Prince Albert received the news of his

father's death, but in this sad trouble the Queen's sympathy was a great alleviation. "I have been with the Queen," writes Lady Lyttelton, in a letter at this time, "a good deal altogether. She is very affecting in her grief, which is in truth all on the Prince's account, and every time she looks at him her eyes fill afresh. He has suffered dreadfully, being very fond of his father; and his separation from him, and the suddenness of the event, and his having expected to see him soon, all contributed to make it worse." Later on, duty demanded the Prince's presence at Coburg; and this separation, brief as it was—only a fortnight—was extremely painful to the Queen, as since their marriage they had not been apart for a day.

The great Court event of the year was the visit of Nicholas, the Czar of Russia, the "hard, cold, cruel, handsome and imposing Nicholas." There were splendid festivities at Windsor and Buckingham Palace.

On August 6th the Queen gave birth to her second son, Alfred Ernest Albert, afterwards Duke of Edinburgh; and later on, in September, she and the Princes, with the Princess Royal, paid another visit to Scotland, Blair Castle having been placed at their disposal by Lord Glenlyon, afterwards the Duke of Athole; and on October 8th Louis Philippe, King of the French, arrived at Windsor Castle.

Two more daughters, Helena and Louise, and a third son, Prince Arthur, were born to the Royal couple during the next few years; and still later on two other children, Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice, completed the family.

The education of their children had been the Queen's and the Prince Consort's earliest care. Her Majesty writes to Lord Melbourne in 1842, "We are much occupied in considering the future management of our nursery establishment, and naturally find considerable difficulties in it. . . . Stockmar says—and very justly—that our occupations

prevent us from managing these affairs as much our own selves as other parents can, and therefore we must have some one in whom to place implicit confidence."

Such a person was found in Lady Lyttelton, who for eight years filled the office of governess to the Royal children, and it was a sad day for her young charges when she resigned her office.

The Queen's method of education for her children was excellent: they were brought up with the utmost simplicity, and the strictest discipline was exercised in the Royal nurseries.

That charming book, "The Private Life of the Queen," by one of Her Majesty's servants, tells us that the Queen "always made time in her busy life to bathe with her own hands the last new baby."

The children were never brought into contact with Court life. "Many of the Queen's ladies scarcely knew the Royal children, save by sight, and by catching brief glimpses of them as they walked in the gardens with their parents, or sometimes came to dessert after dinner. The most carefully selected governesses and professors taught the children English, French, German, and the arts."

And again: "The religious training of the Royal children was entirely mapped out by the Queen, who herself drew up a memorandum, which if it were given to the world in full, would prove of inestimable benefit to all parents, so kindly, so truly sympathetic, so earnest and womanly is it. Touching the Princess Royal in particular, she says, 'I am quite clear that she should be taught to have great reverence for God and for religion, and that she should have the feeling of devotion and love which our heavenly Father encourages His earthly children to have for Him, and not one of fear and trembling.'

"The note touching the religious training of the Prince of Wales was even more decided: 'The law prescribes the

belief of the Church of England shall be the faith of the members of the Royal Family, and in this faith the Prince of Wales must unquestioningly be trained."

In all these matters the Prince Consort was her truest adviser and counsellor; and as years passed and the weight of government and public cares pressed more heavily on the Queen, so did she lean more on that strong arm and bright intellect, and the patient, cheerful, considerate spirit, "which toil and trial and disappointment seemed only to ripen into fuller beauty." In reading the records of the Royal lives one is struck by the Prince Consort's application to work and his unflagging and incessant industry. As Sir Theodore Martin tells us, in his exhaustive "Life of the Prince," "Every enterprise of national importance claimed his attention; and in all things that concerned the welfare of the State, at home or abroad, his accurate and varied knowledge, and great political sagacity, made him looked to as an authority by all our leading statesmen." And in another passage full of interest, he tells us his methods of work. "Like most men who have done great things in the world, the Prince got to his work early, and had made good progress with it before other people were stirring. Summer or winter he rose as a rule at seven, dressed and went to his sitting-room, where in winter a fire was burning, and a green German lamp ready lit. He read and answered letters, never allowing his vast correspondence to fall into arrears; or prepared for Her Majesty's consideration drafts of answers to her Ministers on any matters of importance. . . . He kept up this habit to the close of his life, and his last memorandum of this description he brought to the Queen on December 1st, 1861, at 8 a.m., having risen to write it, ill and suffering as he was, saying as he gave it, "Ich bin so schwach, ich habe kaum die Feder halten können" (I am so weak, I have scarcely been able to hold the pen).

During all these years of stirring life there were many events of the deepest interest to the Queen and her Royal Consort. In 1845 she accompanied him to Germany.

The previous fortnight had been spent at their new island home, Osborne, which had been purchased in the preceding year—a marine residence comprising grounds of upwards of eight hundred acres, and well stocked with noble timber. A new mansion was subsequently built. "The house," the Queen writes, "was planned by the Prince, and his wishes admirably carried out by the late Mr. Thomas Cubitt. . . . In laying out the grounds and his farming operations," Her Majesty adds, "the Prince was ably seconded by Mr. Toward, our land steward for twenty-six years." In truth, the Prince might have said, as Scott did of Abbotsford: "My heart clings to the place I have erected. There is scarce a tree in it that does not owe its existence to me." The property now extends to 2300 acres.

We read pleasant accounts of the house-warming when the Queen and her household first took up their residence there, when the Queen's and Prince's healths were drank; and at the Prince's suggestion an appropriate Psalm was sung, translated from Luther's "God bless our going out, nor less our coming in, and make them sure."

The visit to Coburg with her beloved husband gave the Queen intense pleasure. Rosenau was the place where he had been born and "spent the happiest years of his boyhood."

"How happy, how joyful," she writes in her journal, "we were, on awaking, to feel ourselves here, at the dear Rosenau, my Albert's birthplace, the place he most loves! He is so, so happy to be here with me. It is like a beautiful dream."

September 1848 was memorable to the Royal couple, for it was their first visit to their future Highland home. We are told in the "Life of the Prince Consort" that Sir James Clark's attention had been called to the fine air and other

attractions of this part of Deeside as a summer and autumn residence. Having satisfied himself on these points, he had urged the Queen and Prince to acquire the lease of the Balmoral estates from the Earl of Aberdeen. Writing to the Dowager Duchess of Coburg, the Prince says of this visit:—

"We have withdrawn for a short time into a complete mountain solitude, where one rarely sees a human face, where the snow already covers the mountain tops, and the wild deer come creeping stealthily round the house. Scenes which, in Her Majesty's own words, seem to breathe freedom and peace, and to make one forget the world and its sad turmoil."

The following year, 1849, was still more memorable, for the Great Exhibition was first projected by the Prince Consort. The germ of this and all Industrial Exhibitions of our own age was contained in the celebrated Frankfort Fairs of the sixteenth century. The Prince propounded his views to four most active members of the Society of Arts; and after taking counsel with the Government, a fitting area was found in Hyde Park. In this year, too, the Queen and the Prince paid their first visit to Ireland, and received a most enthusiastic welcome from the warm-hearted people; "the effect produced by the visit was most salutary," wrote Sir James Clark, who formed one of the Royal suite. The year closed sadly, however, with the death of the Queen Dowager, the good, amiable Queen Adelaide, at Bentley Priory.

The opening of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park was an eventful day in the Queen's life. She wrote a graphic account of the ceremony in her diary. Her thankfulness and joy are, as usual, touchingly expressed. "God bless my dearest Albert! God bless my dearest country, which has shown itself so great to-day! One felt so grateful to the great God who seems to pervade all and bless all! The only event it in the slightest degree reminded me of was the

coronation, but this day's festival was a thousand times superior. In fact, it is unique, and can bear no comparison, from its peculiarity, beauty, and combination of such different and striking objects." And in another passage: "Albert is immortalised;" here is the wifely key-note of the whole; and in a letter to Lady Lyttelton she writes, "... that great and glorious 1st of May. The proudest and happiest day of—as you truly call it—my happy life.... To see this great conception of my beloved husband's mind, which is always labouring for the good of others, to see this great thought and work crowned with triumphant success, in spite of difficulties and opposition of every imaginable kind, and of every effort to which jealousy and calumny could resort to cause its failure, has been an immense happiness to us both."

Thackeray's "May-Day Ode" expressed the universal feeling:—

> "But yesterday a naked sod:
> The dandies sneered from Rotten Row,
> And cantered o'er it to and fro;
> And see, 'tis done!
> As though 'twere by a wizard's rod,
> A blazing arch of lucid glass
> Leaps like a fountain from the grass
> To meet the sun."

We are told that this beautiful poem, cut from the *Times*, was preserved by the Prince, as it well deserved to be, among his private records of the Exhibition.

The following year the Duke of Wellington died, much mourned by Her Majesty; for in some measure "he had held towards her the triple capacity of father, hero, and friend."

Clouds were gathering on the horizon, and troublous times coming for England and England's Queen. On February 28th, 1854, Her Majesty signed a formal declaration of war with Russia; and for the next two years we are

told that her life was spent in consuming anxiety. Alma, Inkermann, Balaclava, and the charge of the Light Brigade —the blood of heroes shed freely—and the cry of widows and orphans ascending to heaven.

The Queen suffered so keenly for her soldiers, that one of the Royal children said to Lord Cardigan, when he came to Windsor, "You must hurry back to Sebastopol and take it, else it will kill mamma." It was after the Crimean War, with its dearly bought victories, that Her Majesty first distributed that much coveted distinction, the Victoria Cross or Cross of Valour; and we are also told that it was owing to the Queen's efforts that the beautiful military hospital of Netley was built. It was at this time the Queen conferred on her husband the title of Prince Consort.

In 1857 her Majesty's last child, the Princess Beatrice, was born; and soon after followed the betrothal of the Princess Royal, then only fifteen years old, to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, heir to the throne. The two years that intervened between the engagement and marriage were saddened by the awful tidings of the Indian Mutiny. "We are tortured by the events in India," wrote the Prince to his faithful Stockmar, "which are truly frightful!" And again the Queen's womanly sympathies were strongly excited by the terrible details of Cawnpore.

On the Princess Royal's wedding day the Queen wrote in her Journal: "The second most eventful day of my life as regards feelings. I felt as though I was being married over again myself, only much more nervous, for I had not the blessed feeling of giving myself for life to him whom I loved and worshipped then and ever." The parting from their beloved child was keenly felt by the Queen and Prince Consort. The young Princess soon won golden opinions in her new home; and her father's remark, "that the Princess Royal had a man's head and a child's heart," was soon confirmed by the reports from Berlin. The

Queen's first grandchild, a boy, was born when his mother was only eighteen, and his grandmother thirty-nine. And the next domestic event of deep interest was the betrothal of Princess Alice to Prince Louis of Hesse, on November 30th, 1860.

1861 was a disastrous year to our beloved monarch—a year of sorrow and bereavement.

On March 16th the Queen lost her mother, the Duchess of Kent.

"She is gone," she writes, to her uncle, King Leopold, during those first hours of bereavement; "that precious, dearly beloved, tender mother, whom I never parted with but for a few months, without whom I cannot imagine life, has been taken from us. . . . I held her dear hand in mine to the last, which I am truly thankful for. But the watching that precious life going out was fearful! Alas! she never knew me; but she was spared the pang of parting. . . . I feel so truly *verwaist* (orphaned)." Throughout these sad days of bereavement the Prince was her truest comforter. "He was so tender and kind," she writes in her diary, "so pained to have to ask me distressing questions, but spared me so much. Everything done so quietly and feelingly." And indeed that watchful care and sympathy never failed her while his life lasted. In August Her Majesty and the Prince paid another visit to Ireland, accompanied by Prince Arthur and the Princesses Alice and Helena. They then proceeded to their beloved Highland home, where they spent a few weeks of retirement; the last they were to spend there together, for the shadow of death was soon to draw over that happy married life.

For the last ten years the health of the Prince Consort had been unsatisfactory. The severe mental strain entailed by incessant work, and the sense of his responsibility as private adviser to Her Majesty, had weakened his constitution, and with all the goodwill of those who served and helped

him so faithfully, they could not prevent "a pressure which constantly compelled him to do in one day what would have been more than ample work for two." Well may he speak, in one of his letters to the Crown Princess, of "the treadmill of never-ending business."

"It was evident," as Sir Theodore Martin tells us, "that the Prince Consort was in a state of health when any little casualty, whether of exposure to the weather or to any noxious agent of any kind, could scarcely fail to affect him seriously." The typhoid fever, under which he eventually sank, was undoubtedly germinated about November 22nd, when he went to Sandhurst to inspect the building for the new Staff College and Royal Military Academy. It was a day of incessant rain, "*entsetzlicher Regen*" ("terrific rain") as he calls it; and there is no doubt the fatigue and exposure produced injurious results. We are told in the "Prince Consort's Life," that he had no strong yearning for life, "and that he contemplated the prospect of death with an equanimity by no means common in men of his years." Not long before his fatal illness, in speaking to the Queen, he said: "I do not cling to life; you do, but I set no store by it. If I knew that those I love were well cared for, I should be quite ready to die to-morrow." And in the same conversation he adds: "I am sure if I had a severe illness I should give up at once. I should not struggle for life; I have no tenacity of life." Sadly prophetical words these proved; but they were said without sadness—his ripe and chastened spirit was ready to follow the Divine will, either for life or death. It is distressing to follow the details of that sad illness, gleaned from the pages of the Queen's Diary,—to read of discomfort and restlessness, broken snatches of sleep, prostration and suffering, unutterable feelings of wretchedness and depression. Such sad entries as this occur on December 5th. "He did not smile, or take much notice of me, but

complained of his wretched condition, and asked what it could be and how long this state of things might last. . . . His manner all along was so unlike himself, and he had sometimes such a strange, wild look." By December 6th the physicians, Dr. Jenner and Sir James Clark, had no doubt of the nature of the illness, that it was gastric or low fever, and they broke the intelligence to the Queen. "I seem to live in a dreadful dream," is the entry of December 7th. "Later in the day my angel lay in bed, and I sat by him watching. The tears fell fast as I thought of the days of anxiety, even if not of alarm, which were in store for us; of the utter shipwreck of new plans, and of the dreadful loss this long illness would be publicly as well as privately; and then, when I had seen Sir James and Dr. Jenner, I talked over what could have caused this illness. Great worry and far too hard work for long. That must be stopped." The Prince's medical advisers had strongly urged their patient to remain in bed; he had resisted their entreaties for some time; when at last their counsel prevailed it was too late. The shadows were deepening, and already the veiled figure of the Dark Angel was on the threshold! By December 12th it was evident the fever and the shortness of breath increased, there was also a probability of congestion of the lungs; and by the 13th Dr. Jenner was obliged to inform the Queen that the illness was extremely serious. All through this trying time of anxiety and suffering the Princess Alice was the greatest comfort to her parents.

The sufferer had been removed into the Blue Room, a fine large cheerful room; strange to say it was the very apartment where William IV. and George IV. had died. A letter written by one of the household gives a touching account of that Sunday:—

"The last Sunday the Prince spent on earth was a very blessed one for the Princess to look back upon. He was

very ill and weak, and she spent the afternoon alone with him while the others were at church. He begged to have his sofa drawn to the window, that he might see the sky and the clouds sailing past. He then asked her to play to him, and she went through several of his favourite hymns and chorales ('Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott' amongst them). After she had played some time she looked back and saw him lying back, his hands folded as if in prayer, and his eyes shut. He lay so long without moving that she thought he had fallen asleep. Presently he looked up and smiled. 'Were you asleep, dear Papa?' 'Oh no,' he answered; 'only I have such sweet thoughts.'"

During his illness his hands were often folded in prayer; and when he could not speak, his serene face showed that the "happy thoughts" were with him still. ". . . Of the devotion and strength of mind shown by the Princess Alice all through these trying scenes it is impossible to speak too highly."

Dr. Watson and Sir Henry Holland had been called in, but though there had been a decided rally, they were all very anxious; and on Friday the 13th, the Prince's condition was regarded as extremely critical.

The Queen had been constantly with him, and he had shown "obvious reluctance to being left by Her Majesty even for the short intervals when her attendance was required elsewhere." Even on the fatal Saturday, the 14th, Sir Theodore Martin tells us, Mr. Brown, of Windsor, who was thoroughly acquainted with the Prince's constitution, informed the Queen "that he thought the Prince was better, and there was ground to hope that the crisis was over."

"I went over at seven," Her Majesty writes, "as I usually did. It was a bright morning, the sun just rising and shining brightly. The room had the sad look of night watching, the candles burnt down to their sockets,

the doctors looking anxious. I went in, and never can I forget how beautiful my darling looked, lying there with his face lit up by the rising sun, his eyes unusually bright, gazing as it were on unseen objects and not taking notice of me.

"The hours wore on in agonising alternations of hope and fears."

The Prince of Wales, who had been summoned from Maddingly, had arrived at three in the morning. At twelve the Queen went out on the terrace with Princess Alice for a breath of air; but a military band was playing and she burst into tears and hurried back. The doctors had not yet given up hope; the breathing was the alarming thing, it was so rapid; and also, in the Queen's words, "there was a dusky hue about his face and hands which I knew was not good."

We must quote from Sir Theodore Martin's sad account. "The Queen's distress was terrible; she only left the Prince's room for the one adjoining. Still the doctors continued to comfort her with hope, but they could not blind her to the signs that this precious life, this most precious of lives to her, was ebbing away."

"About half-past five," Her Majesty writes, "I went in and sat beside his bed, which had been wheeled into the middle of the room. 'Gutes Frauchen,' he said, and kissed me."

Later on, when his children and attendants had each kissed his hand, the Queen again bent over him and whispered "Es ist kleines Frauchen," ('Tis your own little wife), and he bowed his head and kissed her.

As the evening advanced a rapid change came on. The Queen, who had retired to give vent to her grief, was summoned from the adjoining room; she took his hand "which was already cold, though the breathing was gentle," and knelt down beside him. As the Castle clock chimed

the third quarter after ten, two or three long breaths were drawn, and the weary warrior, the worn out worker, was at rest. One of the noblest souls that had ever blessed this world had entered into rest.

Well and fitly has our glorious Poet Laureate written—

> "Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed,
> Beyond all titles, and a household name
> Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert the Good."

"Their works do follow them." Truly we may say of our Great Prince that his beloved name is graven indelibly on the hearts and memories of all English men and English women.

CHAPTER IV

A ROYAL MOURNER

"Break not, oh woman's heart, but still endure;
Break not, for thou art royal, but endure
Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside Thee, that ye made
One light together, but has past, and leaves
The crown a lonely splendour."

LORD TENNYSON.

THE writer of this sketch well remembers that melancholy Sunday, December 15th, when the omission of the Prince Consort's name from the Litany informed the congregation that their revered monarch was a widow. A thrill ran through the church at that solemn and ominous pause; and there were aching hearts and wet eyes as many a silent prayer was breathed for that beloved lady. "God bless and comfort her broken heart." "God help our Queen." "That it may please Thee to defend, and provide for, the fatherless children and widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed." How earnest and united that heartfelt response, "We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord"!

The great bell of St. Paul's tolled at midnight, and early the next morning the mournful news was flashed by telegraph

to all parts of the empire. The young Prince Leopold was at Cannes, and in great grief at the death of his governor, General Bowater, who had just died; and the child's anguish at hearing of this fresh sorrow was heart-rending. "My mother will bring him back again," he kept sobbing out. "Oh! I want my mother."

Barnett Smith, in his interesting "Life of the Queen," tells us that there was great anxiety at Windsor for the Queen and Princess Alice.

The beloved friend and attendant of the Duchess of Kent, Lady Augusta Bruce (afterwards wife of Dean Stanley), was summoned to Windsor; and that other dear friend of the Queen, the Duchess of Sutherland, herself lately widowed, had also been asked to stay with her Royal mistress. We will quote the entire passage: "For three days they (the Queen and Princess Alice) suffered terribly, and Her Majesty's weakness was so great that her pulse could hardly be felt. The Princess afterwards said that she wondered how her mother and herself had lived through these first bitter days. The Queen "spoke about God's knowing best, but showed herself broken-hearted." At length the country was relieved, on learning that exhausted nature had somewhat recovered itself, and that the Queen had slept. Her Majesty was again and again urged to leave Windsor before the funeral; but she wept bitterly, and said her subjects were never advised to leave their homes or the remains of those lost to them. It was only when the safety of her children was pleaded as a means of giving them immunity from the fever, that she was prevailed upon to leave Windsor and repair to Osborne. Before her departure the Queen visited Frogmore to choose a site for a mausoleum, where her beloved husband and she herself were yet to lie side by side."

The funeral took place at Windsor on December 23rd. The chief mourner was the Prince of Wales, who was

accompanied by Prince Arthur, a boy of eleven; the Duke of Saxe Coburg, the Prince Consort's only brother, was also there. The scene at the grave was very touching; the young princes sobbed bitterly, "and heartfelt sorrow was on the face of every mourner." Throughout the country there was long and genuine mourning for the "blameless Prince."

"There is no one to call me Victoria now," the Queen is said to have exclaimed, the morning of her bereavement,—and perhaps no words could have expressed more strongly the sense of her great loneliness.

There is a poem written by a contemporary poet, Christopher Riethmüller, which embodies this idea. Lady Waterford, in one of her graphic letters, mentions the poem:

"Toll, Great Bell of St. Paul!
Toll through the midnight air!
Bid all the people fall
Upon their knees in prayer!
For the dear Lady left
Upon her glittering throne,
More utterly bereft,
More hopelessly alone
Than the poor peasant's wife;
Because from her is riven
The only human life
That to her state was given
To help, control, and guide;
The only voice below
Which had the right to chide,
Or sweetest praise bestow!
Millions will love her still—
Ay, fondlier than before!
But the one equal will
Is gone for evermore."

The Marchioness of Waterford in another letter, speaking of her own loss, the death of her sister, Lady Canning, mentions the Queen's grief. "The Queen's most grievous calamity I can well feel for. I hear, from one who saw her, 'that it was heartrending to see her in her calm, eloquent

sorrow.' This beautiful resignation must endear her more than ever to her people."

"For some years after the death of the Prince Consort," as Dr. Macaulay tells us, "the Queen appeared very little in public. Overwhelmed with grief, she lived almost wholly in retirement; but we are assured that, even at that time, no official duty was neglected." Neither did she forget the troubles of others; for when that terrible Hartley colliery disaster occurred, by which 204 miners lost their lives, Her Majesty sent a message to the effect "that her tenderest sympathy is with the poor widows and mothers, and that her own misery only makes her feel the more for them."

Regrets, almost amounting to complaints, were heard from time to time, which led to a touching article in the *Times*. Some people affirmed that it was from the Queen's own pen; but, anyway, it embodied her feelings most truly.

After touching on these complaints, it goes on: "The Queen heartily appreciates the desire of her subjects to see her, and whatever she can do to gratify them in this loyal, affectionate wish, she will do. Whenever any real object is to be obtained by her appearing on public occasions, any national interest to be promoted, or anything to be encouraged which is for the good of her people, Her Majesty will not shrink, as she has not shrunk, from any personal sacrifice or exertion, however painful.

"But there are other and higher duties than those of mere representation which are now thrown on the Queen alone and unassisted, duties which she cannot neglect without injury to the public service, which weigh unceasingly upon her, overwhelming her with work and anxiety.

"The Queen has laboured conscientiously to discharge these duties, till her health and strength, already shaken by the utter and ever-abiding desolation which has taken the place of her happiness, have been seriously impaired. To call upon her to undergo, in addition, the fatigue of those

mere State ceremonies which can be equally well performed by other English members of her family, is to ask her to run the risk of entirely disabling herself for the discharge of those other duties which cannot be neglected without serious injury to the public interests. . . . More the Queen cannot do, and more the kindness and good feeling of her people will surely not exact from her."

This dignified remonstrance was afterwards endorsed by a speech of the Duke of Argyle. His Grace remarks: "I think it a circumstance worthy of observation, and which ought to be known to the people of this country, that during all the years of the Queen's affliction, during which she has lived necessarily in comparative retirement, she has omitted no part of that public duty which concerns her as Sovereign of this country; that on no occasion during her grief has she neglected work, in those public duties that belong to her exalted position."

And in 1866, at a great meeting held at St. James's Hall, we are told that Mr. Bright asked leave to refer in a few words to the insinuation contained in the speech of the Member for the Tower Hamlets as to the indifference of the Queen to public affairs.

"I am not accustomed," he said, "to stand up in defence of those who are possessors of crowns; but I could not sit and hear that observation without a sensation of wonder and of pain. I think there has been, by many persons, a great injustice done to the Queen in reference to her desolate and widowed position; and I venture to say this, that a woman, be she Queen of a great realm, or the wife of one of your labouring men, who can keep alive in her heart a great sorrow for the lost object of her life and affection, is not at all likely to be wanting in a great and generous sympathy for you."

These remarks elicited immense applause, and the whole body of people in the Hall rose simultaneously and mani-

fested their loyalty by singing a verse of "God save the Queen." We do not know if the Queen ever heard of the speech, but when Mr. Bright lost his wife, a kind message came from Windsor Castle expressing her sympathy in his bereavement.

In the memoir of Rev. Norman Macleod there are many touching references to the Queen. In his Journal under the date of May 14th, 1862, he says: "After dinner I was summoned unexpectedly to the Queen's room. She was alone. She met me, and with an unutterably sad expression which filled my eyes with tears, at once began to speak about the Prince. It is impossible for me to recall distinctly the sequence or substance of that long conversation. She spoke of his excellence, his love, his cheerfulness, how he was everything to her; how all on earth seemed dead to her. She said she never shut her eyes to trials, but liked to look them in the face; how she would never shrink from duty, but that all was at present done mechanically; that her highest ideas of purity and love were obtained from him, and that God could not be displeased with her love. But there was nothing morbid in her grief. I spoke freely to her about all I felt regarding him—the love of the nation and their sympathy; and took every opportunity of bringing before her the reality of God's love and sympathy, her noble calling as a Queen, the value of her life to the nation, the blessedness of prayer."

The sum of his impressions is given in letter written in 1887, before he went to India. "I had a long interview with the Queen. With my last breath I will uphold the excellence and nobleness of her character. It was really grand to hear her talk on moral courage and on living for duty."

The marriage of the Princess Alice to Prince Louis of Hesse, so long delayed, took place very quietly at Osborne

on July 1st. She was given away by her paternal uncle, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the Queen sitting in deep mourning in the background.

The following month the Queen was again at her beloved Balmoral, when she erected the Cairn in memory of the Prince Consort on the Craig Lowrigan. "I and my poor six orphans," she writes, "all placed stones on it, and our initials as well as those of the three absent ones." Below is the inscription chosen by the Princess Royal :—

"He being made perfect in a short time fulfilled a long time;
For his soul pleased the Lord.
Therefore hastened He to take him away from among the wicked.

Mr. Leitch, the artist, who was drawing-master to the Queen and Royal Family for twenty-two years, speaks of the sadly altered life at Balmoral.

He writes : "The Queen is still the kind, good, gracious lady that she always was, but I need hardly tell you that there is a change. Indeed, the whole place is changed. Everything very quiet and still. How different from my first visit here!—the joyous bustle in the morning when the Prince went out; the Highland ponies and the dogs; the gillies and the pipers coming home; the Queen and her ladies going out to meet them; and the merry time afterwards; the torchlight dances on the green, and the servants' ball afterwards."

In the following autumn Her Majesty was induced to resume her sketching.

In September Her Majesty went to Germany. Then was a passing visit to King Leopold at Laeken, when she had her first interview with her future daughter-in-law, the Princess Alexandra of Denmark.

The remains of the Prince Consort were removed, on December 18th, from the vault beneath St. George's Chapel to the Mausoleum at Frogmore. The ceremonial was strictly private.

On the following March 7th, London was *en fête* to welcome the Prince of Wales' bride-elect, the "Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea," the fair young Princess Alexandra. The marriage was solemnised in St. George's Chapel on March 10th, the Queen in her widow's weeds being present in the Royal closet.

On May 9th, Her Majesty visited the Military Hospital of Netley. Seven years before she had laid the foundation stone, accompanied by her beloved husband. In one ward an old soldier from India lay nearly at the point of death. When the Queen had spoken to him, he said, "I thank God that He has allowed me to live long enough to see your Majesty with my own eyes." The Queen and Princess Alice of Hesse, who accompanied her, and who had recently given birth to a daughter at Windsor, were much touched by this loyal speech.

The first public ceremony which the Queen attended was the unveiling of the statue of the Prince Consort at Aberdeen. She appeared much depressed on this occasion.

The following August, on her way to Balmoral, she inaugurated another statue of the Prince Consort at Perth. At the beginning of the year 1865, the Queen showed her deep solicitude for her subjects by causing a letter to be written to the various directors of the railway companies, calling their attention to the increasing number of serious accidents. This important letter received instant attention from the directors and the public press.

In March, Her Majesty went through the Consumption Hospital at Brompton; and in August, after visiting Germany and Rosenau, the Court spent September and October in the Highlands. Princess Alice speaks "of the terrible sufferings" of the first three years of the Queen's widowhood, but adds, "that after the long storm came rest, so that the daughter could tenderly remind the mother, without reopening the wound, of the happy silver wedding

which might have been this year, when the royal parents would have been surrounded by so many grandchildren in those young households."

In October Lord Palmerston died, and the year closed sorrowfully for the Queen with the death of her beloved uncle and friend, King Leopold.

On February 6th, 1866, the Queen opened the first session of her seventh Parliament. Her Majesty, who wore half-mourning, a deep purple velvet robe trimmed with white ermine, sat silent and wrapt in thought, while the Royal Speech was read by the Lord Chancellor. At the conclusion she rose from the throne, kissed the Prince of Wales and shook hands with Prince Christian, and then retired with the usual ceremony.

At this time a new decoration, styled the Albert Medal, was instituted by Royal sign manual. It was to be awarded to those who saved, or endeavoured to save, the lives of others from shipwreck or other perils of the sea. The Queen also sent the eminent American philanthropist, Mr. Peabody, a miniature of herself, and would willingly have conferred on him a baronetcy or Grand Order of the Bath, in gratitude for his munificence to the poor of London, if Mr. Peabody would have accepted it.

Two Royal marriages were solemnised in this year: that of the Princess Mary of Cambridge to the Duke of Teck; and Her Majesty's third daughter, Princess Helena, to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein—the bride being in her twenty-first and the bridegroom in his thirty-sixth year. The Queen gave her daughter away.

The war in Germany saw two of the Queen's sons-in-law, the Crown Prince of Prussia and Prince Louis of Hesse, ranged on opposite sides. Austria was utterly worsted, and Prussia ultimately annexed Hanover and Hesse-Cassel.

In October the Queen evinced her usual interest in her people's welfare by opening the fine new waterworks

at Aberdeen; and she came again forth from her seclusion in the following February, to open Parliament.

In the course of the year the deeply-interesting book entitled "The Early Years of H.R.H. the Prince Consort," compiled under the direction of Her Majesty by Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. C. Grey, made its appearance.

In the May Her Majesty in person laid the first stone of the Hall of Arts and Science at Kensington, afterwards known as the Royal Albert Hall. On this occasion the Prince of Wales read an address to the Queen, who replied, contrary to custom with her, in a scarcely audible voice.

The following May Her Majesty laid the foundation of the new buildings for St. Thomas's Hospital, and in her reply to the address, referred to the founding of the Hospital by her predecessor, Edward VI., and to the great interest taken in it by her late husband. She also alluded to the merciful preservation of her son, the Duke of Edinburgh, from the hand of an assassin in Port Jackson, New South Wales. He had been shot in the back by a man named O'Farrell, but the ball had been extracted. Before the close of this year the Queen's volume appeared, "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands." Her Majesty sent a copy to Charles Dickens, with the graceful words, "From one of the humblest of writers to one of the greatest."

In November 1869 the Queen visited the City for the purpose of opening the new bridge over the Thames at Blackfriars, and the new Viaduct over the Fleet valley, from Holborn Hill to Newgate Street; and the following year, 1870, she was present at a most interesting ceremony, when Her Majesty, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, opened the new buildings erected for the University of London in Burlington Gardens.

This year was an eventful one for the Continent, for, as Barnett Smith tells us, the war between Germany and France led to the re-making of the map of Europe so far

as these countries were concerned, and the Emperor and Empress of the French were driven into exile, and took up their abode at Chislehurst. During the autumn of this year, while the Queen and her family were at Balmoral, Princess Louise became engaged to the Marquis of Lorne, eldest son of the Duke of Argyle. The marriage took place the following March at St. George's, and the Duke of Argyle attracted much notice by appearing in the "garb of old Gaul, with kilt, philibeg, sporran and claymore complete." Rooms were allotted to the young couple in Kensington Palace.

Her Majesty opened the Royal Albert Hall on March 29th, and on June 21st the new St. Thomas's Hospital, and knighted the treasurer, Mr. Francis Hill. In November the news of the Prince of Wales's illness from typhoid fever created great solicitude. For some days there was intense anxiety, for the Prince's life was in imminent danger; but on December 14th, the anniversary of the Prince Consort's death from the same fever, there was a slight improvement in his condition, and from that date he continued to improve. The universal sympathy shown by the whole country during those terrible days of suspense made a lasting impression on the Queen.

February 27th, 1872, was observed as a day of national thanksgiving. The Queen, with the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Beatrice, went in state to St. Paul's, where a solemn Te Deum was sung.

During the next few years events came thick and fast, some of them very nearly affecting the Queen. The death of her valued friend and spiritual adviser, Dr. Norman Macleod, was a sad loss to Her Majesty; and soon afterwards she laid the foundation stone of a monument to her dear friend the Duchess of Sutherland in the grounds of Dunrobin Castle. Shortly after this the Queen received news of the death of her beloved sister, Princess Feodora,

the Dowager Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg. In January 1873 the Emperor Napoleon died at Chislehurst; and in the following May a fatal accident befel one of the Queen's grandsons, Prince Frederick William of Hesse, who fell from a window at Darmstadt and was killed.

On January 23rd, 1874, the Duke of Edinburgh was married to the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, the ceremony taking place in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg.

In April of this year Her Majesty visited Gosport, and inspected the sailors and marines of the Royal Navy who had taken part in the war against the Ashantees. At a later period she conferred medals on nine seamen and marines.

On the occasion of the Jubilee Meeting of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Queen addressed a letter to the President, Lord Harrowby, "expressing her deep interest in the success of the efforts made at home and abroad for the purpose of diminishing the cruelties on dumb animals."

There appeared this year the first volume of Sir Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort"; and among other tributes to his memory was the erection of a statue at the termination of the Holborn Viaduct.

The Queen was prevented from opening Parliament this year by the alarming illness of her youngest son, Prince Leopold, from typhoid fever; but he eventually recovered. As Princess Alice remarks, "He had already been given back three times to his family from the brink of the grave.

In October the Prince of Wales left England for a lengthened tour through Her Majesty's Indian dominions.

The Queen made many public appearances this year; amongst them she opened a new wing of the London Hospital, which had been built by the Grocers' Company. She also erected a memorial cross to the memory of her personal friend, Lady Augusta Stanley, at Frogmore.

In 1877 Her Majesty visited Lord Beaconsfield at

Hughenden. It is also worthy of note that her first grandchild, Princess Charlotte of Prussia, was married to the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen; and in the same year her cousin, Princess Elizabeth of Prussia, to the Hereditary Grand Duke of Oldenburg. A grievous trouble came to the Queen in December. On the seventeenth anniversary of the Prince Consort's death, her good and beloved daughter, the Princess Alice of Hesse, died of diphtheria at Darmstadt. Few princesses have been more loved and revered.

The following March the Duke of Connaught was married at St. George's to the Princess Louise of Prussia; and in May Her Majesty received the news of the birth of her first great-grandchild, the daughter of the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen.

The Queen was in her Highland retreat when the sad news of the Prince Imperial's death, killed in the Zulu war, reached her. She felt it very deeply, and wrote in her Journal: "To think of that dear young man, the apple of his mother's eye, born and nurtured in purple, dying thus is too fearful, too awful; and inexplicable and dreadful that the others should not have turned round and fought for him. It is too horrible!"

In 1887 another attempt was made on the Queen's life. A man named Roger Maclean fired at her, but on the plea of insanity he was sentenced to be confined during Her Majesty's pleasure. During this year the marriage of the Duke of Albany to Princess Helen of Waldeck took place, and the young couple had Claremont assigned to them. When the Egyptian War broke out, the Duke of Connaught accompanied Sir Garnett Wolseley. The news of the great victory at Tel-el-kebir gave great joy. The telegram that reached the Queen said, "The Duke of Connaught is well, and behaved admirably, leading his brigade to the attack."

The new Law Courts in the Strand were formally opened

by the Queen in December. The following March the Queen sustained a severe accident; she slipped upon some stairs at Windsor and sprained her knee. For about a year it was a source of pain and much discomfort.

In 1884 the Duke of Albany died at Cannes from a fit of apoplexy; and in 1885 Her Majesty's youngest child, Princess Beatrice, married Prince Henry of Battenberg in Whippingham Church, Isle of Wight.

There were numerous other good works inaugurated by the Queen during the next few years: the laying of the foundation stone of the new Medical Examination Hall of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons on the Thames Embankment; the opening of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition at South Kensington, the Liverpool Exhibition, and the Royal Holloway College for Women at Mount Lee, Egham; and also of the People's Palace at the East End, in the May preceding Jubilee Day. There have been three royal jubilees in the history of England, but none of them can compare with the Jubilee of June 21st, 1887, unless it be the Jubilee of 1897, when our beloved Sovereign commemorated the sixtieth year of her reign. It was a sight that thrilled all hearts when the Queen left her palace gates that June morning, surrounded by her glorious guard of honour, sons, sons-in-law and grandsons, on her way to Westminster Abbey. The fair young Queen of fifty years before was now a grey-haired woman, but the loving heart still responded to her faithful subjects' acclamations. Since then our beloved Sovereign has celebrated her Sixtieth Jubilee, and those ten years have brought her many fresh sorrows. The loss of her three sons-in-law, the noble Emperor Frederick, the Grand Duke Louis of Hesse, and Prince Henry of Battenberg, and the death of her beloved grandson, Prince Victor, were heavy troubles, and her tender sympathy with her widowed daughters was their greatest comfort.

There can be little doubt, as Barnett Smith tells us, that "Her Majesty has outlived all her early friends and faithful servants. All who officiated at her coronation have passed into the land of shadows. If she has tasted all the happiness of life, she has tasted likewise its bitterness, for death has ever been busy laying his finger here and there upon her beloved friends, relatives and associates. . . . The Queen's reign is coincident with the most surprising progress at home and abroad. It has been the age of railways, of trans-oceanic steamers and of the telegraph, of free trade, parliamentary reform, and the abolition of the corn laws."

The late Earl of Carlisle once happily observed that the glories of Her Majesty's reign were "the glories of peace, of industry, of commerce, of genius; of justice made more accessible; of education made more universal; of virtue more honoured; of religion more beloved; of holding forth the earliest gospel light to the unawakened natives; the glories that arise from gratitude for benefits conferred; and the blessings of a loyal and chivalrous because contented people."

For sixty years our dear Lady has sat on her imperial throne, and her firm serene rule, keen intellect, and wide sympathies have blessed her mighty empire. As Mrs. Tooley has beautifully observed: "The Queen will live in history as the most enlightened and consistent of constitutional monarchs, as well as being revered as a great and noble woman. Those who have been privileged to enjoy her friendship all speak of the beautiful blending of *naïveté* and kindness with great personal dignity which render her so charming in private life."

The Queen is growing old now, and her infirmity prevents all active exercise; but her daily work is still as heavy as ever. For some years past, we are told in that charming little book, "The Private Life of the Queen," by one of her servants, "the Queen's health and strength have largely

depended on her being almost perpetually in the open air; and it is necessity, not choice, that obliges her to do her morning's work out of doors. At Windsor the little Frogmore tea-house, with its lovely surroundings, is the chosen spot; and here, beneath the shade of two magnificent evergreen oaks, the Queen's writing-table and despatch-boxes are set out on fine mornings, while two mounted messengers keep up perpetual communication with the telegraph office and telephones at the Castle; and the attendant secretary stands at her side. . . . In addition to the public work, the self-imposed private work done by Her Majesty is extraordinary. Every word of the Parliamentary report which is daily made to her by the leader of the House of Commons is perused by her, and not unfrequently annotated in her own hand before being filed." And in another passage: "Apart from state business, it has been proved that the Queen is the greatest correspondent of the day, not only as regards the letters she receives and reads, but those she indites with her own hand in reply. A point on which the Queen is extremely punctilious is the insistence that, unless debarred by illness, all her children shall write to her once every day. . . . Her Majesty is a most introspective letter-writer, and only cares for letters of a like quality." Her letters to the nation at times of public trouble and rejoicing are truly admirable; and it is worthy of record that when any catastrophe or accident happens, any disaster by land or sea, a message of womanly sympathy is flashed from Windsor or Osborne to the unhappy survivors. To add to Her Majesty's labours; it is now known that she has taken up the study of Hindustani, and that the Empress of India writes her diary in that language. It has been said, "that if the Queen had been destined to write in lieu of ruling, she must have left a great mark on the literature of the country."

When, as it has been touchingly said, "the day of

England's sorrow dawns," and "she is laid to rest in the place where she so often goes to pray on Sunday," surely there will be a great cry through this vast empire, like that one of old in Egypt, "when there was not a house where there was not one dead." God grant that that time may be far from us, and that our great and good Queen may long be spared to us, and in the words of that sweet poem by Helen Marion Burnside—

"I'm praying, 'God bless her' again;
God grant her His peace an' His comfort i' the years that may still remain;
God send her His shinin' angels, the angels that do His will,
To guide the feet that are weary up the last steep bit o' the hill."

Florence Nightingale

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

CHAPTER I

"THE LADY WITH THE LAMP"

"A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."

LONGFELLOW.

THE name of Florence Nightingale has long become a household word; and although, since her return from the Crimea in 1856, broken health and bodily infirmity have compelled her to live in enforced seclusion, that honoured name is still as dear as ever to the hearts of English men and English women.

With the exception of the pious and high-souled Elizabeth Fry, there is no brighter example of devotion to duty in the whole of the Victorian era than this delicate and highly born woman, whose noble and untiring efforts to relieve the sufferings of her fellow-creatures entailed on her a lifelong martyrdom of pain. As it has been well said by a recent writer, Mrs. Tooley, "It required a more indomitable spirit, a nobler courage, to work in the pestilential hospital at Scutari, to walk for twenty hours at a time the miles of fetid and overcrowded corridors wherein lay the sick, the wounded and the dying, than in the heat of battle to go 'down into the jaws of death,' as did the noble Six Hundred."

"Do not write of me until I am gone," are her own

touching words, and as far as Miss Nightingale's private life is concerned, one is bound to respect her wish for privacy; but her work during the Crimean War belongs to history, nor would the record be complete without the mention of the heroic band of women who devoted themselves to the sick and wounded soldiers.

Two or three years ago a charming sketch, from the well-known pen of Sarah A. Tooley, appeared in the pages of the *Temple Magazine*, which gives us many interesting particulars of the childhood and youth of Florence Nightingale. The description of her home at Lea Hurst deserves to be quoted in full.

"Tourists in the Matlock district still make Lea Hurst a place of resort, for not only is it indelibly associated with the name of Florence Nightingale, but it is a place of ideal loveliness.

"It stands in an extensive park upon a plateau overlooking 'Dove's romantic Peak,' and in the distance are lovely views of the Peak country. The Hall is built in the form of a cross, with gables at the extremities and sides. It is approached by an imposing gateway, with massive posts surmounted by globes of stone; a smooth shaven lawn lies peacefully about it, and gardens, avenues and shrubberies lend their charm to the picture. On this breezy site, above the picturesquely winding Derwent, Lea Hurst stands, with its Gothic turrets and many gables, like some old Hall of feudal times. Large bay windows jutting out into the grounds render the low rooms bright and cheerful."

Another notice is given by Dr. Spencer T. Hall. After describing some rural scenery in Northamptonshire, the Doctor goes on to say: "But in the whole of the lovely view, never seemed a spot more fair or attractive than the old and many-gabled rural seat of Lea Hurst, henceforth classic, the English home of Florence Nightingale, whose

name, like Grace Darling's, now quickens the beat of millions of hearts. Some people are born with a genius for nursing and solacing, as much as others are with a genius for music or dancing or poetry, and Miss Nightingale may be regarded as the archetype of her order. Her spirit first showed itself in an interest for the sick poor in the hamlets round Lea Hurst, but at length found a sphere requiring more attention and energy in Continental hospitals, and afterwards in London, where she took the office of matron to a retreat for decayed gentlewomen; and now she is gone to tend and to heal the wounds of the sufferers by the siege of Sebastopol. What a contrast to the quiet, pastoral retirement of this vale of Holloway, with its fireside memories, its rural delights."

Florence Nightingale's real birthplace was Florence, "the city of flowers." She was born on May 15th, 1820. She was the younger daughter of Mr. William Shore Nightingale, of Embley Park, Hampshire, and Lea Hurst, Derbyshire. She and her sister, the late Lady Verney, became co-heiresses of Mr. Nightingale's properties. Her mother was the daughter of the well-known abolitionist, Mr. Smith, M.P., member for Norwich.

Mr. Nightingale was a man of scholarly taste, and favoured the higher education of women; and before his younger daughter had reached her seventeenth year, Mrs. Tooley tells us "that she was skilled in science, classics and mathematics, had a wide acquaintance with standard literature, was a fair artist, a good musician, and an excellent linguist—speaking French, German and Italian with equal fluency."

The sisters lived free, happy lives. Florence Nightingale was particularly fond of animals, and it is interesting to hear that her first attempt at nursing was performed on an old Scotch shepherd's dog with an injured leg. From that day, we are told, "that it became a custom when any one had a

cut or bruise, or a sick animal, to send for Miss Florence." And in another passage, Mrs. Tooley tells us, "During her girlhood she was chief almoner to the cottages around her home, and nursed all illnesses under the advice of her mother and the vicar, who, in his youth, had studied medicine. Her favourite books were those that dealt with the alleviation of human suffering and misery, and it seemed as though her whole nature were impelled in that direction. She became, while still a young girl, interested in the prison work of Elizabeth Fry, and paid a memorable visit to that veteran friend of humanity in her London home."

The ordinary routine of London social life had few attractions for Florence Nightingale. We hear that she and her sister were presented, but very shortly afterwards she withdrew from all gaieties. The call, "Come up higher," had already sounded in her ears. During the next few years she gave her attention to the condition of hospitals. After a systematic inspection of those in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, she visited civil and military hospitals all over Europe, and in 1851 went into training as a nurse in the Institution of Protestant Deaconesses, at Kaiserswerth on the Rhine. This institution was founded by Pastor Fliedner, who, we are told, "did for the prisons of Germany what Howard had done for those of England." She further supplemented her training by afterwards studying with the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, in Paris. After a period of much needed rest at Lea Hurst, Miss Nightingale undertook the management of an institution for sick and aged governesses, at 47, Harley Street, and devoted herself, with energy and ardour, to the reorganisation of this institution, which remains to-day as a monument of her work and method. A lady who visited her in Harley Street said, "She was to be found in the midst of the various duties of a hospital, for the Home was largely

a Sanatorium, organising the nurses, attending to the correspondence, prescriptions and accounts; in short, performing all the duties of a hard-working matron, as well as largely financing the institution."

The strain of such heavy work on Miss Nightingale's delicate constitution became too much, and again the indomitable worker was obliged to return to Lea Hurst for rest. For ten years she had served her apprenticeship in preparation for the work of her life; when the call came it found her ready. She was then about thirty-four.

When war broke out between England and Russia, in March 1854, the hospital arrangements of the British army were in a very imperfect state. The army while at Varna suffered from a deficient number of surgeons, though many courageous volunteers offered themselves. A hospital was established at Scutari, a port of the Turkish capital, and was intended for the wounded soldiers. There was also a naval hospital at Therapia, which was clean and orderly, and supplied with everything requisite for a well-managed hospital. Before the year 1854 expired there existed also for the army "The General Hospital," the Barrack Hospital, and two floating hospitals; there was also a hospital for Russian prisoners at Kulali, on the Bosphorus. "Subsequently, and as the result of the agitation in England, what was called the Civilian Hospital was established at Smyrna. But it was at Scutari that the great evils were prevalent, the great horrors enacted, and the indelible shame upon our country inflicted." There is no sadder chapter of human history than that of the Crimean War, and yet the causes of all these miseries have never been adequately traced. The grossest mismanagement seemed to have prevailed; the transport service was inadequate; the stores of warm clothing, great-coats, blankets and huts, which had been ordered for the protection of the army in winter, failed to reach them for

weeks after the English newspapers told of the comforts provided for the troops. "What a mockery it must have seemed to the poor fellows, who with scanty rations, and in threadbare and tattered clothes, were enduring the most cruel fatigues, aggravated by all the inclemencies of wind and rain, and snow and cold, upon the bleak heights of the Tauric Chersonese!" Well may Miss Marsh, in her "Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars," tell us that the miseries of the winter before Sebastopol have passed into history!

"Battles," as she remarks, "won on the cold soil of the Crimea by weary men, worn down by hunger, bore terrible witness to the quenchless nature of British courage. The men who stormed the heights of Alma, who in the dreadful fight of Inkermann conquered again and again, amidst fogs and darkness, of whom a mere handful at Balaklava were seen 'charging an army while all the world wondered'; such men have proved their steel. Yet there is a limit to human endurance; and when men of this mould have been seen 'to weep,' as on night after night, succeeding days of starvation and toil, they were ordered to their work in the freezing trenches, who can estimate the exhausting misery they had at first endured?" But long before this deadly winter had closed in on our devoted army, public indignation in England had reached its climax, when Sir Robert Peel disclosed in the *Times* the awful suffering of the wounded after the battle of Alma. Nolan's "History of the War" gives almost incredible accounts.

In spite of individual merit, every branch of the medical department of the army in the East worked badly. "No nurses were provided, and the medical orderlies were taken from the ranks, raw and untrained. The ambulance carts and waggons were so heavy as to be altogether unserviceable; even had they been fit, no horses were at hand to draw

them. . . . The commonest necessaries for field hospitals—bedding, medicines, and medical comforts—were wanting, and not a single operating table was supplied to the army."

In another passage we read: "It might without exaggeration be said, that not one yard from the trenches before Sebastopol to the hospital or cemetery at Scutari, was the poor soldier carried, without an amount of suffering being inflicted on him barbarous in the extreme, and which any previous preparation might have averted."

A medical officer writing home from the camp thus describes the outset of the unfortunate candidate for the corridors of Scutari!

"I often look back at the misery and wretchedness I have witnessed in England in my attendance on the sick poor, but in comparing these with my present everyday experience, their condition was Elysium itself; for when I tell you that the sick in this place have no other couch than the bare ground itself, saturated with wet, and a dripping canvas only between them and the clouds, you will perfectly comprehend that the veriest hovel would be a palace in comparison."

When the wounded were placed on board fresh miseries awaited. "The men lay between decks without any bedding, and often without a blanket, in the depth of winter." Invalids attended invalids, or they were unattended. There was plenty of pork and hard biscuits, but no proper food for the sick. "In this state," we read, "they lay from five to twenty days, according to weather." Some of the men literally died of cold or want of food. And "in several of these sick transports the poor fellows nearly perished for want of water; and on board one ship the sufferings of the men from this cause were appalling, although there was water on board in sufficient quantities to meet their wants, but it could not be got at from the confusion which

prevailed in the mode in which the cargo was packed away.

At Scutari a new series of suffering commenced; and in the Rev. Sydney Osborne's volume entitled, "Scutari and its Hospitals," we are told the miseries of the poor fellows increased at every step. When they were free of the pier they "were carried, exposed to cold or drenching rain, to the nearest hospital, to be told perhaps that there was no room, then carried probably to the General Hospital, and finally deposited in the corridors of the Barrack Hospital. Many sank into untimely death in these dark corridors. Within these hospitals confusion and misery prevailed. Humane hearts ache even now to peruse the ghastly details." More than three thousand men were lying on the bare ground in these hospitals, while bedsteads and bed-fittings were lying at Varna neglected "There were no vessels for water, no utensils of any kind, no soap, towels or cloths, no hospital clothes; the men lay in their uniforms stiff with gore, . . . their persons covered with vermin. . . . The medical men toiled with an unwearied assiduity—never did men deserve better of their country—but the numbers were inadequate to the work, and they had no means of procuring what was necessary." To add to the appalling details, Mr. Osborne and other faithful eye-witnesses record the awful fact, that "the wounded soldiers of England in many cases died of starvation in the hospitals provided for them by their country."

Such was the state of things at the close of 1854, and to some extent during the remainder of the winter. But help was at hand. The head of the War Department was Mr. Sidney Herbert, afterwards Lord Herbert of Lea. He was an enlightened and far-sighted man; he knew of Miss Nightingale's interest in nursing, and he wrote to her. Some ladies had already volunteered their services, and a staff of female nurses was being formed, and he

asked her to undertake the superintendence of the lady nurses and to organise the operations. By a strange coincidence, the very day Mr. Sidney Herbert wrote his memorable letter, Florence Nightingale had actually written to him offering her services to the sick and wounded in the Hospital at Scutari. The letters had crossed. Great must have been her surprise when she read his, asking her to take command of the little nursing band, and leave for the East in eight days. Short was the notice, nevertheless Miss Nightingale had everything ready; and on October 21st, 1854, and accompanied by her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, of Atherstane Hall, Yorkshire, and a band of thirty-eight nurses, she left England on her great mission.

The ladies who were chosen out of the vast number of volunteers comprised six from St. John's House, Westminster, eight from Miss Sellon's House of Sisters in Devonshire, ten Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity, and fourteen hospital nurses. When this "angel band," as Kinglake calls them, arrived at Boulogne, the fisherwomen carried their luggage as a labour of love. They reached Scutari on November 5th, in time to receive the wounded from the Battle of Inkermann. On their arrival they set at once to the performance of their arduous duties. Indescribably horrible was the state of the hospital when Miss Nightingale made her first inspection. Sanitary arrangements were *nil*. The beds were reeking with infection. Outside the hospital was a hotbed of pestilence. Hercules' labour in clearing the Augean stables could only be compared to the awful task that lay before those devoted women. A tower at one of the corners of the Barrack Hospital gave them accommodation.

Mr. Osborne gives us a description of the part allotted to the nurses:—

"Entering the door leading into the Sisters' Tower," he

writes, "you at once found yourself a spectator of a busy and interesting scene. There is a large room with two or three doors opening from it on one side; on the other, one door opening into an apartment in which many of the nurses and sisters slept, and had, I believe, their meals. In the centre was a large kitchen-table; bustling about this might be seen the high-priestess of the room, Mrs. C——. Often as I have had occasion to pass through this room I do not recollect ever finding her absent from it or unoccupied. At this table she received the various matters from the kitchen and stores of the sisterhood, which attendant sisters or nurses were ever ready to take to the sick in any and every part of these gigantic hospitals. It was a curious scene, and a close study of it afforded a practical lesson in the working of true common-sense benevolence. . . . The floor on one side of the room was loaded with packages of all kinds—stores of things for the internal and external consumption of the patients; bales of shirts, socks, slippers, dressing-gowns, flannel, heaps of every sort of article likely to be of use in affording comfort and securing cleanliness. It gave me some idea of what such a room would be in a good hospital, if on some sudden alarm it had been made a refuge for articles snatched from its every store. In reality it was one feature of a bold attempt upon the part of extraneous benevolence to supply the deficiencies of the various departments, which, as a matter of course, should have supplied all these things. In an adjoining room were held those councils over which Miss Nightingale so ably presided, at which were discussed the measures necessary to meet the daily varying exigencies of the hospital. From hence were given the orders which regulated the female staff working under this most gifted head. This, too, was the office from which were sent those many letters to the Government, to friends and supporters at home, telling such awful tales of the sufferings of the sick

and wounded, their utter want of so many necessaries. There might be seen the *Times* almoner, taking down in his note-book from day to day the list of things he was pressed to obtain, which might all, with a little activity, have been provided as easily by the authorities of the hospital."

We have quoted this exhaustive and interesting description in full, as it gives a wonderful insight into the working of that masterly mind, and the untiring energy that planned and organised everything. From the first the indomitable will of "the Lady-in-chief," as she was called, made itself felt in every department, which gradually broke down all obstacles raised by the jealousy or bad tempers of the officials. As Nolan tells us, "Doctors, purveyors, store-keepers, orderlies, inspectors, dispensers, and interpreters were in the uttermost confusion amongst themselves, and they generally regarded these gentle missionaries as a new element of anarchy."

As Kinglake says most beautifully: "It was not only under her reign, but by force of her actual sway, that order sprang out of chaos; that the hell she had found when she came knew at last the blessing of cleanliness; that the administration of our Levantine hospitals began to seem almost perfect. . . . She brought to her self-imposed task that forethought, that agile brain-power, that organising and governing faculty of which our country had need."

At the end of six months the hospital arrangements had been brought into order. Kitchens and laundries had been established. "All England," as Mrs. Tooley tells us in her article, "from the Queen to the humblest peasant, were making warm garments and preparing lint and bandages for the soldiers. The Patriotic Fund for the relief of the widows and orphans rose by leaps and bounds, until within a year it amounted to one million pounds."

The author of "Two Months in the Camp before Sebastopol" gives a brief description of the Lady-in-chief: "In

the outer room," he writes, "we caught a momentary glimpse of the justly celebrated Miss Nightingale, the fair heroine of Scutari; an amiable and highly intelligent-looking lady of some thirty summers, delicate in form and prepossessing in her appearance. Her energies were concentrated for the instant in the careful preparation of a dish of delectable food for an enfeebled patient—one of her homely ministrations to the wan victims of relentless war, for whose relief she so readily and nobly sacrificed the comforts of her quiet happy English home."

There are some interesting passages in Nolan's "History" which give us an idea of the work of this wonderful woman, collected from the letters of Mr. Osborne, Mr. Bracebridge, Mr. Macdonald, and her faithful and zealous young helper, "Mr. Stafford, who sat by the bedside of the patients, reading for them the letters of their friends, and acting as letter-writer-general on their behalf." "She, Miss Nightingale, had to tend, or see tended, thousands of sick men." And again: "I was with her when various surgical operations were performed, and she was more than equal to the trial. She has an utter disregard to contagion. I have known her spend hours over men dying of cholera or fever."

When Mr. Macdonald was about to return to England he wrote concerning this queen of nurses: "Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form, and the hand of the spoiler distressingly nigh, there is this incomparable woman sure to be seen. Her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort even amid the struggles of expiring nature. She is a 'ministering angel' without any exaggeration in these hospitals; and as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down on those miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed

alone with a little lamp in her hand making her solitary rounds. . . . No one who has observed her fragile figure and delicate health can avoid misgivings lest these should fail. With the heart of a true woman and the manners of a lady, accomplished and refined beyond most of her sex, she combines a surprising calmness of judgment and promptitude and decision of character."

No one can wonder at the fears expressed in this letter who has read of Miss Nightingale's almost miraculous energy and power of work. When fresh detachments of the wounded were brought in, she had been known to stand for twenty hours, distributing stores, directing nurses, assisting at operations, and ministering to cholera and fever patients. "To see her pass was happiness," one poor fellow said. "As she passed down the beds she would nod to one and smile at many more; but she could not do it to all, you know. We lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads upon the pillow again, content." What words could be more touching than those!

Mrs. Jamieson, in her "Sacred and Legendary Art," tells us "that at Pisa the Church of San Francesco contained a chapel dedicated lately to Santa Filomena; over the altar is a picture by Sabatelli, representing the saint as a beautiful nymph-like figure floating down from heaven, attended by two angels, bearing the lily, palm, and javelin, and beneath, in the foreground, the sick and maimed who are healed by her intercession."

Longfellow has beautifully embodied this legend in his poem on Florence Nightingale, when he writes:

"So in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom
And flit from room to room.

. . . .

"On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

. . . .

"Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear
The symbols that of yore
St. Filomena bore."

CHAPTER II.

A DAUGHTER OF SANTA FILOMENA.

"Day unto day her dainty hands
Make Life's soiled temples clean;
And there's a wake of glory, where
Her spirit pure hath been.
At midnight through that shadow-land
Her living face doth gleam;
The dying kiss her shadow, and
The dead smile in their dream."

GERALD MASSEY.

BUT, in spite of the devotion of these ministering women, the winter of 1855 was a terrible one for the army, and the Queen's womanly heart was full of pity and sympathy for her suffering soldiers. A great deal of the mismanagement had been kept from her; but some rumours reached her at last, and on December 6th she wrote to her Secretary of War: "Would you tell Mrs. Herbert that I begged she would let me see frequently the accounts she receives from Miss Nightingale or Mrs. Bracebridge, as I have no details of the wounded, though I see so many from officers, etc., about the battlefield, and naturally the former must interest me more than any one? Let Mrs. Herbert also know that I wish Miss Nightingale and the ladies would tell these poor, noble, wounded and sick men that no one takes a warmer interest, or feels more for their sufferings, or admires their courage and heroism more, than their Queen. Day and night she thinks of her

beloved troops. So does the Prince. Beg Mrs. Herbert to communicate these my words to those ladies, as I know that our sympathy is much valued by these noble fellows."

And on February 23rd Mr. Bright said, in the House of Commons, "Thousands, scores of thousands of persons have retired to rest, night after night, whose slumbers have been disturbed, or whose dreams have been busied, with the sufferings and agonies of our soldiers in the Crimea."

What those hardships were Miss Nightingale herself informs us in a letter from Balaclava to a friend, in May 1855, found among the Prince Consort's papers. She writes: "Fancy working five nights out of seven in the trenches! Fancy being thirty-six hours in them at a stretch, as they were all December, lying down, or half lying down, after forty-eight hours, with no food but raw salt pork sprinkled with sugar, rum and biscuit; nothing hot, because the exhausted soldier could not collect his own fuel, as he was expected to do, to cook his own rations; and fancy through all this the army preserving their courage and patience as they have done, and being now eager—the old ones more than the young ones—to be led even into the trenches. There is something sublime in the spectacle."

Officers as well as the private soldiers suffered terrible hardships during that winter. We read in "Captain Hedley Vicars' Life" that his only bed at that time was made of stones and leaves, until a fur rug arrived from England; he even gave up his own tent to his men, and lay in the open air, considering himself more fit to rough it.

A further staff of fifty trained female nurses had been sent from England to help Miss Nightingale and assistants. There was plenty of work for all.

One can only imagine what privations and discomforts those devoted women had to undergo during those months of wearing fatigue and endurance, and it would be difficult to give any idea of their round of daily and nightly duties.

They had to do everything for themselves as well as for the patients.

The authoress of "Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses" says: "Our life was a laborious one; we had to sweep our own room, make our bed, wash up our dishes, etc., and fetch our meals from the kitchen below. We went to our wards at nine, returned at two, went again at three (unless we went for a walk, which we had permission to do at this hour), returned at half-past five to tea, then to the wards again till half-past nine, and often again for an hour to our special cases. . . . We suffered greatly from want of proper food. Our diet consisted of the coarse sour bread of the country, tea without milk, butter so rancid we could not touch it, and very bad meat and porter, and at night a glass of wine or brandy. It was an effort, even to those in health, to sit down to our meals; we forced the food down as a duty, but some of the ladies became so weak and ill they really could not touch it."

But a brighter passage occurs later on, when the writer, in glowing words, goes on to speak of the behaviour of the poor fellows to their nurses. "Our life," she says, "was a regular routine of work and rest (except on occasions of extraordinary pressure) following each other in order; but whether in the strain of overwork, or the steady fulfilment of our arduous duty, there was one bright ray ever shed over it, one thing that made labour light and sweet, and this was the respect, affection, and gratitude of the men; no words can tell it rightly, for it was unbounded, and as long as we stayed among them it never changed. Familiar as our presence became to them, though we were in and out of the wards day and night, they never forgot the respect due to our sex and position."

It is heartrending, but at the same time gratifying, to English hearts, to read in the pages of the Rev. Sydney Godolphin Osborne, of the patience and heroism of these

poor wounded and dying men. In one strongly moving passage he says, while detailing the cruel neglect and miserable squalor of the scene of which we have been speaking: "I can with truth say, I was never called to one dying man who uttered a single murmur against those who thus treated him and his comrades. They were very fond of being read to, joined earnestly in prayer, were apparently very truthful in their answers as to their past lives (very many had run away from home and enlisted under false names); few had I occasion to attend when dying who did not show the truest penitence. . . . I saw men, after years spent in their country's service, now far from the land of those they loved, worn out by the privations of war, endured, too, under all the aggravations of pestilence and neglect, lying on the clothes they had not changed for months, in wards presenting every feature to depress and to annoy, but made more depressing and distressing by the dreadful death-scenes of each day and night, yet listening with every symptom of grateful delight to the invitation, the promises of Him who left His home in heaven to contend to death for every penitent who would trust his soul to Him.

"They dictated calmly the plain, unboastful tale they wished written to the parent, wife, or other relative at home. It told of suffering without any complaint of it. . . . There was little else I could ever do for them; they said so, and gave a grateful pressure to the extended hand. In one instance a fine dying fellow kissed it, then, the God bless you, Sir."

The writer of this sketch cannot refrain from quoting on this subject the words of a Chelsea pensioner, an old Balaclava man (one of the few still living), late Trumpet-Major of the gallant Scots Greys, in a letter recently received. The old veteran writes, "Relative to that honoured good angel, Miss Florence Nightingale: I was on duty as postman, as well as conductor of the band, and thus

came personally in contact with that lady, as I had to go the rounds of both Upper and Lower Scutari Hospitals in order to deliver letters to my comrades; and Miss Nightingale would speak to me very kindly, in her loving, pathetic voice, and tell me of her poor sufferers, and how the familiar tune of 'Annie Laurie' and others, played by our band as we passed to and fro, would cheer and enliven them; and then she would ask me questions and give me news of my comrades. This she never failed to do till my regiment, or such of it as remained, left for England."

It was amongst these sad scenes that the lady-in-chief and her nurses worked, "the Rebeccas to the Ivanhoes of the Crimea." But it is strange and almost incredible that carping tongues and unkind criticism found fault even with this heroic and self-denying woman. Rev. Sydney Osborne speaks of this tone of depreciation with regard to the sick officers:—

"I heard a good deal of observation made on the spot, also since I came home, with regard to the fact that Miss Nightingale and the 'sisters' did not pay the same attention to the wards of the wounded and sick officers which was given to those of the soldiers. I believe, as the rule, Miss Nightingale did consider her own and the services of her 'corps' confined, by previous understanding, to the soldiers only, though I have known her, on special request from a medical officer, cheerfully order small matters of extra diet for a wounded officer. I know Mrs. Bracebridge was most active and willing to forward everything which could be devised for the comfort of the officers, independent of any understanding which may have been come to previous to her leaving England (if any there was). I can see myself a good deal of practical difficulty which would have arisen if she had taken any other course. I am satisfied she is not a person who would ever lightly put aside any means of rendering aid to those of her fellow-creatures she could

assist; but I can conceive, with all that awaited her in the endeavour to introduce this new element of nursing by ladies amongst the common soldiers in a hospital, she might have urged very reasonable grounds for not also undertaking the same duty amongst the officers. If I am not misinformed, since I left she has in more than one instance been of the utmost comfort and service at the dying beds of more than one officer of the establishment."

No worker in this world's history has been free from detractions, but one can hardly credit that there were tongues to find fault with this brave woman; but no such censure was passed by those amongst whom she worked. Kinglake tells us: "The magic of her power over men used often to be felt in the room—the dreaded, the blood-stained room—where 'operations' took place. There, perhaps, the maimed soldier, if not yet resigned to his fate, might at first be craving death rather than meet the knife of the surgeon; but when such a one looked and saw that the honoured Lady-in-chief was patiently standing by him and, with lips closely set and hands folded, decreeing herself to go through the pain of witnessing pain, he used to fall into the mood for obeying her silent command, and, finding strange support in her presence, bring himself to submit and endure."

But the voice of complaint was heard on another subject. Nolan informs us "that very warm discussions arose in connection with the religious views of Miss Nightingale and 'the Sisters.'" While all admired their self-denial, there was a numerous class who supposed them to be influenced by what is called Puseyite opinion, in their zeal for spreading which in the army they were led to incur so many hardships, privations and risks. A lady under these apprehensions having written to Mrs. Herbert on the subject, received from her the following reply: "By this post I send you a *Christian Times* of Friday-week last, by which you may see how cruel and unjust are the reports you mention about

Miss Nightingale and her noble work. Since then we have sent out forty-seven more nurses, of which I enclose you a list. It is melancholy to think that in Christian England no one can undertake anything without these most uncharitable and sectarian attacks, and had you not told me so, I should not have believed that a clergyman of the Established Church could have been the mouthpiece of slander. Miss Nightingale is a member of the Established Church of England, and what is called Low Church. But ever since she went to Scutari her religious opinions and character have been assailed at all points. One person writes to upbraid us for having sent her, 'understanding she is an Unitarian'; another, 'that she is a Roman Catholic,' and so on. It is a cruel return to make towards one to whom all England owes so much.

"As to the charge of no Protestant nurses being sent, the subjoined list will convince you of its fallacy. We made no distinction of creed; any one who was a good and skilful nurse, and understood the practice in surgical wards, was accepted, provided, of course, that we had their friends' consent, and that in other respects, as far as we could judge, they were of unexceptionable character. A large proportion of the wounded being Roman Catholic, we accepted the services of some of the Sisters of Charity from St. Stephen's Hospital, Dublin. I have now told you all, and feel sure that you will do your utmost to set these facts plainly before those whose minds have been disquieted by these unfair and false accusations."

This letter, written in a spirit of womanly indignation, must have had its effect in silencing these unjust and absurd accusations. "The servant is not greater than his lord," said the Master. "If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you." And since these words were spoken by Divine lips, every worker in God's vineyard has, at some time or other, experienced their profound truth.

Many of the devoted nurses never returned to England, but lie in their quiet graves on the shores of the Bosphorus. In the spring of 1855, having completed her work of organisation at Scutari, Miss Nightingale went on a tour of inspection to the hospitals in the Crimea. The following little incident is told us by Mrs. Tooley. "One day, while about this work, she had occasion to go under fire; and when the men of the 93rd Regiment recognised in the slight lady clad in a black dress, walking with one of the officers, the 'Soldiers' Friend,' they sent up cheer after cheer, until the sound echoed in the caves of Inkermann and startled the Russians in Sebastopol." But the following passage is a sad one. "Not long afterwards, that same slight figure was carried on an ambulance by sad-eyed men up to the hut hospitals on the heights above Balaclava, and for many days Florence Nightingale lay between life and death, stricken down by the Crimean fever."

As soon as she recovered, Miss Nightingale refused to return home for rest and change, but insisted on resuming her work at Scutari. Twice afterwards she returned to the Crimea to carry out reforms in the hospitals there. It was not until 1856, when peace was concluded and the army was withdrawn from the Crimea, that Miss Nightingale returned to England. To avoid recognition and publicity, she travelled under an assumed name, accompanied by a lady friend, and actually reached Lea Hurst without being recognised, and before her family knew that she had left Scutari.

The Queen had already sent Miss Nightingale an autograph letter, with a jewelled Cross of St. George, inscribed in letters of gold with the words, "Blessed are the Merciful," and on her return she was summoned to Balmoral. On September 21st she was introduced to the Queen and the Prince Consort by Sir James Clark, with whom she was then staying at Birkhall. "She put before us," is the brief

entry in the Prince's diary, "all the defects of our present military hospital system, and the reforms that are needed. We are much pleased with her. She is extremely modest."

About a fortnight later, we are told, Miss Nightingale became the Queen's guest, "the time of her visit being so fixed as to give Lord Panmure, who was then at Balmoral, an opportunity of learning from her own lips the story of what she had seen and the conclusions she had drawn from her great and remarkable experience in the East."

Florence Nightingale had evaded a public ovation on her return from Scutari, but the magnificent testimonial of fifty thousand pounds was presented by the nation and army, in recognition of her splendid services; but by her request this sum was devoted to the formation of a Training Home for Nurses in connection with St. Thomas's Hospital. It is called "The Nightingale Home," and has a reputation worthy of its founder.

The fearful physical strain of those two years in the East on her already enfeebled condition, wrought permanent injury to her health, and since her return Miss Nightingale has spent her time in enforced retirement and in the inaction of a sick room. We are told "that she sees only her nearest relatives and friends, and has scarcely strength to pen a letter; but the anniversary of a Crimean victory is never overlooked, and veterans who remain are sure of a message from 'the Soldiers' Friend.'" But from time to time, as strength permitted, there has been good work done in that quiet room.

In 1858 she published her valuable "Notes on Nursing," and the following year also "Notes on Hospitals," which, as we are told, "from their clearness of arrangement and minuteness of detail, are most valuable to the architect, the engineer, and the medical officer."

In the year 1863 was issued the Report of the Commission on the Sanitary Condition of the Army in India. These

reports were sent in manuscript to Miss Nightingale, and at page 347 of vol. i. are inserted her incisive and admirable observations upon this immense mass of evidence.

In 1871 Miss Nightingale published "Notes on Lying-in Hospitals"; in 1873, "Life or Death in India," and (in *Fraser's Magazine*) "A Note of Interrogation," which attracted a good deal of attention, mainly on account of the way she handles religious beliefs and life.

From America and from European governments her advice has been sought as to army sanitation. She assisted in founding the Red Cross Society.

The "Notes on Nursing" is an extremely valuable pamphlet. It is not intended as a manual for nurses; but, in Miss Nightingale's own words, "They (the Notes) are meant simply to give hints for thought to women who have personal charge of the health of others. Every woman, or at least almost every woman, in England has, at one time or other of her life, charge of the personal health of somebody, whether child or invalid—in other words every woman is a nurse."

These Nursing Notes are full of practical common sense, and should be in the hands of every mistress of a household. Some of these hints are epigrammatic in their conciseness. Two or three may be quoted.

"Everything you do in a patient's room, after he is 'put up' for the night, increases tenfold the risk of his having a bad night; but if you rouse him up after he has fallen asleep, you do not risk, you secure him a bad night."

"Remember never to lean against, sit upon, or unnecessarily shake the bed upon which a patient lies."

"Conciseness and decision are, above all things, necessary with the sick. . . . Let your doubt be to yourself, your decision to them. . . . Irresolution is what all patients most dread."

"Above all, leave the sick room quietly, and come into it quietly; not suddenly, not with a rush."

"If there is some matter which must be read to a sick person, do it slowly."

"When a person is compelled, by the pressure of occupation, to continue his business while sick, it ought to be a rule, *without any exception whatever*, that no one shall bring business to him or talk to him while he is taking food, nor go on talking to him on interesting subjects up to the last moment before his meals, nor make an engagement with him immediately after, so that there be hurry of mind while taking them."

And in hints on sick diet it is a relief to know that Miss Nightingale does not disapprove of the favourite panacea of women, a cup of tea. "A great deal too much against tea is said by wise people," she observes; "and a great deal too much tea is given to the sick by foolish people. When you see the natural and almost universal craving in English sick for their 'tea,' you cannot but feel that Nature knows what she is about. . . . It is however certain that there is nothing yet discovered which is a substitute to the English patient for his cup of tea; he can take it when he can take nothing else, and he often will not take anything else if he has it not. I should be very glad if any of the abusers of tea would point out what to give to an English patient after a sleepless night instead of tea. . . . At the same time you should never give tea or coffee to the sick, as a rule, after five o'clock in the afternoon."

Another caution is given further on, which is put in rather an amusing way. "It seems a commonly received idea among men, and even among women themselves, that it requires nothing but a disappointment in love, the want of an object, a general disgust, or an incapacity for other things, to turn a woman into a good nurse. This reminds one of the parish where a stupid old man was

set to be schoolmaster because he was 'past keeping the pigs.'"

"Terrible is the injury that comes to the sick from such wild notions. . . . What would the Mère Angélique of Port Royal, what would our own Mrs. Fry, have said to this? . . . Oh, leave these jargons and go your way straight to God's work in simplicity and singleness of heart."

The first Home for District Nurses was opened at 37, Bloomsbury Square, under the management of Miss Lee. Miss Nightingale, who had already made an urgent appeal for "The Founding of a Metropolitan and National Association for providing Trained Nurses for the Sick Poor," took a great interest in this institution.

A Daughter of Santa Filomena, indeed! Well may the honoured name of Florence Nightingale be enshrined in every English heart. In our generation there is no more noble example than that of our dear Lady of the Lamp, "the Queen of Nurses, and the Soldiers' Friend."

Elizabeth Fry

ELIZABETH FRY.

CHAPTER I

THE SEVEN SISTERS

"The purpose of time in thus proving thee, is to set on thine heart the seal of self-denial and virtue."—HAFIZ.

"Obey! Be still and wait for word which He will say! The Lord's time is the servant's time."—SAADI.

AUGUSTUS HARE, in his delightful memorials of the Quaker family "The Gurneys of Earlham," has given us a charming description of the home where Elizabeth Fry, once Betsy Gurney, spent her girlhood. The picture is so ably drawn, that one seems to see it all plainly—"the little park that was scarcely more than a paddock," the oval drive with its quaint name "The World," the wide lawns and terraces, the gleaming river crossed by a bridge, the low hall, the sitting-room of the seven sisters, and that pleasant chamber called "Mrs. Catherine's Chamber," which the mother-sister occupied, and where, as he tells us, "in her old age, with her beautiful intonation and delicate sense of fitting emphasis, she would assemble the young Norwich clergy to teach them how the Scriptures should be fittingly read."

The Norfolk Gurneys claim their descent from the ancient barons of Gournay in Normandy, some of whom came over with William the Conqueror. This part of their history has been written by Daniel Gurney of Ructon. One of their ancestors, Sir John de Gurney, fought with Prince Edward in the Holy Land. Another, frequently mentioned

in "Froissart's Chronicles," fought in all the great battles of Edward III. and the Black Prince.

From a younger son of the Gurneys of Barsham and Harpley came the family of Gurney which settled at Keswick in Norfolk, and embraced the tenets of the Society of Friends. John Gurney, the father of Elizabeth Fry, was a remarkably attractive young man; in 1773 he married Catherine, a younger daughter of Daniel Bell, of Stamford Hill. At the time of his marriage he carried on the business of a wool-stapler and spinner of worsted yarn; but in 1803 he and his brothers, Richard and Joseph, were admitted as partners in the Norwich bank by his cousin, Bartlett Gurney. Catherine Bell was a handsome brunette; and there is a delightful picture by Gainsborough, now in the possession of Mrs. Priscilla Wrightson, of the Old Hall, Hurworth-on-Tees, in which Catherine is delineated with her sister Priscilla and her brother-in-law, Edward Wakefield—Catherine in a brown gown, apron of clear muslin, and tan-coloured gloves, a graceful, sweet-looking maiden.

During the first years of their married life the young couple always resided in the winter in the old "Court-house" in Magdalen Street, which was convenient for its nearness to the woollen yarn factory. Here the six eldest children were born. Their summer home was a country cottage at Bramerton, standing on a well-wooded common, with a garden and cherry orchard; "indeed," Mrs. Fry afterwards said, "that the idea of Paradise and that garden were always one in her mind." The family was a large one; there were five sons and seven daughters. There is a quaint description given by Hannah Gurney in her old age, relating to the birth of the youngest boy.

"We, the younger girls, were spending the morning at the farther end of the kitchen garden, old nurse with us. Becky came to say a boy was born, and I remember the party of

children allowed to go in to see the baby, holding on to each other's frocks in an orderly line. Not two years afterwards I remember them in a similar line walking past their dying mother."

Catherine Gurney seems to have been an excellent wife and mother. In a memorandum found after her death she lays down a brief rule of life: "First, to promote my duty to my Maker; secondly, my duty to my husband and children, relations, servants, and poor neighbours." She also notes in her journals "that in her daily walks with them she made a point of endeavouring to enjoy each individually." In one of her letters to her cousin Priscilla Hannah Gurney, she mentions her children, Elizabeth amongst them. "My dovelike Betsy scarcely ever offends, and is, in every sense of the word, truly engaging."

In 1786 John Gurney hired Earlham from its owner, Mr. Bacon Frank, of Campsall, in Yorkshire, as the family had outgrown the Bramerton cottage. Eventually he purchased a considerable estate at Earlham, on the opposite side of the road. This estate is still in the possession of his descendants, who may still be called the Gurneys of Earlham. John Gurney and his wife were not what was called "plain Quakers,"—they were intellectual, benevolent, and courteous; but though they attended First-Day meeting, "they did not adopt the strict garb of the Society, and their children studied music and dancing;" but those who shook their heads at the "worldliness" of the Gurneys, little dreamt of the remarkable lives that were being moulded under the Gurney roof. Elizabeth, "the dovelike Betsy," mentioned in the journal, idolised her mother. She seems to have been a shy, somewhat morbid child, possessing a poor opinion of her own merits. She says in her early recollections, "I believe I had a name only for being obstinate, for my nature had a strong tendency

that way, and I was disposed to a spirit of contradiction, always ready to see things a little differently from others, and not willing to yield my sentiments to them." But in later years this spirit of contradiction was merged in that decision of character needed for her great work.

She was considered rather dull of intellect, and her health was delicate, but she was by no means deficient in penetration and common sense. She seems to have suffered greatly from nervous fear—she could not bear to be alone in the dark. And she was so devoted to her mother that she seldom left her side, and would watch her mother's slumbers almost breathlessly, fearing she would never wake. The death of that beloved mother, when Elizabeth was twelve years old, clouded the happy home at Earlham and brought bitter grief to her husband and children. With her dying breath she committed the care of the younger ones to her eldest daughter Catherine; her last articulate words were "Peace, sweet is peace!"

It was a strange and heavy responsibility for a girl of seventeen to be placed suddenly at the head of the household. There was no one to help her. Her father's only sister, Mrs. Barclay, lived too far away—indeed, she died the following year; but Hannah Judd, the housekeeper, and Sarah Williman, the devoted nurse, rendered her faithful service.

"Here, then, we were left," she wrote long afterwards; "I, not seventeen, as the head, wholly ignorant of common life, from the retirement in which we had been educated; quite unprepared for filling an important station, and unaccustomed to act on independent principles. Still, my father placed me naturally at the head of the family—a continual weight and pain which wore my health and spirits. I never again had the joy and glee of youth."

But, in spite of these sad words, Catherine Gurney seems to have done her part nobly. She directed her sisters'

education, sympathized with them, and loved them. Her word was law; no one rebelled against "Kitty's advice," and all through her life she was a blessing to her family.

It is wonderfully interesting to read her account of her sisters in her old age. In speaking of Elizabeth, the third sister, she writes:

"She had more genius than any one from her retiring disposition gave her credit for in her early days. She had tender feelings, especially towards her parents, to whom she was the most loving and obedient of any of their children. She was gentle in look and manner, and pleasing in person; though she had not Rachel's glowing beauty, yet some thought her quite as attractive. She disliked learning languages, and was somewhat obstinate in her temper, except towards her mother. After we were left alone, her aversion to learning was a serious disadvantage to her; and though she was quick in natural talent, her education was very imperfect and defective. Enterprise and benevolence were the two predominant features of her character, and wonderfully did these dispositions afterwards unfold under the influence of religion. In contemplating her remarkable and peculiar gifts, I am struck with the development of her character and the manner in which the qualities, considered faults when she was a child, became virtues, and proved in her case of the most important efficacy in her career of active service. Her natural timidity was, I think, in itself the means of acquiring the opposite virtue of courage, through the transforming power of Divine grace, which stamped this endowment in her with a holy moderation and nice discretion that never failed to direct it aright. Her natural obstinacy, the only failing in her temper as a child, became that finely-tempered decision and firmness which enabled her to execute her project for the good of others. What in childhood was something like cunning, ripened into the most uncommon

penetration, long-sightedness, and skill in influencing the minds of others. . . . She was about seventeen, I believe, when the good impressions she had imbibed from her mother in her earliest years began to revive. . . . There was more timidity and scrupulousness in her early than in her mature religion, more of sectarian and peculiar view; but as her experimental knowledge of the Gospel advanced, her sympathies became enlarged, and the line into which she was drawn by her public engagements taught her in the most noble and catholic spirit to acknowledge the truth under every form and modification. She became a living illustration of St. Paul's description of charity, few seeming to partake so abundantly of the glorious liberty of the children of God."

This noble panegyric from Catherine Gurney's pen is worthy of being quoted in most of its fulness; every word speaks of the wise insight and knowledge of character of that loved mother-sister. It was a happy circle of bright young faces that gathered round Kitty when she read to them as they worked; and at other times she would join the games of hide-and-seek with the younger children "in the winding passages and eighty cupboards of the old house."

We have quaint but charming pictures of the fair sisterhood scouring the country on their ponies in scarlet habits. "On one occasion it is recorded that the seven linked arms, drew a line across the road, and stopped the mail coach from ascending the neighbouring hill"—hardly Quakerlike behaviour.

Catherine, gentle as she was, shared her sisters' distaste to the Quaker Sundays; the long, dreary silence, and drearier sermons of the Meeting in Goat Lane. "Goat was dis." was often written in their journals, meaning "the Meeting was disgusting." Augustus Hare tells us that Betsy Gurney mentions a curious circumstance relating to

her child life to Mr. Pitchford. "So much was she impressed with horror at reading of the sacrifice of Isaac, that she always dreaded to go to Meeting lest her parents should sacrifice her there."

As the sisters grew up, their charms attracted the young officers quartered at Norwich, who were also willing to enjoy the fishing and shooting at the Hall; and they had soon plenty of friends, among them a Roman Catholic surgeon settled at Norwich, John Pitchford, famed as a botanist, and his son John; the latter soon becoming very intimate with them, going almost daily to Earlham, singing, walking, boating, and playing cricket with the fair sisters, whom he termed "my seven most enchanting friends." Objections were raised by the Friends to this constant intercourse, and Mr. Gurney was obliged to beg him to relax his visits; but, after his marriage, he frequently walked over with his wife to Ham House, and was always welcomed by Samuel Gurney. John Pitchford had a great and very good influence over the minds of the sisters, when the wave of infidelity, which came with the French Revolution, affected their young minds; "we elder sisters were ourselves in no small degree carried off our centre," writes Kitty, in her quaint phraseology. Their cousin, Mary Anne Galton, afterwards Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, was also much beloved by them; and Mrs. Opie, author of several pathetic novels, became intimate at Earlham, and would practise for hours with Rachel Gurney and her sisters.

Well might Miss Martineau speak of the Gurneys as "a set of dashing young people, dressing in gay riding-habits and scarlet boots." The little creatures, holding each other's frocks as they went in procession to see the baby brother, now sat in a row at "Goat's," in front of the gallery, in their gay attire. One memorable Sunday, February 4th, 1778, when Betsy was in her twentieth year, they were all

in their usual places, Betsy in a pair of new purple boots laced with scarlet. The American Friend, William Savery, was to preach. Richenda Gurney gives an account of this Sunday:

"His voice and manner were arresting," she wrote, "and we all liked the sound; but Betsy's attention became fixed, and at last I saw her begin to weep, and she became a good deal agitated. As soon as Meeting was over she made her way to the men's side of the Meeting, and having found my father, she asked him if she might dine at the Grove, our Uncle Joseph's, where William Savery was staying. He consented, though rather surprised at the request. The others went home as usual, and for a wonder we wished to go in the afternoon. As we returned in the carriage, Betsy sat in the middle, and astounded us all by weeping most of the way home. The next morning William Savery came to breakfast, and preached afterwards to our sister, prophesying a high and important calling into which she would be led. What she went through in her own mind I cannot say, but the results were most powerful and most evident. From that day her love of the world and of pleasure seemed gone."

Her own account is clothed in quaint phraseology: "To-day I have felt that there is a God. I have been devotional, and my mind has been led away from the follies that it is mostly wrapped in. We had much serious conversation; in short, what he said, and what I felt, was like a refreshing shower falling upon earth that had been dried for ages. It has not made me unhappy. I have felt ever since humble. I have longed for virtue. I hope to be truly virtuous, to let sophistry fly from my mind; not to be enthusiastic and foolish, but only to be so far religious as will lead to virtue. There seems nothing so little understood as religion."

From this time she began quietly withdrawing from the

amusements and occupations of her sisters and leading a life apart. Catherine Gurney writes of her in her tender way: "I have a clear picture of Betsy's appearance at this time. It was peculiarly lovely. . . . When she told us she could not dance with us any more (which was at that time my greatest delight) it was almost more than I could bear, and I tried to argue with her, and begged and persecuted her. But it was all in vain. . . . The Bible became her study; visiting the poor—especially the sick—her great object. . . . Yet it was after she had received these powerful impressions that, with my father's consent, she went to London, literally to see the world, being determined to prove all things and hold fast that which was good."

So Elizabeth went under Mrs. Hanbury's care. She was taken to Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres; she saw *Hamlet* and *Bluebeard*, and other plays; but she could not enjoy them. She remarked in her droll way that when her hair was dressed "she felt like a monkey, and decided that London was not the place for heartful pleasure." Amongst the people she met were Amelia Opie, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Inchbald, and "Peter Pindar." As a result of this visit she determined to become a plain Quaker—to adopt the close cap and kerchief, to use "thee" and "thou." She also troubled her sisters by adopting Quaker peculiarities; it is even said that she refused to see the picture Opie was painting of her father; but she afterwards emancipated herself from these useless restrictions. Her first good work was to open a small school for the poor children of Norwich, and in a short time she had about seventy scholars under her care.

In the summer of 1798 Mr. Gurney took his seven daughters for a tour through England and Wales. During this journey Elizabeth saw the aged Friend, Deborah Darley, who told her that she would be "a light to the

blind, speech to the dumb, and feet to the lame." This prophecy greatly impressed the girl.

Amongst her brother John's schoolfellows at Wandsworth had been a boy named Joseph Fry; he belonged to an old family which took its name from Frie, in Normandy. Being afterwards placed with a "Friend," Robert Holmes, in Norfolk, to learn farming, he became acquainted with the Gurneys. His heart was soon won by Betsy. In an evening walk, as we read in Augustus Hare's "Memorials," he first became fully conscious of his feelings towards her. It is remembered that she was dressed that evening in a brown silk gown, with a black lace veil wound round her head like a turban, the ends pendant on one side of her face, and contrasting with her beautiful light brown hair." Very shortly afterwards the hair was hidden under the close cap of the plain Quakeress.

Joseph Fry's suit was not successful at first; when he proposed, Elizabeth refused him. He was supposed to be rich, and had a good house, was an excellent linguist and sang splendidly, bore a high character, belonged to the strict sect of "plain Quakers"; but his appearance and manners were against him. There is a curious story told of Joseph Fry's courtship: how he bought a handsome gold watch and chain and laid them on the garden seat, watched by six pairs of eyes—the six sisters hidden in six laurel bushes; and how the "tall, graceful Betsy"—her flaxen hair now hidden under a Quaker cap—shyly emerged upon the gravel walk. She seemed scarcely conscious of her surroundings, as if "on the wings of prayer she was being wafted into the unseen." . . . But though the watch remained on the garden seat, and Betsy in girlish scare fled back to the house, the loving spies remained in their laurel bushes. An hour later Betsy emerged again from the house, and slowly and tremblingly took up the watch. It is a satisfaction to know that she never repented this decision.

She was little more than twenty when she was married to Joseph Fry in the Friends' Meeting House, on August 19th, 1800. It must have been a sore trial to the loving heart of Elizabeth to leave her dear home and its inmates, but she was promised long annual visits to Earlham, one or other sister would often be with her, and her young brother Samuel, a boy of fourteen, about to be articled to her husband—was to live under their roof. The future home was in St. Mildred's Court, in the heart of the city. The family into which she married was a Quaker family of the strictest order, and in spite of her orthodoxy she was, in the midst of the Frys, "the gay instead of the plain and scrupulous one of the family." Indeed, as Mr. Ingram tells us in his "Life of Elizabeth Fry," "for a little time she experienced some difficulty in reconciling her accustomed habits with the tenets of her husband's household and connections, but in the end succeeded."

Rachel and Hannah Gurney were at St. Mildred's Court when Elizabeth Fry's first child, Katherine, was born. A few weeks later the whole family assembled at the door of Earlham as a travelling carriage approached, containing the proud young mother and her babe, and her sisters Rachel and Hannah.

Elizabeth Fry had followed her chosen path during her young married life by ministering to the sick and poor among the slums of London. She visited them in their own homes. She also took interest in educational matters, and visited the workhouse and school belonging to the Society of Friends at Islington. On the death of her father-in-law, in the spring of 1808, the family removed from St. Mildred's Court to Plashet, in Essex. Writing of this pleasant change, Mrs. Fry says, "I do not think I have ever expressed the pleasure and enjoyment I find in a country life both for myself and the dear children. It has frequently led me to feel grateful for the numerous benefits

conferred, and I have also desired that I may not rest in, nor too much depend on, any of these outward enjoyments. It is certainly to me a time of pleasure."

In the October of this year Mr. Gurney died at Earlham, from the effects of an operation. On hearing of his danger, Mrs. Fry hurried down to him. The whole family were together at the funeral, and it is worthy of note, that it was by this beloved parent's grave that Elizabeth gave public thanks for his merciful release; this being her first public appearance in the ministry. An eye-witness describes the scene: "Just before the first earth was thrown into the grave, Mrs. Fry threw herself forward into an attitude of prayer, and supported by her husband and sister, and almost choked by emotion, loudly prayed to be endued with thankfulness under affliction." From this day the Meeting of which she was a member acknowledged Mrs. Fry as a minister, and thus gave sanction to her speaking in their assemblies. She spoke at some of the meetings of the Norwich Auxiliary Bible Society. For some years the births of her numerous children, and the cares of a large household fully occupied Mrs. Fry, and prevented her from undertaking more public work. Her domestic duties were fulfilled with cheerfulness and conscientiousness, and the revelations of her journal speak of her deep inward piety. In those years she had many cares and sorrows, frequent illnesses, the death of dear relatives, and the loss of one child, her tenderly beloved Betsy, a little creature of between four and five years. In later years other trials came to her. She had to bear the pain of seeing some of her children marry out of the Society of Friends, while losses in business involved a sad reduction in household comforts; but nothing could shake her serenity and calmness.

A short extract from her journal, penned in the first year of her married life, shows her self-discipline. This

examination of conscience was carried on to the end of her life :—

"First. Hast thou this day been honest and true in performing thy duties towards thy Creator in the first place, and secondly to thy fellow-creatures, or hast thou been sophistical, and flinched? Second. Hast thou been vigilant in frequently pausing in the hurry and career of the day, to see who thou art endeavouring to serve—whether thy Maker or thyself? And every time that trial and temptation assailed thee, didst thou endeavour to look steadily at the Delivering Power, even to Christ, who can do all for thee? Third. Hast thou endeavoured to perform thy relative duties faithfully: been a tender, loving, yielding wife, where thy own will and pleasure were concerned; a tender, yet steady mother with thy children, making thyself quickly and strictly obeyed, but careful what thou requirest of them; a kind yet honest mistress, telling thy servants of their faults when thou thinkest it for their or thy good, but never unnecessarily worrying thyself or them about trifles; and to every one endeavouring to do as thou wouldst be done by?"

With such a mother Plashet House was the happiest of homes. Her daughter Rachel wrote a delightful description of it long afterward, from which we must quote :—

"Would that I could bring before you our mother," she wrote, "as she was when we first lived at Plashet! The gentle firmness of her rule; the sober gracefulness of her carriage; her exceeding love and tenderness towards her little children, especially during their infancy; the cheerful invigorating influence over us; her care of her domestics, mental and bodily; her systematic attention to the poor. There was our schoolroom, where we were under the kind governess, who laboured in succession with us all. Then our brothers set forth on their ponies to the Vicarage, whither for some time they went daily for instruction, and

after that plan was abandoned, to their tutor, at the cottage at the end of the green walk. The nursery came next, controlled by those whom our mother had herself first taught and trained at Earlham, thus in the care taken of her children, and in their singularly happy childhood, reaping the fruits of her own early labours.

"Household matters, correct account-keeping, the oversight of Earlham School, regular visits to the poor, and social duties all followed in succession. Happy were we when summoned to accompany her into the village, but happier still if 'Irish Row' was to be our destination. Whether it was the noise and dirt and broad Irish accent, or the little ragged sunburnt children who crawled before the doors, I know not, but charming it certainly was. . . . By degrees our mother's influence amongst her poor Irish neighbours became apparent. The Roman Catholic priest was won over to many of her plans. Bibles were circulated freely, and several learned to read. . . . Another pleasure of those happy days was helping our mother to plant primroses and violets in the shrubberies and plantations of Plashet. Whether a cartload of roots had been brought from the forest, or some of her seedlings were ready for transplantation, the occasion was a joyful one for us. Our mother; Sally Allerton, whose Norfolk love of primroses almost equalled her own; Denis Regan, with his spade, basket, trowel and watering-pot, and our party was complete. Our mother's skilful though uncultivated touch in drawing added much to the pleasures of our winter evenings, providing us with little copies or subjects of design, while our father read aloud. Then came the parting word, and with it the Bible and evening psalm before we separated."

This charming description gives us a vivid picture of that ideal home and its wise and gentle mistress. As her brother John once wrote: "After all, those loved my sister Elizabeth best who knew her most in her private life." And further on:

"She was an ardent lover of the beauties of nature, and observed them with delight in their smaller as well as in their larger features: a shell by the seaside, a feather, or a plume would fill her heart with joy and tune her tongue to praise, while she gazed on it as an evidence of Divine wisdom, skill, and goodness." Near Plashet House stood Ham House, in the small park at Upton, where Mrs. Fry's brother Samuel lived. She was tenderly attached to him and his wife and family, and their near neighbourhood to Plashet was a great happiness to her.

Such was the home and environment of the future philanthropist. Doubtless this tranquil domestic life was not the life to which she had looked forward in her young zeal. Now and then, in her journal, there is a hint of regret for the years absorbed "in the duties of a careworn wife and mother." Nevertheless, that quiet waiting-time was not lost, it was training her for more active service. When the call came it found her ready. The time was now coming when the prophecy of the aged Deborah was to be fulfilled, when Elizabeth Fry was verily and indeed to be "a light to the blind, speech to the dumb, and feet to the lame."

CHAPTER II.

IN THE PRISON-HOUSE.

"A loving heart is the great requirement! . . . not to oppress, not to destroy . . . not to exalt oneself by treading down others; but to comfort and befriend those in suffering."—CHINESE SAYING.

IT was in 1813 that Elizabeth Fry's attention was first called by William Foster to the condition of the female prisoners in Newgate. We read in both Mrs. Pittman's and Mr. Augustus Hare's account of this memorable visit, that "at that time all the female prisoners in Newgate were confined in that part afterwards known as 'the untried side.'" "The larger portion of the quadrangle was used as a State prison. The partition wall was not of sufficient height to prevent the State prisoners from overlooking the narrow yard and windows of the two wards and two cells of which the women's division consisted. These four rooms comprised about one hundred and ninety superficial yards, into which at this time nearly three hundred women, with their numerous children, were crowded, tried and untried, misdemeanants and felons, without classification, without employment, and with no other superintendence than that given by a man and his son, who had charge of them by night and by day. In the same rooms, in rags and dirt, destitute of sufficient clothing, sleeping without bedding on the floor, the boards of which were in part raised to supply a sort of pillow, they lived, cooked, and washed. With the

proceeds of their clamorous begging when any stranger appeared amongst them, the prisoners purchased liquors from a regular tap in the prison; spirits were openly drunk, and the ear assailed by terrible language. Beyond that necessary for their safe custody, there was little restraint over their communication with the outside world."

This awful account was verified by other reliable witnesses. The Rev. C. B. Tayler wrote, that "Mr. Newman, the governor, entered that portion of the prison with reluctance; for half frenzied by the spirits which were openly drunk there, many of the depraved women took a pleasure in yelling, screaming, and using the most vile and terrible language. The governor advised Mrs. Fry and her companion, though without avail, to leave their watches in his house, lest they should be snatched from their sides, before he conducted them to that side of the prison."

It is almost inconceivable to realise that at the beginning of this nineteenth century, and in Christian England, such a pandemonium of squalor, disease, and vice should be suffered to exist; that this lazar-house of moral corruption should infect our English air. Some of these poor creatures were so brutalised and degraded that they were like savage beasts, and might have been seen yelling with fury and tearing off the caps of the other women in a rage that approached insanity.

When Elizabeth Fry paid her first visit to this hell upon earth, she was accompanied by Anna Buxton, the sister of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. In her journal she writes of these visits: "Yesterday we were some hours with the poor female felons, attending to their outward necessities. We had been twice previously. Before we went away dear Anna Buxton uttered a few words of supplication, and very unexpectedly to myself I did also. I heard weeping, and I thought they seemed much tendered (*i.e.* softened); a very solemn quiet was observed; it was a striking scene,

the poor people on their knees round us in their very deplorable condition."

The revelations of the horrors that Mrs. Fry witnessed during these visits to Newgate stirred her very soul. She set her children at once to make green baize garments for the unfortunate creatures; but with her increasing family and many duties it was impossible for her to do more for the next few years.

In 1815 a great sorrow came to her. In the previous year she had lost her brother, John Gurney, and now her seventh child and special darling was to be taken from her.

All her love and sorrow and yearning found utterance in her journal: "It has pleased Almighty and Infinite Wisdom to take from us our most dear and tenderly beloved child, little Betsy, between four and five years old. In receiving her, as well as giving her back again, we have, I believe, been enabled to bless the Sacred Name. She was a very precious child, of much wisdom for her years, and I can hardly help believing, much grace. . . . She would often talk of 'Almighty God,' and almost everything had connection with Him on Third Day. After some suffering of body from great sickness she seemed wonderfully relieved . . . and began by telling me how many hymns and stories she knew, with her countenance greatly animated, a flush on her cheeks, her eyes very bright, and a smile of inexpressible content . . . Afterwards she told me one or two droll stories, and made clear and bright comments on them as she went along; then stopped a little while, and said in the fulness of her heart, and the joy of a little child . . . 'Mamma, I love everybody better than myself, and I love thee better than anybody, and I love Almighty God much better than thee, and I hope thee loves Almighty God better than me.' . . . I appeared to satisfy her that it was so. This was on Third Day, and she was a corpse on Fifth Day evening. . . . I have been permitted to feel in-

expressible pangs at her loss, though at first it was so much like partaking with her in joy and glory, that I could not mourn if I would, only rejoice almost with joy unspeakable and full of glory. But a deep baptism was afterwards permitted me, like the enemy coming in like a flood; but even here a way of escape has been made, my supplication answered . . . and the bitter cup sweetened; but at others my loss has touched [me] in a manner almost inexpressible, to awake and find my much-loved little girl so totally fled from my view, so many pleasant pictures marred . . . My much-loved husband and I have drunk this cup together in close sympathy and unity of feeling."

This precious little child, this tenderly loved Betsy, was a sacred memory from that day, and Elizabeth Fry's thought often wandered to the little grave at Barking; but a new baby arrived six months after little Betsy's death to comfort the mother's heart. During these quiet, and on the whole prosperous years, there had been great changes in the old house at Earlham. Catherine, the mother-sister had joined the Church of England, and with her father's consent had been baptized at Barking Church two months before his death; three of her sisters, Richenda, Hannah, and Louisa, had followed her example. Priscilla, Samuel, and Joseph John Gurney, had became plain Quakers. Daniel and Rachel professed Quakerism in its mildest form. In 1817, when Elizabeth Fry was already engaged in her great life-work, all the different branches of the Gurney family had settled homes. Joseph, with the eldest sister Catherine, and the Quaker minister Priscilla, lived at Earlham; Samuel and his family at Ham House; Daniel and Rachel at Runcton; Richenda Cunningham and her clerical husband in their Vicarage of Pakefield; Hannah and Fowell Buxton in Brick Lane, near his brewery; Louisa Hoare and her family at the Hill House, Hampstead, which was their lifelong home, though they

also owned Cliff House at Cromer. Katherine Fry wrote of them :—

"Thus, in the course of nature, the descendants of John Gurney of Earlham had branched off into distinct families, dwelling in their various homes, either in Norfolk or in the neighbourhood of London, differing in some respects, yet united by a common bond of strong family affection, tender sympathy, and unbroken harmony. Truly it might be said of them, 'if one member suffered all the members suffered with it.'"

The numerous cousins were brought up in great intimacy and unrestricted communication, although their parents did not belong to the same religious communities. About Christmas 1816, or January 1817, Elizabeth Fry commenced her work in the prison-house of Newgate. Startling public events had happened since her first visits. The Continent had been in a state of agitation and warfare. Napoleon, the prisoner of Elba, had escaped, collected an army, and Waterloo had been fought. The disarmed tyrant was now at St. Helena, and a feeling of security pervaded the nations.

Still Newgate horrors prevailed, although in 1815 a deputation of the Gaol Committee of the Corporation of London had made a visit of inspection. A few improvements were effected. "The sexes were separated, and the women provided with mats to sleep on; visitors were restrained from having much communication with the prisoners, a double row of gratings being placed between the criminals and those who came to see them. Across the space between the gratings it was a common practice for the prisoners to put wooden spoons fastened to long sticks, to receive the contribution of friends."

When Mrs. Fry commenced her systematic visiting at Newgate, she had eleven friends to help her. On her second visit she begged to be left alone with the women for some hours; and Augustus Hare tells us "that on that

occasion she read them the parable of our Lord and the vineyard, and made a few observations on the eleventh hour, and on Christ having come to save sinners—even those who might be said to have wasted the greater part of their lives estranged from Him. Some asked who Christ was; others feared that their day of salvation was past." From the very first the tender motherly heart of Elizabeth Fry was filled with a deep pity for the miserable, puny and stunted children that pressed round her, half-naked, and pining for want of fresh air and proper food. She suggested to the women that a school should be formed for these neglected little creatures, and it was a proof that, even in their degradation, they were not wholly devoid of maternal feeling, when they eagerly assented to this proposition,—they even shed tears of joy."

At Mrs. Fry's next visit she found they had already chosen a schoolmistress from among themselves, a young woman, Mary Connor, who, although fairly educated, had been committed for stealing a watch. We are told "that her conduct was so exemplary as a teacher, that Government granted her a free pardon, which she did not live long to enjoy." An empty cell was granted for the schoolroom, and crowded with the children. A young Friend named Mary Anderson came to assist, but was almost frightened away. She informed Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton of her experiences.

"The railing was crowded with half-naked women, struggling together for the front situation with the most boisterous violence, with the utmost vociferation," and she shuddered with apprehension when the door was shut and she was locked in with these desperate creatures. Even on this first day, the Rev. Thomas Timpson tells us, "the school surpassed their most sanguine expectations; their only pain arose from the numerous and pressing applications made by young women who longed to be taught and

employed. The narrowness of the room rendered it impossible to yield to these requests, whilst a denial seemed a sentence of destruction, excluding every hope and almost every possibility of reformation. . . ."

Mrs. Fry wrote: "I have been lately much occupied in forming a school in Newgate for the children of the poor prisoners, as well as the young criminals, which has brought much peace and satisfaction with it. But my mind has also been deeply affected in attending a poor woman who was executed, I suppose, this morning. I visited her twice. This event has brought me into deep feeling."

It was a severe strain on her nervous system to minister to women under sentence of death. "I have suffered much about the hanging of criminals," she wrote. And again: "I have just returned from a melancholy visit to Newgate, where I have been at the request of Elizabeth Fricker previous to her execution to-morrow at eight o'clock. I found her much harried, distressed, and tormented in mind. Her hands were cold and covered with something like the perspiration which precedes death, and in an universal tremor. The women who were with her said she had been so outrageous before my going, that they thought a man must be sent for to manage her. However, after a serious time with her, her troubled soul became calm." With regard to this unfortunate woman, contemporary evidence raised very grave doubts whether she was guilty at all; the man convicted with her, on the day before his execution maintained her complete innocence, though he refused to give the name of the actual culprit.

Another entry in Mrs. Fry's journal draws a dark picture of the interior of Newgate. "Besides this young woman, there are also six men to be hanged, one of whom has a wife, also condemned, and seven young children. Since the awful report came down he has become quite mad from horror of mind, a strait waistcoat could not keep him

within bounds; he had just bitten the turnkey. I saw the man come out with his hand bleeding as I passed the cell. I hear that another, who has been tolerably educated and brought up, was doing all he could to harden himself through unbelief, trying to convince himself that religious truths were idle tales."

Merrie England had its dark side. The records in John Howard's and Elizabeth Fry's journals tell of a terrible state of things. The laws were Draco-like in their pitiless severity, and were also written in blood. Light offences were punished with death. A man was not only hanged for stealing a sheep or passing one-pound forged notes, but even hunger-bitten creatures had been condemned for stealing a loaf of bread for themselves or their children. George Cruikshank, writing in 1876, among other things says: "Fifty-eight years back from this date there were one-pound Bank of England notes in circulation, and unfortunately many forged ones were in circulation also, and being passed, the punishment for which offence was in some cases transportation, in others death. At this period, having to go early to the Royal Exchange one morning, I passed Newgate, and saw several people suspended from the gibbet. *Two* of them were women who had been executed for passing one-pound forged notes. I determined, if possible, to put a stop to such terrible punishment for such a crime, and made a sketch of the above note and then an etching of it."

From Mrs. Pittman's "Life of Elizabeth Fry," we find a mention of the "Black Act," first passed in the reign of George I., and enlarged by George II.; and from a table published by Janssen and quoted by Hepworth Dixon, in twenty-three years, from 1749 to 1771, eleven hundred and twenty-one persons were condemned to death in London alone. Of these six hundred and seventy-eight were actually hanged; the remainder either died in prison, were trans-

ported, or pardoned. It is recorded, as one of these cases, that "a young woman with a babe at her breast was hanged for stealing from a shop a piece of cloth of the value of five shillings. The poor woman was the destitute wife of a young man whom the press-gang had captured and carried off to sea, leaving her and her babe to the mercy of the world. Utterly homeless and starving, she stole to buy food; but a grateful country requited the services of the sailor by hanging the wife."

And these were the good old days of Merrie England! No wonder humane people hesitated to prosecute. Mrs. Pittman tells us "that George III. kept a register of all cases of capital punishment," and "that it is said that he frequently rose from his couch at night to peruse this fatal list; and that he shut himself up closely in his private apartments during the hours appointed for the execution of criminals condemned to death."

Tyburn ceased to be the place of execution in 1783; rom that year Newgate witnessed most of the horrors.

About this period of Elizabeth Fry's career philanthropists were taking steps to restrain the severity of the death penalty, the Gurney family, William Wilberforce, Sir James Macintosh and Sir Samuel Romilly among them. At a later date Joseph John Gurney wrote: "I cannot say that my spirit greatly revolts against life for life, though capital punishment for anything short of this appears to me to be execrable."

It must have been fearful work, and trying alike to strength and nerves, when this heroic but delicately nurtured woman began her saintly ministrations among the degraded creatures in that terrible prison-house of our Metropolis. What a change from Plashet House, with its gardens and meadows, the songs of birds and the sweet scent of flowers, to those grimy wards and their wretched inmates! In her evidence before the House of Commons Mrs. Fry said,

"It was in our visits to the school, where some of us attended every day, that we were witnesses to the dreadful proceedings that went forward in the female part of the prison: the begging, swearing, gaming, fighting, dancing, dressing up in men's clothes, scenes too bad to be described, so that we did not think it suitable to admit young persons with us."

It was during these daily visits to the school for the children that these zealous workers began to realise more and more that much of the dissipation and licentiousness prevalent in the female wards of Newgate arose in a great measure from want of certain regulations, but chiefly from need of occupation. There, as in other places, "Satan found mischief still for idle hands to do." The women themselves were eager to be employed. In Mrs. Fry's own words: "I soon found that nothing could be done, or was worth attempting, for the reformation of the women without constant employment."

As this idea took possession of her mind, she and her helpers determined to project a school for the employment of the tried women, for teaching them to read and work.

Mr. Buxton gives a detailed account of this attempt:

"With these impressions," he writes, "they had the boldness to declare that if a committee could be found who would share the labour, and a matron who would engage never to leave the prison day or night, they would undertake to try the experiment; that is, they would find employment for the women, procure the necessary money, till the city could be induced to relieve them of the expense, and be answerable for the safety of the property committed into the hands of the prisoners. This committee immediately presented itself: it consisted of the wife of a clergyman (Mrs. Anglezark) and eleven members of the Society of Friends. They professed their willingness to suspend every other engagement and avocation, and to

devote themselves to Newgate; and, in truth, they have performed their promise."

A matron was found, and then, as Mr. Buxton informs us, Mrs. Fry had an interview in her husband's house with Mr. Cotton, the Ordinary, and Mr. Newman, the Governor, and laid her plans before them. Neither of the gentlemen were hopeful, but they promised their warm co-operation. She next had an interview with Mr. Bridges, the Sheriff, "from whom she asked nothing more at this time than a salary for the matron, a comfortable room for her and one for the committee." He told her that, although he wished to assist her, nothing could be done without the concurrence of the women themselves. Mrs. Fry replied to this: "Let the experiment be tried; let the women be assembled in your presence, and if they will not consent to the strict observance of our rules, let the project be dropped," and Mr. Bridges gave his assent to this.

The committee already formed for this great work was known as "An Association for the Improvement of the Female Prisoners in Newgate," and its object, as briefly stated in Mrs. Fry's journal, was "To provide for the clothing, instruction, and employment of women; to introduce them to the knowledge of the Scriptures, and to form in them, as much as possible, those habits of sobriety, order, and industry, which may render them docile and peaceable whilst in prison, and respectable when they leave it."

Well might Mrs. Fry write, in this month of March 1817: "My mind is tossed by a variety of interests and duties. . . . I hope I am not undertaking too much. It is a little like being in the whirlwind and the storm; but may I be enabled quietly to perform that which ought to be done; and may all be done so heartily unto the Lord, and through the assistance of His grace, that, if it is consistent with His holy will, His blessing may attend it."

CHAPTER III

"A MOTHER IN ISRAEL"

"She stretcheth out her hands to the poor; yea, she reacheth orth her hands to the needy.

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness."—PROVERBS xxx.

IT was a strange sight that Sunday afternoon, and one never witnessed before in those dreary precincts, when the two Sheriffs, with Mr. Cotton and Mr. Newman, met the ladies at Newgate. Upwards of seventy women were present. Mrs. Fry read out several rules in her impressive way. "My mother had three great gifts," her daughter Katherine wrote: "her dignified and stately presence, her exquisite voice, and her constant and unruffled expression —the same to crowned heads and poor prisoners." The women assembled "unanimously and willingly engaged to be bound by these rules, which were as follows:

"1. That a woman be appointed for the general supervision of the women.

"2. That the women be engaged in needlework, knitting, or any other suitable employment.

"3. That there be no begging, swearing, gaming, card-playing, quarrelling, or universal conversation. That all novels, plays, and other improper books be excluded; that all bad words be avoided, and any default in these particulars be reported to the matron."

The next five rules relate to the yard-keeper and

monitors, one of which was to be appointed to each class of workwomen.

"9. That the monitors be particularly careful to see that women come with clean hands and faces to their work, and that they are quiet during their employment.

"10. That at the ringing of the bell at nine o'clock in the morning, the women collect in the work-room to hear a portion of Scripture read by one of the visitors or the matron, and that the monitors afterwards conduct the classes thence to their respective wards in an orderly manner.

"11. That the women be again collected for reading at six o'clock in the evening, when the work shall be given in charge to the matron by the monitors.

"12. That the matron keep an exact account of the work done by the women, and of their conduct."

To quote from Mrs. Pittman: "As these rules were read out the women were requested to raise their hands in token of assent. Not a hand but was held up. In just the same manner the names of the monitors were received, and the appointments ratified. After this business had been concluded, one of the visitors read the twenty-first chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel; and then ensued a period of solemn silence, according to the custom of the Society of Friends. After that, the newly-elected monitors, at the head of their classes, withdrew to their wards.."

The work-room was an old disused laundry, repaired and whitewashed, and the next thing was to obtain a sufficiency of work and material. After the women were clothed, their work went to provide garments for the convicts at Botany Bay. "About six months after the establishment of the school for children, and the work-room for the tried side, the committee received a petition from the untried women begging for the same privileges. The experiment was tried in their case, but was not so entirely successful. The

prisoners who expected speedy release were not so industrious and painstaking."

When the ladies had worked their scheme for a month, they laid a petition before the Sheriffs, begging "that the newly-formed agency should be taken under the wing of the Corporation." The visiting officials sent in response to this appeal were so astonished at the transformation scene that they were ready to grant anything.

The school and manufactory were adopted as part of the prison system; a cell was granted to the ladies for refractory prisoners, with power to confine them for short intervals, and part of the matron's salary was paid out of the civic purse.

After this meeting of the authorities, Mrs. Fry made several suggestions for the prisoners' well-being, which were well received.

The labours of Elizabeth Fry and her helpers soon effected a change that was almost miraculous. Not only the visitors, but the prisoners themselves bore witness to their influence. "One woman in the infirmary, very near her end, said of the ladies, 'All the comforts round me, and all the consolations of my mind, are owing to them.'"

Another remarked of Mrs. Fry: "God bless her, and the day she came to Newgate; she has done us all good, and we have, and shall always have, reason to bless her."

In the Rev. Thomas Timpson's record we read that "the effect wrought by the advice and admonitions of the ladies may, perhaps, be evinced more forcibly by a single and slight occurrence than by any description. It was a practice of immemorial usage for convicts, on the night preceding their departure for Botany Bay, to pull down and break everything breakable within their part of the prison, and to go off shouting, with the most hardened effrontery. When the period approached for a late clearance, every one connected with the prison dreaded this night of disturbance

and devastation. To the surprise of the oldest turnkey, no noise was heard, not a window was intentionally broken. They took an affectionate leave of their companions, and expressed the utmost gratitude to their benefactors; the next day they entered their conveyances without any tumult, and their departure, in the tears that were shed and the mournful decorum that was observed, resembled a funeral procession; and so orderly was their behaviour that it was deemed unnecessary to send more than half the usual escort."

Later on he remarks, "The women have made upwards of twenty thousand articles of dress, not one of which has been lost or stolen!"

Augustus Hare, in his memorial, quotes two accounts by eyewitnesses. One of the visitors gives his description as follows: "I obtained permission to see Mrs. Fry, and was taken to the entrance of the women's ward. On my approach no loud or angry voices indicated that I was about to enter a place which had long been known as a 'hell above ground.' . . . I was conducted by a decently dressed person, the newly-appointed yardswoman, to the door of a ward, where, at the head of a long table, sat a lady belonging to the Society of Friends. She was reading aloud to sixteen women prisoners who were engaged in needlework round it. Each wore a clean-looking blue apron and bib, with a ticket having a number on it suspended from their necks by a red tape. They all rose at my entrance, curtsied respectfully, and then, at a given signal, resumed their seats and employments. . . . I afterwards visited the other wards, which were counterparts of the first."

There is also a quotation from the Rev. C. B. Tayler's "Personal Recollections." He says: "I accompanied Mrs. Fry on two occasions to Newgate, and I was present when she read a portion of the Word of God to the women in the room which was then appropriated to that purpose. . . . It

was indeed a shocking and most distressing spectacle, that range of about a hundred women's faces with the various types of vice and crime written on the lines of almost every one. But there they sat in respectful silence, every eye fixed upon the grave, sweet countenance of the gentle lady who was about to address them. A table was before her, on which lay the Holy Bible. She seated herself in the chair placed for her, and after a pause for silent prayer of some minutes, she quietly opened the inspired volume. She turned to the Prophet Isaiah, and read aloud the fifty-third chapter. . . . Never till then, and never since then, have I heard any one read as Elizabeth Fry read that chapter —the solemn reverence of her manner, the articulation, so exquisitely modulated, so distinct that not a word of that sweet and touching voice could fail to be heard."

It was not long before public attention was called to Mrs. Fry's work. Newspapers began to notice it; but her noble and retiring nature shrank from publicity and fame. On February 27th, 1818, Mrs. Fry was examined by a Committee of the House of Commons; and her clear, concise statement, made without exaggeration, gave a straightforward story of her efforts to lessen the misery of the female prisoners. In this year Mrs. Fry, by royal desire, was invited to meet Queen Charlotte at the Mansion House. It must have been a curious sight: the Queen, now aged and infirm, her small figure blazing with diamonds, and the tall, stately Quakeress, a little flushed, but still calm in look and manner. Katherine Fry, writing to her aunt, Mrs. Buxton, gave a graphic account of this interesting interview. "The Bishop of Gloucester (Ryder), in lawn sleeves, leading our darling mother, in her plain Friends' cap, one of the light scarf cloaks worn by plain Friends, and a dark silk gown. I see her now: her light flaxen hair, a little flush on her face from the noise and bustle she passed through, and her sweet, lovely, placid smile. . . . When Queen Charlotte

rose to go she paused, and passed to the side where the Bishops sat. Of course all had risen, and Lady Harcourt presented our mother. The Queen, who is so short, curtseying, and our mother, who is so tall, not curtseying, was very awkward. Her Majesty asked our mother if she were not afraid of going into prisons, how far she lived from London, how many children she had, etc. The shouts in the hall were tremendous, and were caught up by the crowds outside. It was told why they shouted, and it was repeated again and again, till it reached our father, sitting in his office at St. Mildred's Court, that 'the Queen was speaking to Mrs. Fry.'" This was almost, if not quite, the aged Queen's last public appearance; she soon afterwards passed to her rest. In this year Mrs. Fry inspected the prisons in Scotland.

In the spring of 1821 Mrs. Fry was called to her sister Priscilla's deathbed. For some months she had been slowly sinking in gradual decline. Mrs. Fry says: "We were all by her when her prepared spirit left the body, and a sweet time it was." And a relative who was present wrote to one of Mrs. Fry's daughters: "I can never lose sight of that group; the cluster of sisters, the perfect stillness, the sacred and assured peace. Not a sob reached the ear, but exquisite tenderness pervaded the whole. Your mother prayed, returned thanks to the Saviour, and committed her dying sister, and then the family, fervently and unreservedly, into God's keeping."

Meanwhile the ladies continued their good work; prison visiting and prison reform became the order of the day. Capital punishment engaged the attention of Mrs. Fry. She also, in addition to her prison labours, interested herself in the embarkation of the female convicts for New South Wales. In Mrs. Pittman's "Records" we are informed of the terrible and degrading manner in which the journey was performed. The women were conveyed in open waggons

to Deptford, some of them laden with chains, others chained by twos; a shouting crowd followed the waggons. Mrs. Fry induced the governor to engage hackney coaches; she promised that their behaviour should be orderly, and that she and a few other ladies would accompany them to the ship. The first batch consisted of 120 convicts. As soon as they had reached the ship they were herded together below deck like cattle; and hitherto the miserable creatures had had nothing to do but curse, swear, and fight, and recount past tales of evil. The first arrangement was to provide work and knitting for them. The ladies had heard that patchwork and fancy work found a great sale in New South Wales, so they furnished the women with proper materials that had been sent to them from wholesale houses. Provision was also made for instruction for the children who were allowed to accompany their mothers, and a small space set apart in the stern for a schoolroom.

When the moment arrived for the departure of the vessel, Mrs. Fry read some passages from her pocket Bible, then kneeling down, commended the sobbing women to God's mercy. Her thoughts followed the poor exiles with deep anxiety, for she knew well what temptations awaited them on landing, "and how they would be without shelter, without resources, and without protection; a small amount of provision would be allotted them daily, but no place to sleep in." This sad question was in due time ventilated, and necessary reforms were effected.

Mrs. Fry continued her exertions for the convicts on the transports; she also visited the floating prisons. We are informed that "the Newgate women were commended for their good conduct on the voyage," and in 1820 we find a building for the women in New South Wales was begun. "Every year," Mrs. Pittman writes, "four, five, or six convict ships went out to the colonies of Australia with their burdens of sin, sorrow and guilt. Van Diemen's

Land and New South Wales received annual fresh consignments of the outcast iniquity of the Old World. Mrs. Fry made a point of visiting each ship before it sailed as many times as her numerous duties permitted, and bade the convicts most affectionate and anxious farewells." With modest thankfulness she herself records long afterwards: "Surely the result of our labours has hitherto been beyond our most sanguine expectations, as to the improved state of our prisons, female convict ships, and the convicts in New South Wales."

In 1823 Mrs. Fry's eleventh and youngest child was born, on the same day with her eldest grandchild. An entry in her Journal, quoted by Augustus Hare, says: "We are going on comfortably, my darling baby an object of interest. I am once more moderately launched in public as well as private life, and am therefore much engaged, but not overdone. There has been a feeling of peace in entering meetings and the prison cause again, as if the calling to these things were continued. How I desire a simple, faithful, watchful walking, with my eye single to the Lord!"

With her elder children Mrs. Fry began to feel little differences of religious opinion. Her husband's love of music troubled her. As secular music was banished from Plashet House, he sometimes enjoyed it at concerts; but she endeavoured to forget her anxieties in her good works. It would be difficult to enumerate these. The establishment of nurses for the sick poor, the first system of district visiting, societies for prison visitings, libraries for the coastguards, reformatory schools for youthful offenders, were among her plans. Well might she say, "I am sensible of being at times pressed beyond my strength of body and mind." Her life has been compared "to an ever-widening stream, growing wider and broader in its channels." From time to time she visited prisons at Nottingham,

Lincoln, Wakefield, Leeds, Doncaster, Sheffield, York, Durham, Newcastle, Carlisle, Lancaster, Liverpool, and most other towns in England, and also those of Scotland and Ireland. Mrs. Fry was for some time at Brighton in 1824, and interested herself in the coastguard men—"Blockade men" as they were then called.

A pleasant summer retreat had been found by her in two cottages at Dagenham, above the Thames—a place very difficult of access. Here she could enjoy "the glorious sunsets, the shipping on the river, the watery sounds, the freshness of the air, the happy groups of children."

There is little doubt that her ministerial duties at times weighed heavily on the soul of Elizabeth Fry. In 1825 she made a ministerial tour in the West of England. Her journal abounds with passages that speak of inward conflict and sad trepidation. Once in near prospect of a meeting she writes: "In a remarkable degree it has plunged me into the depths and into real distress. I feel so unfit, so unworthy, so perplexed, so fearful, even so sorrowful, so tempted to mistrustful thoughts, ready to say, 'Can such an one be called to such a service?'" And again: "The awful and buffeted state of my mind was in a degree calmed as the day advanced. . . . I felt helped every way; the very spirit and power seemed near; and when I rose from my knees I could in faith leave it all to Him who can alone prosper His own work."

The commercial troubles of 1826, and the failures of many banks and houses of business, caused much anxiety in the Gurney family. In the following year Elizabeth Fry had a fresh sorrow in the death of her sister Rachel. During her illness Rachel writes: "Catherine is my constant comfort, Betsy is my greatest treat."

In the account of her death-bed Richenda narrates: "After a few moments of solemn stillness, broken only by

sobs, Betsy, with her own elevated spirit, poured forth her thanksgiving that the work was finished, the conflict over, and that this most beloved sister, companion and friend, was accepted in the Beloved; and had entered her everlasting rest to join in the song of the Lamb for ever."

There is something peculiarly touching in this family union. Sorrow only drew them more closely together. As Elizabeth Fry herself writes: "Amongst the many blessings still remaining to me, the brothers and sisters that I yet have are amongst the greatest."

CHAPTER IV

"BRINGING HOME THE SHEAVES"

"The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest."

DR. WALSHAM HOW.

"I was in prison and ye visited me."—ST. MATT. xxv.

IN 1828 Mrs. Fry's daughter Richenda married Foster Reynolds, of Carshalton House. As he was a Friend, the wedding was at the Meeting-House at Plaistow. None of her other daughters married Friends. It was a happy day to Elizabeth Fry, but she spoke some significant words that seemed almost prophetical. "I have noticed that when great outward prosperity is given us, it is often the precursor of great trials."

Shortly after this joyful event, the failure of a house of business in which her husband was partner involved the Fry family in pecuniary troubles; they were obliged to leave their beloved home of Plashet, and to take refuge for a time with the married son at St. Mildred's Court, where Mrs. Fry's early married life had been spent.

Mrs. Fry felt this trouble deeply. We are told in Mrs. Pittman's narrative, that it seemed impossible to her upright spirit to face the usual Meeting on First Day. "Her sensitive spirit winced acutely at the reproach that might perchance be cast upon the name of religion; but after a prayerful pause she and her husband went (to Meeting)

accompanied by their children, at least such of them as were at home. She occupied her usual place in the Meeting, but the big tears rolling down her face in quick succession testified to the sorrow and anguish which then became her lot. Yet before the service ended, she rose, calmed herself, and spoke most thrillingly from the words, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him,' while the listeners manifested their sympathy by tears and words of sorrow."

And in a letter to her daughter Rachel Cresswell she writes: "This is, I consider, one of the deepest trials to which we are liable; its perplexities are so great and numerous, its mortifications and humiliations so abounding, and its sorrows so deep. . . . I frequently find my mind in a degree sheathed against the deep sorrows, and am enabled not to look so much at them; but there are also times when secondary things arise, such as parting with servants, schools, the poor round us, and our dear home. . . . All our children and children-in-law, my brothers and sisters, our many friends and servants, have been a strong consolation to me."

When matters improved a little the Frys were able to take a small house in Upton Lane, near their former home, and close to Ham House, where her brother Samuel lived; here Mrs. Fry had the pleasure of possessing a small garden.

In 1831 there is a very interesting account in her Journal of a visit paid to the Duchess of Kent and her daughter the Princess Victoria. "I also ventured to remind her" (the Princess), she wrote, "of King Josiah, who begun to reign at eight years old, and 'did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left,' which seemed to be well received. . . . I had long felt an inclination to see the young Princess, and think her a sweet, lovely, and hopeful child." She also had an interview with the amiable Queen

Adelaide. Another daughter was married in 1832, leaving only two to share their parents' home in Upton Lane.

In 1833 Mrs. Fry paid an interesting visit to the Channel Islands, and inspected the prisons and hospitals; she revisited them also in 1836. Her first visit was curtailed by the serious illness of her sister Louisa Hoare, who shortly afterwards died at the Hill House, Hampstead.

The following month Mrs. Fry received news of a serious carriage accident happening to her husband and daughter Katherine while travelling in Normandy. She hastened to them, and on their recovery she paid a great many visits to the prisons and charitable institutions.

In 1836 Elizabeth Fry left England with her husband and their friends Josiah Fowler and Lydia Irving, for a religious tour through France. We read "that among the prisons visited were the St. Lazare Prison for women, La Force Prison for men, the Central Prison, and the Conciergerie." Mrs. Fry could not speak much French, but some friend always interpreted for her. She also visited the Hospital of St. Louis for the plague, leprosy and other infectious disorders, the Hospice de la Maternité, and the Hospice des Enfans Trouvés. The Archbishop of Paris was somewhat annoyed with her proceedings, but chiefly with her practice of distributing the Scriptures, not with her prison work.

As life went on Elizabeth Fry's zeal for good work seemed to increase; the state of the Continental prisons began to occupy her attention, and early in 1840 she started with her brother Samuel Gurney, his wife and daughter, and three other Friends, to visit the prisons of Belgium, Holland, and Germany.

At Brussels they had an audience of the King. At Antwerp they were much pleased with a prison for boys, which was admirably arranged and managed; but at Hamelin, in Hanover, they were horrified to find, in the

men's prison, "four hundred inmates all chained heavily to the ground until they would confess their crimes, whether they had committed them or not."

At Berlin they were received most graciously by the Royal Family, especially by the Princess William, sister of the late King of Prussia. This visit seemed very successful, but an entry in Mrs. Fry's journal at this period gives a hint of approaching age and infirmity.

"I have been poorly enough," she writes, "to have the end of life brought closely before me, and to stimulate me in faith to do quickly what my Lord may require me." The shadows of evening were gathering round the devoted worker, but while strength and life lasted she would labour on. Letters urging her return to the Continent followed her to England; amongst them were some from the Queen and the Princess William of Prussia; and in response to these appeals she set out the following year, accompanied by her brother Joseph John Gurney, his daughter, and her niece Elizabeth. Again she was well received. The King of Holland, after one of the meetings, shook her by the hand, and said, "God bless you, Mrs. Fry, and bless all your endeavours for good!" At Bremen, Pastor Mallet said to her, "Your name has long been a word of beauty to us." Augustus Hare tells us in his "Memorial" that Mrs. Fry used often to describe to her grandchildren her visit to a prison in Hanover. "I found there" she narrates, "more than a thousand prisoners (mostly confined for small crimes), loaded with heavy chains. I was so touched by their misery that it tempted me to represent the cruelty and injustice of their treatment to the Government. A few weeks after, when I visited the prison again, I found, to my surprise and pleasure, that my remonstrance had been listened to, and the chains taken off all the prisoners except one most unruly man. I suppose they knew through whom they were freed from their chains, for I can never forget

their heartfelt expressions of joy and gratitude at seeing me."

On her return to England Mrs. Fry seemed sadly worn with her fatigues, and her health seemed broken, but the tender ministrations of her family cheered her. The following spring the King of Prussia came over to stand sponsor for the Prince of Wales, and by his desire Mrs. Fry was invited to meet him at luncheon at the Mansion House. The next day he accompanied her to Newgate. A young relation writes: "Cousin Elizabeth Fry read out of some book to the prisoners, and afterwards a Psalm, and then prayed very touchingly, the King and the prisoners kneeling round her, all equally in tears."

A family sorrow befell Mrs. Fry this year in the death of a lovely little grandchild, Harriet Streatfield; and as she stood by her daughter's side by the grave, her gentle voice was heard at the close of the service addressing the bereaved mother: "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good."

As Mrs. Fry's health revived in the spring of 1843, she felt it right to pay one more visit to Paris. Her eldest daughter accompanied her, and her brother, Joseph John Gurney, with his wife and Josiah Fowler. In her journal she writes: "My birthday, sixty-three! My God has not forgotten to be gracious, nor hath He shut up His tender mercies from me." She did not go farther than Paris. On this occasion she was summoned to the Duchess of Orleans at the Tuileries, and had many interesting interviews with the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg. The King also sent for her, and she saw the Queen and Madame Adelaide. She afterwards received from the Queen "a beautiful Bible with fine engravings."

Mrs. Fry's failing health obliged her to give up active work, and in 1844 she wrote to the Committee of the Ladies' British Society: "Amidst the many sorrows which

have lately been permitted for me to pass through, and bodily sufferings, I still feel a deep and lively interest in the cause of the poor prisoners, and earnest is my prayer that the God of all grace may be near to help you to be steadfast in the important Christian work of seeking to help the poor wanderers to return, repent, and live, that they may know Christ to be their Saviour, Redeemer, and Hope. . . I hope to be remembered in your prayers."

There was no doubt that Mrs. Fry's strength was waning ast. Her enfeebled health obliged her to absent herself from the family gatherings. Her daughters watched over her tenderly, and, in spite of frequent suffering, she would at times "pour out a wonderful stream of rejoicing, a perfect flood of faith and hope." To her daughter Rachel she once said: "I can say this one thing: since my heart was touched at seventeen years old, I believe I never have awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being how I might best serve the Lord." At this time her beloved brother-in-law, Sir Fowell Buxton, was bowed by increasing infirmity, and his declining state gave her much anxiety. Her sister-in-law, Elizabeth Fry, with whom she had made many ministerial tours, had passed away.

In August her son William had taken a house for Mrs. Fry at Walmer; but before she left home he was able to gratify her earnest desire to be present at the Meeting at Plaistow. Sad to say, it was the last office of love that devoted son performed for his mother. He and his younger son conveyed her in a wheeled chair to the meeting, and Elizabeth Fry delivered her solemn address. The Memoir tells:

"The prominent subject of her address was the death of the righteous. She expressed the deepest thankfulness (alluding to her sister-in-law, Elizabeth Fry) for the mercies vouchsafed to 'one who, having laboured long amongst

them, had been called from time to eternity.' She quoted the text, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them,' . . . and concluded in those words in Isaiah, 'Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty, they shall behold the land that is very far off.'"

Her removal to Walmer was easily accomplished, and she wrote from there:

"I walk in a low valley, still I believe I may say the everlasting arm is underneath, and the Lord is near to me. I pass through deep waters, but I trust, as the Lord is near to me, they will not overflow me. I need all your prayers in my low estate; I think the deaths of my sisters and little Gurney have been almost too much for me."

This allusion was to the loss of a little grandson in July; but, alas! a fresh tide of sorrow was to engulf her. Terrible news reached her. Scarlet fever had broken out at Plashet Manor-house, the home of William Fry. His second daughter, a lovely child, Juliana, died after a few hours' illness. Some of the servants succumbed, and were taken to Guy's Hospital. The children were removed to Plashet Cottage, and carried back to the Manor-house as they sickened. Then the head of the house took it.

The Memoir gives a touching account of his illness. "For about a week hopes were entertained that this most precious life would be spared to his family; but the fiat had gone forth, and the summons been given. On the day of the funeral of his little Juliana he had asked to have his door open, that he might see the coffin as it was borne by; and then, to the nursing sister by his side, he exclaimed, 'I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me."

The fever ran its course, there was little pain, and the invalid continued calm and cheerful. He quite realised his danger, and though he wished to recover, he was willing to abide by the Divine will. "God has never forsaken

me, no, not for a moment, and He never will," was his exclamation one day. As his last day on earth commenced, he looked out on garden and terrace, and spoke of his many blessings. "God is so good" were his last words. It was a bitter, almost an overwhelming blow, to the bereaved mother; and it was no wonder that for a time she was utterly crushed and wept almost unceasingly. "Can our mother bear this and live?" was the exclamation of her children; but after the first week Elizabeth Fry's saintly and purified spirit seemed to follow her beloved son into the Unseen World and dwell with him there, and her thoughts were also much occupied with his widow and children,—the eldest girl, Emma, had died a few days after her father. "Christians ought to be cheerful in affliction," she once said; and we are told "that though tears sometimes filled her eyes, her countenance would become almost radiant as she exclaimed, 'And they have entered into everlasting rest.'"

Mrs. Fry still continued in an ailing condition. Her Memoir informs us, "She was generally carried down in a chair about noon and wheeled from room to room; she was dressed as usual, sometimes joining her family at table, and was able to look occasionally at a book. She now attended Meeting once on the Sabbath, her ministry often very beautiful, and not at all partaking of the sort of infirmity which clouded all earthly matters." Some of her speeches to friends at this period are full of beauty and significance, and speak of hidden conflict. "I have passed through deep baptisms of spirit in this illness. I may say, unworthy as I am to say it, that I have had to drink in my small measure of the Saviour's cup when He said, 'My God, My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?'" And again, "My life has been one of great vicissitude; mine is a hidden path, hidden from every human eye. I have had deep humiliations to pass through." And once

more: "I could often adopt the words of Sir Francis Bacon: 'When I have ascended before men, I have descended in humiliation before God.'"

To the close of her life this sore-tried servant of God was to undergo fresh trials. The following year the death of her beloved brother-in-law, Sir T. Fowell Buxton, was a fresh grief. She wrote to her widowed sister: "I live with you in heart by night and day, my tenderly beloved sister. . . . My feeling for thee is more than I can express in words."

Mrs. Fry's great wish was to see Earlham, the home of her happy childhood, again. This wish was gratified; she was even drawn in her wheeled chair to the old Meeting-house in Goat Lane, where the row of sisters had once sat Sunday after Sunday; she also had the sad pleasure of being with her sister, Lady Buxton.

On June 26th her youngest son, Harry, was married to Miss Lucy Sheppard. On the return of the wedding party to Upton Lane, we are informed that Mrs. Fry "received her guests in a room opening into the flower garden, and thence was wheeled to the terrace; a very large circle surrounded her, many connections and others of her friends. It was a beautiful scene, the last social family meeting at which she presided; and, although infirm and broken in health, she looked herself." The following week Mrs. Fry was moved to Ashton House, at Ramsgate, where the family of her son William came to her and remained some weeks; afterwards Hannah, Lady Buxton, and her daughter, Richenda, joined her. Daily her weakness increased; but as the end approached, we are told, "That the great terror of death which had beset her through life, seemed to pass away," and "at eventide there was light." And so in peace and love and quiet teaching those last days passed, until October 11th, 1845, when she had a sudden seizure, followed by hours of unconsciousness.

Augustus Hare gives a brief memorial of the closing scenes. "On the following morning she was again partially conscious, and said to her maid, 'Oh, Mary, dear Mary, I am very ill; pray for me. It is a strife; but I am safe.' Three hours later, when one of her daughters was sitting by her, she said slowly: 'Oh, my dear Lord, help and keep Thy servant.' These were her last words; and after a few more hours of unconsciousness she passed away. She was buried in the Friends' burial place at Barking, close by the grave of her little Betsy, "where her humble tomb may still be seen in the little green enclosure, with its lilacs and laburnums."

Elizabeth Fry was not more than sixty-five when she died but she was worn out with work. She had been the messenger of glad tidings to "those who were ready to perish"; she had visited the dungeons and dark places of the earth, and at her gentle pleadings the chains and heavy fetters of the prisoners were removed. Well has it been said, "God buries His workers, but carries on His work"; for since Elizabeth Fry died, her work has grown and ripened. Well may our generation honour and revere her name, for surely of Elizabeth Fry it may be truly said: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry.

THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

THE FRIEND OF THE POOR"

"Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light."—REV. H. BONAR.

THE list of the notably good women of the Victorian era would be strangely incomplete if the honoured and justly revered name of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts were to be omitted, "the second lady in the land," as the Prince of Wales once termed her, to whom the English nation owes a debt of gratitude for sixty years and more of noble beneficence and splendid but unobtrusive deeds of philanthropy. If one dare coin a title for her it would be "the Friend of the Poor"; for from her youth Lady Burdett-Coutts' heart has beat "with a passionate love for the poor and suffering," and yet how few are aware of even a tithe of the good which she has done in her long life!

Most literally has she fulfilled the Divine injunction, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," for no blare of trumpet or beat of drum accompanies her acts of princely munificence; for love's sake she has given, touched to the depths of her tender woman's heart by the needs and sorrows of stricken men and weary women and oppressed and miserable children. The same spirit that beat in the noble heart of Lord Shaftesbury throbs in hers; pity for suffering humanity has been the keynote of

both their lives. The veteran statesman has long entered into his rest, worn out by his self-denying labours, but the Baroness Burdett-Coutts still lives to be a blessing to all around her.

It has been beautifully said by the writer of an article on Lady Burdett-Coutts in the *Strand Magazine*: "To look back upon the life of the Baroness is an historical education. One recalls the good and great with whom she has been associated, reads the history of the labouring classes, watches the education of the young, and reviews events which have stirred nations; and in each and every case, where money could help, the Baroness has led the way with munificent benevolence, and, what is more, has brought the effect of her example, and so used her enormous influence, that others have thereby been induced likewise to afford valuable assistance."

There is little record to be obtained of this interesting life. The doors of Holly Lodge have been always open to friends and applicants for relief, but interviewers have never been welcome. In only one solitary instance, we believe, has this rule been relaxed, and to this we owe the charming article which gives us such a pleasant and graphic account of the Baroness at home.

"The wealth of the mind is the only true wealth," Hesiod informs us; but Juvenal adds a startling axiom: "Nothing is more unbearable," he observes, "than a woman with a full purse"; and it is an undoubted fact that preachers, moralists and philosophers have alike dilated on the worthlessness of wealth, heaping up opprobrious terms, such as "filthy lucre," and "dross," as though its very touch were debasing.

That great wealth has its responsibility, its power for good or evil, cannot be denied by any right-minded person. Perhaps it was some natural shrinking from a heavy yoke of obligation that made Agur the son of Jakeh, say "Give

me neither poverty nor riches." He fears wealth, lest he be tempted to spend it all on his own gratification, and then, in the insolence of his pride and self-pleasing, grow callous, and deny his Maker.

But there is another side to this subject. The parable of the talents throws an unerring light on human responsibility. "To whom much is given much shall be required," and no contemporary of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts can doubt that she has conscientiously, and to the utmost of her ability, used her great wealth for the benefit of her fellow-creatures. There is something idyllic and like a fairy tale in the story of Angela Georgina Burdett—afterwards the renowned Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

She was born in 1814. Her father was Sir Francis Burdett, the famous Radical politician, who was imprisoned for his unflinching advocacy of the people's rights. We read "that the guards were pelted with stones as they took their prisoner to the Tower, where he was one of the last men to suffer for his political opinions, and the air was filled with the people's cry, "Burdett for ever!"

Her mother was the daughter of Thomas Coutts, the banker. After her grandmother Mrs. Coutts' death her grandfather married the well-known actress, Miss Mellon. The second Mrs. Coutts seemed to have had a strange, complex nature; but she appeared to have been sincerely attached to her husband, and to have made him a good wife. After his death she married the young and handsome Duke of St. Albans.

Angela Burdett's early years were spent in the village of Ramsbury, in Wiltshire, where Sir Francis Burdett's estate was situated. She had always been the favourite grandchild of the second Mrs. Coutts, but when the latter married again, the great fortune left to her by her husband seemed to have passed away from the Burdett family. But the Duchess of St. Albans, in spite of her eccentricity, was

determined to do her duty to her first husband's relatives; and when she died, Miss Burdett, then three-and-twenty, found herself the "head of a banking-house second only to the Bank of England, and the richest woman in England."

It was enough to turn the head of any young lady. The story of Cinderella, so dear to childhood, or even the enchanting tale of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, dwarf into insignificance before this story of true life. One morning Miss Burdett woke to find herself worth thirteen tons of English sovereigns; as a matter of fact, her fortune was £1,800,000. This bequest was left absolutely on condition that the heiress should assume the name and arms of Coutts. From this time she took the name of Burdett-Coutts. To her husband the Duchess of St. Albans left an annuity of £10,000, with the life-rent of the house in Stratton Street, Piccadilly, and her Highgate estate, Holly Lodge, all of which reverted to Miss Burdett-Coutts on his Grace's death in 1849.

It is not surprising to hear that, on Miss Burdett-Coutts' acquisition of this princely revenue, begging-letters and offers of marriage poured in by every post.

The young heiress naturally took her position in society. She was present at the Queen's coronation, and enjoyed a good many splendid functions. The *Leisure Hour* of 1870 gives an amusing anecdote, which runs as follows:

"Moore, the poet, relates in his diary that, having seen Miss Coutts in all her splendour at the Queen's ball, he called on her the following day, and found her preparing to send her dress to the bank. 'Would you like,' she asked the poet, 'to see it by daylight?' On his assenting, she took him to a room upstairs, where the treasure was deposited. Amongst it was the famous tiara of Marie Antoinette; and on his asking Miss Coutts what altogether might be the value of the dress, she answered, in her quiet way, 'I think about a hundred thousand pounds.'"

But a life of pleasure would never have satisfied Miss Burdett-Coutts, and from the beginning she realised that her vast wealth was to be held in trust for the good of her fellow-creatures. Her sincere and earnest nature enabled her to form many noble and lasting friendships.

The Duke of Wellington was her confidential adviser; and Charles Dickens, the people's novelist, helped her in many of her philanthropical schemes. She accompanied him into the poorest parts of London, and she herself avers that these excursions inspired her with intense pity for the poor. Slumming was not then a fashionable pursuit, and many people must have accused her of eccentricity and rashness; but Miss Burdett-Coutts had plenty of quiet courage, and in her unobtrusive womanly way was well fitted to be a pioneer. She chose Westminster as the field of her earliest acts of beneficence. Her father, Sir Francis Burdett, had been educated at Westminster School, and for thirty years had been the representative of the City of Westminster.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, to give her her present title, purchased a site in Rochester Row, and erected the beautiful Gothic church of St. Stephen the Martyr, as a memorial of her father, who had died in 1844. The church was opened in 1850, an ecclesiastical district mapped out, in the centre of the united parishes of St. Margaret's and St. John's, and schools and a vicarage added. It is said the initial cost of the church and schools amounted to nearly £100,000, and that the Baroness, besides providing for the greater part of the endowment, has through all these years practically maintained the work of the parish. The Duke of Wellington presented the altar-cloth for the new church. There is also "a wonderful carpet, worked by some of the best-known ladies of the land, representing the arms of the Baroness, and the various bishoprics, churches, etc., with which her name is inseparably connected."

The parish of St. Stephen has been splendidly worked. The *Strand* tells us that "clubs, guilds, classes, friendly societies, district visiting, etc., are all in active operation, and, in addition, a self-help club," which, established on co-operative principles, can now show a working capital of £2000." Upwards of fifteen thousand children have been trained in the schools.

While this great work was progressing, Baroness Burdett-Coutts' attention was called to the state of religion in the colonies. We will quote a paragraph in the *Leisure Hour* of 1870 on this subject:

"In vain had the Episcopalians of Cape Town repeatedly applied for the appointment of a bishop. Indeed, prior to the year 1847, the time of which we speak, the mother-church in England had done little for Cape Colony. Three clergymen only had she sent out, and not a single schoolmaster; nor had any funds been raised for the erection of churches and schools. . . . It was to remedy this state of matters that the liberality of Miss Burdett-Coutts was exerted in the endowment of the Cape Town bishopric. On St. Peter's Day, 1847, the Rev. Robert Gray was consecrated in Westminster Abbey, and in the February of the following year he arrived at his destination. Within three years of his arrival, so great was the impulse given, the clergy had multiplied nearly fourfold; new churches had sprung up in every direction, the colonies on their part making efforts to correspond in some measure with those of the Church at home."

About the same time Baroness Burdett-Coutts endowed the Bishopric of Adelaide, in South Australia, where Bishop Short began his work in 1847. Before the end of the first year he had consecrated ten churches, while others were being built.

In 1858 the Baroness endowed the bishopric of British Columbia, which had just been proclaimed a British colony.

On this occasion she gave £25,000 for the endowment of the church, for the bishopric £15,000, and £10,000 for the other clergy. But the building of churches and the founding of bishoprics were not the Baroness' only acts of munificence; the Friend of the Poor was busy on their behalf.

Nova Scotia Gardens, in Bethnal Green, had long been notorious as a resort of thieves and murderers. The place was a trap for fevers and loathsome diseases; the footsteps of the passers-by had sunk in slimy pools and garbage and decaying matter. Struck with the horror and misery of this God-forsaken spot, Lady Burdett-Coutts bought it up, pulled down and utterly demolished the old rookery, and built four blocks of model dwellings, "each block containing between forty and fifty tenements, with every accommodation in the shape of laundry, baths, etc. and the luxury of a good library and reading-room." These splendid blocks of buildings are now known as Columbia Square, and are capable of accommodating more than a thousand people. From the inscription on the clock tower it appears that they were commenced in May 1858 and finished in May 1862. We read that all the model lodging-houses erected from the Peabody Fund were built on the plan of Columbia Square. The magnificent Columbia Market, opened in the presence of Royalty on April 28th, 1869, was also erected for the poor of Bethnal Green. "As a market building it is unrivalled throughout the world, and was erected at a cost of about £200,000."

The *Times* declared at the opening, "that the Halles of Paris, and the Central Market of Brussels, are as nothing compared with the beauty of this almost cathedral pile." The *Leisure Hour* tells us "that an admirable series of bye-laws, prominently exhibited, for the regulation of the traffic, were drawn out by the Baroness herself, and bear her name." One object of the elaborate decoration was

to give employment to skilled stone-cutters and carvers then out of work, and also to attract the attention of the frequenters of the market by its artistic beauty.

Strange to say, this magnificent scheme has not been a success; but if the market has proved a failure, and the noble building stands to-day practically unused, "a noble monument of a woman's effort to give the people cheap and wholesome food"; yet, as we read in the pages of the *Young Woman*, "it opened up the market question in London, and led to the establishment of the markets at nearly all the great railway termini."

It is almost impossible even to enumerate the good works of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. No noble cause, no cry of distress, appealed to her in vain. "Brown's Lane" was another spot brightened by her benevolence. Thirty or forty years ago the importation of foreign silks had led to dire distress amongst the hand-weavers. They were almost starving, when the Baroness came forward to their relief. Some of the people were sent out as emigrants, others were started in business, and a hundred and fifty poor needlewomen were kept in constant work by getting the Government contract for navy shirts, etc. The "Brown Lane's Charity," where the poor women got their meals as well as their work in a sort of sewing-room, was an immense boon; after 1.30 they could earn from eight to fifteen shillings a week. The work, as we read in the *Strand*, consisted of shirt-making for the police and soldiers, and each woman as she came in commenced with a good plain meal. "From this place nurses were sent out amongst the sick with wine and other comforts, while outfits were provided for poor servants and winter clothing for deserving women."

When, later on, the tanners were in great distress, this large-hearted woman was ready again with her help; but, as is well known, her charity has been dispensed in every

needy district of East London for sixty years. When the terrible cholera epidemic broke out in 1867, in the East End of London, Baroness Burdett-Coutts' charity was as active as ever. The writer in the *Strand* has given us full particulars. "Under the superintendence of a qualified medical man she employed eight trained nurses, two sanitary inspectors, and under their orders four men to distribute disinfectant." A long list of gifts during the course of one week is then enumerated: "560 quarts of milk, 25 gallons of brandy, 50 gallons of port wine, and 20 gallons of beef-tea, 100 blankets, 400 yards of flannel, and 400 garments," representing only part of the list.

A Shoeblack Brigade, a Boys' Club, a Relief Committee, as well as the recent Flower Girls' Brigade, have all been inaugurated or helped by this benevolent patron. This last society has put upwards of eight hundred girls into a more desirable way of gaining their livelihood. Only a few months ago the Baroness was pleading the cause of the East End matchgirls, and she has always been a generous supporter of the Destitute Children's Dinner Society, which gives three hundred thousand dinners a year to the children of the London poor; indeed, since the death of the Earl of Shaftesbury she has been its president. The Baroness's love for children is well known; thousands of ragged little ones have been familiar with the grounds of Holly Lodge. The formation of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was chiefly due to her—at least, she was one of the pioneers of the movement, and the first committee meeting was held in her drawing-room.

She took a great interest in the costermongers—"the tradesmen of the streets," as they are called. She once sent a party of them to the Lyceum to see Sir Henry Irving in *Hamlet*; and a small donkey in silver, presented to her by the costers, is one of her most treasured possessions. It is impossible to do more than briefly enumerate

a few of her most important charities. When in future years her biography is written, the story of this noble life will be full of thrilling interest.

Though in no way connected with Carlisle, the representations of Bishop Waldegrave concerning the needs of his diocese induced Baroness Burdett-Coutts to build at her sole cost the church of St. Stephen's, in the Citadel Station district of the town. Up to that time the congregation had worshipped in a disused warehouse. The scheme in which Charles Dickens took the greatest interest was the Urania College at Shepherd's Bush. In one article we read, "that he drew up the rules, superintended the purchase of land and building, and attended personally to the furnishing. He visited the prisons, interviewed magistrates and governors, and wrote letters such as he only could write to many an unhappy woman in need of a helping hand." This establishment at Shepherd's Bush was for the reform of young women. "There is a lady in this town," wrote the novelist in his pathetic way, "who, from the windows of her house, has seen such as you going past at night, and has felt her heart bleed at the sight. She is what is called a great lady. . . . She has resolved to open a home. . . . In this home, which stands in a pleasant country lane, and where each may have her little flower garden if she likes, they will lead an active, cheerful, healthy life, . . . will begin life afresh, and be able to win a good name and character." It is pleasant to know that this admirable institution has prospered." The Baroness took a great interest in the Whitelands Training College at Chelsea, and gave prizes to some of the most proficient pupil-teachers. Ireland, too, has received substantial help from this universal benefactress, and her loan of £10,000 to the fishermen of Skibbereen, and the Fishery School she established, won for her the love of Irish people. Her generosity flowed into other channels; for she provided funds for a topographical survey

of Jerusalem, and offered to reinstate the Aqueducts of Solomon, so as to guarantee a constant supply of water.

It is interesting to remember that a warm friendship existed between her and the great English hero, General Gordon, and her appeal to the women of England on behalf of the Gordon Memorial College was felt to be fitting. We are told in one magazine, "that before Gordon went to Khartoum he spent almost his last hours with the Baroness, and it was through her that the General received his last batch of letters and papers from home, the Baroness engaging a Morocco trader to disguise himself for the purpose of delivering them."

Lady Burdett-Coutts' love of animals is well known. She always took the deepest interest in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the foundation stone of the institution in Jermyn Street was laid by her. She attended meetings, identified herself with the annual Cart Horse Parades at London, Newcastle, etc., and gave prizes to the costermongers who could show well fed and well kept donkeys. At Holly Lodge there are innumerable animals, from "Cocky," her favourite cockatoo, to the white donkey presented her by the grateful costers, and the champion of the goat stables, "Sir Garnet," and "Peter" and "Prince," her pet dogs.

It gave universal satisfaction when Her Majesty the Queen bestowed a peerage, in 1871, as a mark of personal esteem. Baroness Burdett-Coutts' marriage to Mr. Ashmead Bartlett in 1881 was a great surprise to her friends, the Baroness being at the time of her marriage sixty-seven and Mr. Ashmead Bartlett only thirty. Seventeen years have passed since then, and it is a satisfaction to be assured by the writer in *The Young Woman* that the Baroness has never regretted this step. "Happy as her life has been," she writes, "the last seventeen years have been by far the happiest part of it."

Mr. Burdett-Coutts has interested himself in all his wife's schemes; and we read, previous to his marriage, "that his visit to Turkey during the war, when the Baroness raised £30,000 in a few days for the distressed peasants, and his subsequent tour in the west of Ireland during the famine of 1880, were purely voluntary undertakings." He takes an active part in the Baroness' charitable work, and is a cultured, scholarly man.

Holly Lodge seems a charming retreat. The writer of the article in the *Strand* tells us: "That the house has much the appearance of a 'bungalow.' It is quite small, surrounded by a verandah, with its trellis-work covered with hops, Virginia and other creepers; about fifty-two acres of garden and park surround it, so well wooded that, from the house, all one gets of the exterior world is a glimpse of a church spire."

In this peaceful seclusion, and in the society of her chosen companion, Baroness Burdett-Coutts spends the sunset of her long and honoured life, beloved and revered by all who know her. There are certain words in the Book of books which come into one's mind as one dwells with feelings of veneration on this bright example of womanly sympathy and benevolence, and which might fitly be spoken by her:—

"When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me:

"Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.

"The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widows' heart to sing for joy."

The Princess of Wales

From a photograph by Lafayette.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

CHAPTER I

A SEA-KING'S DAUGHTER

"Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea—
O joy to the people, and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us, and make us your own;
For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!"

LORD TENNYSON.

THERE are few of us who do not love the dear old fairy stories of our childhood. We have grown old and a little careworn and hardened, perhaps, with the dull prose of life; but in our memories the old tales are still fresh and fragrant. How we thrilled as we read them, how our cheeks flushed with excitement as we turned the beloved pages, how they haunted our childish dreams—Cinderella, and Little Red Riding Hood, Beauty and the Beast, Gracioso and Percinette, and a host of others gaily tripping on each other's heels!

There was nothing new in the drama or the *dénoûement*, but the very monotony and poorness of invention were dear to our infantine minds; always there was the Princess—golden of locks, glorious in virtues, and marvellously afflicted. Sometimes she is in rags and her feet are bare, or the wicked influence of a cruel witch of a stepmother has shut her up in a brazen tower. Poor little Princess Beautiful,—what hardships she endures, what herculean labours are laid upon her, what rivers of tears flow from

her lovely eyes!—but though we quivered with excitement and sympathy, we knew the tale would end happily. Down the long avenues rides the Prince, splendid in glittering armour, or doublet of cloth of gold; as the little Princess looks down at him, he doffs his jewelled cap. "Love, will you marry me?" he cries, for his wooing is brief and masterful. "Marry him?" Has she not been watching for him for a year at least? is he not her deliverer, her champion? and so "beyond the night, across the day, Thro' all the world she follow'd him!"

Oh the beloved old nursery legends! "earnest wed with sport," but sacred to us with wonderful esoteric meanings! Sometimes in later life, even in modern days, one sees strange versions of the old fables.

"Once upon a time, a good many years ago, three young princesses sat in a beautiful old wood; they were talking in naïve girlish fashion of their hopes for the future.

"'I should like,' said one Princess, who was very lively and vivacious, 'I should like to have all the best things which the world can give, so that I could do much good.'

"'I,' observed a younger Princess, 'should like to be very clever, and wise, and good.'

"'And I,' observed the third Princess, thoughtfully, 'should like best to be loved.'"

The beautiful wood was not an enchanted one, for it was Bernstorff, and the names of the three princesses were Dagmar, Thyra, and Alexandra. If this little story be true, it gives a good idea of Princess Alexandra's disposition in her girlhood.

In recalling the early life of Princess Alexandra one is somehow reminded forcibly of a fairy story. True, there is no oppressed or unhappy princess to be rescued from barbarous confinement, for her life was sheltered and tenderly watched by careful and loving parents; but the sudden change from her simple retired life in the Gûle

Palais and the Château of Bernstorff to her brilliant position as Princess of Wales must have been almost overpowering.

Princess Alexandra's father, Prince Christian, belonged to a younger branch of the House of Oldenburg, and at the time of her birth he was not in expectation of succeeding to the throne. He was the son of the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein Sonderburg Glücksburg, and was born at Gottorp Castle. His father died when he was thirteen, and on his death-bed he committed the young Christian to the guardianship of his kinsman, Christian VIII. of Denmark. The king adopted him as a son, gave him a home in his palace, and sent him to be educated at the Landskadet, or Military Academy, in Copenhagen. After completing his studies, Prince Christian received a commission in the horse guards, and at twenty-two, with the king's approval, he married Princess Louisa of Hesse-Cassel, daughter of the Landgraf William, and niece of Christian VIII. and the Duchess of Cambridge.

The young couple commenced housekeeping on a modest income in the Gûle Palais, where their five children were born: the present Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark, Princess Alexandra, George afterwards King of Greece, Dagmar, Dowager Empress of Russia, Thyra Duchess of Cumberland, and Valdemar, who afterwards married Princess Marie of Orleans. The Gûle Palais, in spite of its imposing name, was merely a substantial dwelling, and somewhat unpretentious; at the present time, although it is the town residence of Prince Valdemar, only the red sentinel-boxes distinguish it from the other houses in Amaliegade. The description that we read in an interesting article by an Englishwoman in Denmark is not very inviting. The dull courtyard, shut in by high walls, the stone passages and old-fashioned winding staircases, the simply furnished rooms, the pleasant suite of drawing-rooms opening on to an iron verandah and overlooking Amaliegade Street. Such was the Gûle Palais,

such the simple environment of the young princess, and for many years her only home. The very room where she was born, we are told, "had windows with a very unlovely view of the courtyard and the chimneys and smoke-begrimed walls of the neighbouring houses."

Princess Christian was a very clever and accomplished woman, and her husband was a well-read man of studious habits. Their income was small, and did not allow them to engage resident tutors and governesses for their children, but teachers came for a few hours daily, and they themselves helped to instruct them. Princess Alexandra, who was the beauty of the family, was not at all partial to lessons, but, as she herself said, "We were made to learn when we were children; our parents told us that it was necessary."

The wise and careful mother taught her young daughters to make their own dresses and trim their hats; and as the staff of servants at the Gûle Palais was small, the young princesses were brought up to do little household tasks. Princess Alexandra, in spite of her dislike for lessons, inherited her mother's musical talent and skill in needlework.

In 1852 the death of Christian VIII., and the accession of his son Frederick VII. to the Danish throne, made a great change in Prince Christian's life. He was formally nominated as heir to the throne, and the Château of Bernstorff, situated about eight miles from Copenhagen, was purchased by the nation and given to him as a summer residence. From this time he occupied the position of Prince of Denmark, although he had no increase of income, and the family lived in the same simple style.

But it was a delightful change for the little princess and her brothers and sisters, and they led the merriest and freest lives, "roaming the woods," as we are told, "gathering wild flowers, swinging on the branches of the great trees in the adjacent forests, cantering along the country roads on their ponies, and tending their pet animals."

Each Sunday saw the Prince and Princess Christian walking with their children to the quaint little kirk of Gjentoftie, to worship with the simple villagers.

Princess Alexandra and her sisters loved to visit the cottages of these Danish peasants, and, as she grew older, she took great delight in ministering to the sick and infirm; and it is interesting to know that this youthful philanthropy became the habit of her life, and that at Sandringham she still cares for the poor and needy, as she did in her girlhood for the peasants of Gjentoftie.

It was the Lutheran priest at Gjentoftie who prepared Princess Alexandra for confirmation. She was then about sixteen, but the ceremony itself took place in the Chapel Royal attached to the Christianborg Palace, Copenhagen. The Princess was confirmed with her brother, the present Crown Prince; and her loveliness, when she appeared in her white confirmation dress, was the talk in Copenhagen.

When quite a child, Princess Alexandra had been brought to England on a visit to her great-aunt, the Duchess of Cambridge; but it is extremely doubtful whether she and the Prince of Wales met at this early age.

Frederick VII.'s morganatic marriage with the Countess Danner had prevented Princess Christian from presenting her young daughters at the Danish court; but Princess Alexandra occasionally accompanied her parents to some of the minor German courts, or to Brussels. News of the young Danish beauty reached the ears of the Prince of Wales, and he was much charmed by her photograph when it was shown him by one of his friends. A few days later he saw a miniature of the same lovely face at the house of the Duchess of Cambridge, and we are told that he contrived to waive the German alliance that the Queen was contemplating for him, and that he determined to send a trusty and confidential friend to Copenhagen to ascertain if the Princess were really as beautiful as her photograph.

There is a pretty description of the visit of this envoy to the Gûle Palais, and the lovely blue-eyed princess coming down to him in her simple white dress and wreath of blush roses, looking as fresh and fair as a young Hebe. The description given by the friend made the Prince of Wales eager to see her for himself.

No one quite knows whether that first meeting was pre-arranged or purely accidental; but during the Prince's foreign tour in 1861 he went with his tutor and equerry to examine the frescoes of the beautiful old Cathedral of Worms, when he encountered Prince Christian of Denmark and his eldest daughter intent on the same object.

Somewhat later, while staying with his sister, the Crown Princess of Prussia, at Heidelberg, the Prince met her again. "We hear nothing but excellent accounts of the Princess Alexandra," the Prince Consort writes in his diary on September 30th, and adds, evidently with satisfaction, "that the young people seem to have taken a warm liking for each other"; and in a letter to Baron Stockmar a little later: "The Prince of Wales leaves to-morrow for Cambridge, and three days later Louis, Prince of Hesse, returns to Darmstadt. The former has come back, greatly pleased with his interview with the Princess of Holstein at Speier."

A few months later, after the Prince Consort's death, the young Prince met Princess Alexandra at King Leopold's country seat at Laeken. It was this wise and trusted friend of the Queen whose advice overcame her Majesty's unwillingness to accept a Danish alliance in place of the contemplated German one, and it was while the Prince was at Laeken that her formal consent was given.

The betrothal of the Royal pair took place on September 9th, 1862; but it was not until the eve of the Prince's coming of age that it was formally announced in the *London Gazette*. On the proposal of Lord Palmerston, it was decided that the Prince of Wales should receive

£40,000 a year, and that £10,000 a year should be set apart for the Princess. At their marriage the Prince of Wales and his bride would start with an income rather over £100,000 a year; "for, owing to the Prince Consort's foresight and good sense, out of the savings made during his son's long minority, Sandringham (the initial cost was £220,000) had been purchased. The Royal engagement lasted six months. The young Princess and her father paid an informal visit to the Queen at Osborne, but it was of a strictly private character.

Great was the satisfaction of Prince and Princess Christian at the brilliant alliance that their daughter was making, and the Princess herself was much engrossed by the preparation of her trousseau. We are informed "that the Princess once told an intimate friend that her trousseau cost twice her father's income for a whole year." One can imagine the young girl's delight at the splendour and bewildering number of her toilettes. Presents poured in upon the young bride-elect. The Danes raised a hundred thousand kroners as "the people's dowry"; but, by the Princess' own desire, three thousand thalers were distributed among six Danish brides belonging to the poorer classes—a kind and graceful thought, and worthy of her great heart. King Frederick, amongst other handsome presents, gave her a superb diamond and pearl necklace, with a facsimile of the famous Dagmar Cross of Denmark suspended from it; and King Leopold of Belgium presented the wedding-dress, which was of exquisite Brussels lace over white satin.

But, perhaps, amid all the rich offerings, nothing could have touched the Princess' heart more than the pair of porcelain vases presented to her by a deputation of peasants from the village of Gjentoftie, with the aged pastor at their head: one can scarcely wonder that the young Princess could not restrain her tears as she strove to utter her thanks. It must have been like a fairy story to the fair young bride,

as the presents poured in in lavish abundance. We are informed that amongst the bridegroom's gifts "there was a complete set of diamonds and pearls, comprising diadem, necklace, stomacher, and bracelet; also a beautiful waist-clasp, formed of two large turquoises inlaid with Arabic characters, and mounted in gold." The Queen presented her future daughter-in-law with a set of opals and diamonds, similar in form to that designed for the Princess Alice by the Prince Consort. Her Majesty also gave a superb centrepiece and a great deal of valuable plate.

On March 7th, 1863, London was *en fête*, for "the sea-king's daughter from over the sea" was coming to wed the young heir-apparent to the English throne. It was a sight never to be forgotten, a pageant that lingers in the memory of all who saw that wonderful and triumphal progress. From a warehouse near London Bridge the writer looked down on what seemed a marvellous transformation scene. The grey old bridge lying hushed and silent in the March sunlight, draped with fluttering pennons and Venetian masts, the waiting thousands, then the thrill of excitement, the shouts, the roar of voices, like a mighty wave of sound: "Alexandra! God bless her! God bless her bonnie face!" One can imagine the proud delight of the parents and the young *fiancée*; but the sweet personality of the youthful bride-elect drew all eyes like a magnet. Once, as the carriage stopped, perhaps because of the press of the surging multitude, and the cries of welcome grew louder and louder, the Princess rose from her seat and stood up in the carriage—a slender, girlish figure, clad in regal purple mantle—and bowed and smiled with an innocent winsomeness that won all hearts.

An ideal princess certainly. What was Cinderella in her pumpkin chariot compared to this fair young girl, the daughter of the old Vikings, coming in her sweet triumph to win a million hearts?

But, with all its splendour and joyous welcomes, it must have been a weary day to the Princess elect. From early morning to late afternoon there was no pause or rest: even when Windsor was reached there was the address from the Eton boys, and the arrival at the Castle, where the Queen, surrounded by her children, received her future daughter-in-law. Two days of retirement and much-needed rest followed. Then came the eventful 10th March.

It is worthy of note that the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales was the first Royal marriage which had been celebrated in St. George's Chapel since that of Henry I. in 1142. Frith's celebrated picture gives us a good idea of the ceremony—the beautiful young Princess in bridal array, and the youthful bridegroom in the uniform of a British general and the purple mantle of a Knight of the Garter. The bride's train was carried by her eight bridesmaids—Lady Victoria Scott, Lady Victoria Howard, Lady Augusta Yorke, Lady Feodora Wellesley, Lady Diana Beauclerk, Lady Georgina Hamilton, Lady Alma Bruce, and Lady Helena Hare. "It was an extraordinarily magnificent pageant," we are informed; "heralds and trumpeters in coats of cloth of gold adding to the brilliancy and pomp. No touch of mourning was allowed to mar the brightness of the occasion."

From the Royal closet overlooking the altar Her Majesty, in widow's dress, only just relieved by the broad blue ribbon of the Garter with the glittering star, surveyed the scene. We are told that the Prince uttered his responses clearly, but that the bride's answers were almost inaudible.

Dr. Norman Macleod wrote: "I returned home and went back to the marriage on the 10th March. I got behind Kingsley, Stanley, Birch, and in a famous place, being in front of the Royal pair. We saw better than any except the clergy. It was a gorgeous sight, yet somehow it did not excite me. I suppose I am past this.

"Two things struck me much. One was the whole of the Royal Princesses weeping, though concealing their tears with their bouquets, as they saw their brother, who was to them but their 'Bertie,' and their dead father's son, standing alone waiting for his bride. The other was the Queen's expression, as she raised her eyes to Heaven while her husband's Chorale was sung. She seemed to be with him alone before the throne of God."

The Prince and Princess spent a short honeymoon at Osborne, returning afterwards to Windsor. Easter Sunday was spent at their new home, Sandringham. Dean Stanley was their guest. "On the evening of Easter Eve," he writes, "the Princess came to me in a corner of the drawing-room with her Prayer Book; and I went through the Communion Service with her, explaining the peculiarities and the likenesses and differences to and from the Danish service. She was most simple and fascinating. . . . My visit to Sandringham gave me intense pleasure. I was there for three days. I read the whole Service, preached, then gave the first English Sacrament to this 'angel in the palace.' I saw a great deal of her, and can truly say that she is as charming and beautiful a creature as ever passed through a fairy tale."

There was little doubt that the Princess was winning her position as "Queen of Hearts." Lady Waterford gives a charming description in a letter dated March 25th, 1863. "At the Friday Reception I saw the graceful, charming young Princess of Wales, and she in no way disappointed me. There was something charming in that very young pair, walking up the room together. Her graceful bows and carriage you will delight in, and she has, with lovely youth and well-formed features, a look of great intelligence beyond that of a mere pretty girl. She wore the coronet of diamonds which I saw drawn in the *Illustrated News*, and a long-trained gown of cloth of silver trimmed with

lace, pearl and diamond necklace, bracelet, and a stomacher; and two lovelocks of rich brown hair floated on her shoulders."

The spring passed gaily for the newly-wedded pair. They were entertained sumptuously at Guildhall, attended Commemoration at Oxford, and celebrated their house-warming at their town residence, Marlborough House, by an evening party and a ball. They spent the summer months at Sandringham, in the old house, which has been replaced by a larger and more comfortable mansion.

Early in January the next year the Princess gave birth to a son somewhat unexpectedly: she had been skating on Virginia Water a few hours previously. Princess Alice wrote to the Queen: "I was aghast on receiving Bertie's telegram this morning announcing the birth of their little son." Happily both mother and child made good progress. The babe at his christening received the names of Albert Victor, and was afterwards created Duke of Clarence.

When her first child was born the Princess was not yet twenty, but we are informed "that she seems to have been wholly absorbed in her maternal duties, and at any moment she would joyfully give up attending a State function or ball in order to spend an hour in her nursery."

That autumn the Prince and Princess, accompanied by their infant son, paid a visit to Denmark. It was the Prince of Wales's first visit to his wife's home. They stayed at Bernstorff, and then from Elsinore they went in their yacht to Stockholm to see the King and Queen of Sweden. After sending their child home under the care of Countess de Grey, the Royal couple travelled *viâ* Germany and Belgium, visiting Princess Alice at Darmstadt. The Princess spent her twentieth birthday at Sandringham.

The following year, 1865, Prince George of Wales, afterwards Duke of York, was born at Marlborough House.

The year 1867 was an anxious one for the young couple, for both before and after the birth of her third child, Princess Louise, on February 20th, the Princess of Wales suffered from acute rheumatism and inflammation of the knee-joint. Her condition was so suffering that her parents came over from Denmark and spent some time in London.

A memoir of the Prince of Wales tells us that "the Prince was most devoted in his attentions to the invalid, and actually had his bureau moved into her sick room, in order that he might not be separated from her in her convalescence even by the imperious demands of his enormous correspondence. Happily, Her Royal Highness grew quite strong again; but the serious nature of her illness may be judged from the fact that she was not able to drive out until July 9th. Naturally for the rest of the year the Prince and Princess lived very quietly, and went about as little as possible."

Five years after their marriage the Prince and Princess of Wales paid a visit to Ireland, and met with an enthusiastic reception, and on July 6th their fourth child, Princess Victoria, was born. After a quiet summer at Sandringham, they left England in November, attended by a small suite, for a long Continental tour. The Princess spent her birthday (December 1st) in Denmark. After a short stay they went to Berlin, and then to Vienna. Then they proceeded to Trieste, where they embarked on H.M.S. *Ariadne* for Alexandria. Their Royal Highnesses went on to Cairo, and before starting on their journey up the Nile they witnessed the curious Procession of the Holy Carpet on its way to Mecca, and the departure of the pilgrims. One of the most interesting episodes of this delightful tour was their visit to the Suez Canal, escorted by M. de Lesseps. At the end of March they returned to Alexandria, and once more embarked in the *Ariadne*, arriving at Constantinople on April 1st, where they were received by the Sultan, and a suite of magnificent

apartments were allotted them in the Salih Bazaar Palace, on the north side of the Bosphorus.

The Memoir gives a graphic account of this Oriental visit: "Then followed days which must have recalled to the Royal visitors some of the stories in the 'Arabian Nights.' The meals at the Salih Bazaar Palace were all served on gold and silver plate studded with gems. A band of eighty-four musicians played during dinner. Every morning arrived gorgeous presents from the Sultan, including exquisite flowers, and trays laden with fruits and sweets; while, at a clap of the hand, black-coated chibouquejies brought in pipes and amber mouthpieces of fabulous value, crusted in diamonds and rubies. There was a complete Turkish bath establishment in the palace, and the slightest wish expressed by the Prince of Wales was considered an order. . . . The great event of their visit was a State dinner given by the Sultan to the Prince and Princess at the Dolma Baghtche Palace. This was the first banquet ever given by a Sultan of Turkey to Christians."

The Sultan also conducted the Princess and Mrs. Grey to his harem, where they spent an hour and a half. On April 10th their Royal Highnesses started for the Crimea, visiting the battlefields of Alma, Inkermann, and Balaclava; they also visited the simple house which had been Lord Raglan's head-quarters, and where he died. On the 20th the *Ariadne* anchored at Athens, where the Princess and her husband had a warm welcome from her brother, King George; and during their stay at Corfu the Princess enjoyed a period of repose. On May 12th they were at home again at Marlborough House, after an absence of nearly six months. On November 26th, 1869, the Princess gave birth to her youngest daughter, Princess Maud.

CHAPTER II

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

"Trial, God's alchemist of old,
Shall purge away the dross and mould,
And leave us rich in gems and gold."—ANON.

"So the Heavenly Gardener puts His choicest plants into the dark, where the youngest leaf must drop, but it is gently done in order that a new and divine life may visit the heart and enrich the soul."

REV. JAMES FLEMING, B.D.

ANXIOUS days were coming to the peaceful home at Sandringham. On April 6th, 1870, the Princess' third son was born, and received the name of Alexander; but he only lived a few hours. In the little churchyard of St. Mary Magdalene, in Sandringham Park, there is a simple grassy mound, surrounded by gilt-iron railings, with a plain headstone recording the date of birth and death of the infant Prince, and the words, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." In the November of this year, while Princess Alice was staying at Sandringham, the Prince of Wales was attacked by the insidious and terrible fever that ten years previously had brought his father to the grave.

The Prince's state soon became extremely critical, and his medical attendants, Doctors Jenner, Gull, Clayton, and Lowe, were very anxious. His Royal Highness was nursed with the utmost devotion by his wife and sister.

On the last day of November there was a semi-official notification: "The Princess of Wales has borne her great trial in the most admirable manner, and with singular

equanimity. While fully aware of the gravity of the Prince's serious illness, Her Royal Highness has throughout been calm and collected."

"The feeling aroused throughout the United Kingdom," we are informed, "was far greater than any public expression of emotion since the death of Princess Charlotte in 1817." Prayers were offered up in churches of every communion, and, as the Prince's state became more critical, the Queen went down to Sandringham. On December 1st the Prince recovered consciousness, and his first remark was, "This is the Princess' birthday." This slight rally did not continue, and soon the whole Royal family were summoned to Sandringham. By the 7th the fever had spent itself, but the Prince's strength seemed exhausted. Special prayers were to be offered up throughout the kingdom; and shortly before the service in St. Mary's Magdalene's, Sandringham, the Vicar received the following note from the Princess of Wales: "My husband being, thank God, somewhat better, I am coming to church. I must leave, I fear, before the service is concluded, that I may watch by his bedside. Can you not say a few words in prayer in the early part of the service, that I may join with you in prayer for my husband before I return to him?"

Could anything be more touching than these few simple words breathing a wife's devotion. The Memoir informs us that "the vicar, before reading the collect, in a voice trembling with emotion, which he vainly tried to suppress. said, 'The prayers of the congregation are earnestly sought for His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who is now most seriously ill.'"

It was a weary time of suspense for the Princess, but the following day the *Times* remarked: "The Prince still lives, and we may still therefore hope"; and on the 16th the Prince enjoyed a quiet sleep. On the 17th, Sunday, at St. Mary Magdalene's, the Prince and his poor groom

Blegge, who was lying at the point of death from the same terrible fever, were commended to the Divine mercy in the same prayer. Later that day the Princess visited the dying groom; and when he expired a few hours afterwards she and the Queen visited his relatives, and strove in the midst of their own trouble to comfort the poor people. By Christmas Day all danger was over, and on the 26th the Queen wrote to the nation:

"The Queen is very anxious to express her deep sense of the touching sympathy of the whole nation on the occasion of the alarming illness of her dear son the Prince of Wales. The universal feeling shown by her people during those painful terrible days, and the sympathy evinced by them with herself and her beloved daughter, the Princess of Wales, as well as the general joy at the improvement of the Prince of Wales' state, have made a deep and lasting impression on her heart, which will never be effaced. . . ."

There is an interesting passage in the "Memoir of the Prince of Wales." "The Princess of Wales and Princess Alice now felt that their patient was well enough for them to leave him for an hour or two, in order to assist at the distribution of Christmas gifts to the labourers on the estate." In the ceiling of the room now occupied by the Princess of Wales as a bed-chamber, the mark of an orifice may still be seen from which projected a hook supporting a trapeze, by the aid of which the Prince, when on the slow and weary road to convalescence, could change his position and pull himself into a sitting posture.

Another memento of the Prince's terrible illness is the brass lectern in the parish church. On it runs an inscription:

TO THE GLORY OF GOD.
A THANK-OFFERING FOR HIS MERCY:
14TH DECEMBER, 1871.
ALEXANDRA.
"When I was in trouble I called upon the Lord, and He heard me."

The great National Thanksgiving for the Prince of Wales' recovery was fixed for February 27th. The Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales went in state to St. Paul's, where a solemn Te Deum was sung.

They received a splendid ovation. In the Green Park thirty thousand children sang the National Anthem, and enthusiastic crowds lined the route of procession. In the Queen's touching letter to her people, she says: "The Queen as well as her son and dear daughter-in-law felt that the whole nation joined with them in thanking God for sparing the beloved Prince of Wales' life."

The years passed on more or less eventfully; the Prince took up once more the thread of his public life. In January 1874 the Prince and Princess of Wales represented the Queen at the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh with the Grand-Duchess Marie of Russia at St. Petersburg; and in 1875 the Prince started on his Indian tour.

There is a pleasant glimpse of the home life at Sandringham in a letter from Dr. Magee (then Bishop of Peterborough), quoted in the Memoir: "I arrived just as they were all at tea in the entrance hall, and had to walk in, all dusty and dishevelled from my day's journey, and sit down by the Princess of Wales, with Disraeli on the other side of me, and sundry lords and ladies round the table. The Prince received me very kindly, and certainly has most winning and gracious manners. The Princess seems smaller and thinner than I remember her at Dublin. They seem to be pleasant and domesticated, with little state and very simple ways."

On the Sunday before the Prince started on his Indian tour, the whole family were at Westminster Abbey. A letter from Dean Stanley, quoted in the Memoir, gives an account of their visit to the Deanery:—

"They brought all the five children, 'wishing,' the Prince said, 'to have them with him as long as possible.' They

all came up, and remained about twenty minutes. Fanny was in the back library, and the children, after being for a few minutes with Augusta, who was delighted to see them, went to her. The Prince and Princess remained with Augusta and me. A. talked with her usual animation. They were both extremely kind. The Princess looked inexpressibly sad. . . . I took the Prince downstairs; he spoke of the dangers, but calmly and rationally, saying that, of course, the precautions must be left to those about him. I said to him, 'I gave you my parting benediction in the Abbey yesterday.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'I saw it: thank you.'"

Two days after his arrival in India the Prince celebrated his thirty-fourth birthday; and the first thing that met his eyes that morning was a beautiful picture of the Princess, specially entrusted to Sir Bartle Frere. On the Prince's return home the following April, the Princess and the Royal children met him at Yarmouth; and the Sunday afterwards they attended Divine Service at Westminster Abbey, when special thanksgiving for the Prince's safe return were solemnly offered up.

The simple home life at Sandringham was now resumed, and the years passed on. In 1878 the Prince lost his beloved sister, Princess Alice; this was felt most acutely by both the Prince and Princess. The link between Princess Alice and her brother had always been peculiarly strong, and she had never visited England without paying long visits at Sandringham or Marlborough House.

In 1880 the Marchioness of Waterford, in a letter from Highcliffe, writes: "I have had a great surprise in the unexpected visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their two sons and the three little princesses lunching on the beach, coming up to tea, and drawing nets on the shore till evening, the young princes, swimming about in flannels, aand finally the Prince and two sons swimming away to join the steam tug. . . . It was such a gay scene, and

Highcliffe looked its very best. The nets, and the people in flannels rollicking in the sea, and the boats and the sailors, were a series of lovely pictures; and then the *Osborne's* boats of dark blue-and-gold bands, and the sailors holding up their oars—it was quite a beautiful effect. . . . The Princess looked very pretty in a dark jersey with some red about it."

In 1887 the Queen's First Jubilee was celebrated; and in 1888 the Prince and Princess kept their Silver Wedding. The Queen gave a State Ball at Buckingham Palace in honour of the event, and the King and Queen of Denmark gave one also at the Amalienborg Palace at Copenhagen. Dr. Magee preached at Whitehall before the Prince and Princess and the Royal family.

Presents poured in on the Royal couple. The Prince gave his wife a cross of diamonds and rubies, her favourite jewels; and from St. Petersburg, as a joint gift of the Emperor and Empress of Russia, came a superb necklace of the same gems, composed of carefully selected stones. The five children of the Princess gave her a silver model of "Viva," her favourite mare. The Princess' eight bridesmaids, who were all alive and all married, gave the Royal Bride of 1863 their autographs bound up in a silver book enshrined in a silver casket of Danish work. The magnificent presents received by the Prince and Princess on this occasion were arranged in the Indian Room at Marlborough House.

The serious illness of the Emperor Frederick cast a deep shadow over these festivities, and on June 14th the dreaded blow fell, and the Emperor breathed his last, after a reign of ninety-nine days.

The next important event in the Princess' life was the marriage of her eldest daughter to the Duke of Fife. The wedding was celebrated in the Chapel at Buckingham Palace, July 27th, 1889, and in the following May Lady

Alexandra Duff was born, and the Princess became a grandmother.

It has been said that the month of December has been one of ill omen to the Royal family, and it was greatly feared that this would prove true in 1891. The Princess and her daughters were on a visit to the Tsar in Sweden, when they were recalled by the illness of Prince George, who was declared to be suffering from enteric fever. He was removed from Sandringham to London, but the serious nature of the Prince's illness was not publicly realised until, happily, the danger was over.

Immediately on the convalescence of the Duke of York, the engagement of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale to Princess Victoria Mary of Teck was publicly announced. The news was received with great approval by the nation. The history of that brief engagement, and the young Prince's short and fatal illness, is still fresh in every memory. The Prince had caught a severe cold at the funeral of Prince Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenburg. On January 9th, 1892, while spending the Christmas holidays at Sandringham, an attack of influenza supervened, the fever ran high, and within a week the young Prince breathed his last.

The mournful tidings threw a gloom over the whole winter, and deep was the sympathy felt for the heart-broken parents and his young betrothed. The tie between the mother and son had been unusually strong, and the Princess had been almost crushed under the blow. Amongst the touching letters received from all parts of the world, we are informed that one of those most valued was from the Zulu chiefs at St. Helena, conveyed through Miss Colenso: "We have heard of the death of Prince Edward, the son of the Prince of Wales. We lament sincerely. Pray you, present our lamentation to them all—to his grandmother, to his father and his mother and his brother."

On January 20th the afflicted parents published a grateful

message to the nation. "The Prince and Princess of Wales are anxious to express to Her Majesty's subjects, whether in the United Kingdom, in the Colonies, or India, the sense of their deep gratitude for the universal feeling of sympathy manifested towards them at a time when they are overwhelmed by the terrible calamity which they have sustained in the loss of their beloved eldest son. If sympathy at such a moment is of any avail, the remembrance that their grief has been shared by all classes will be a lasting consolation to their sorrowing hearts, and, if possible, will make them more attached than ever to their dear country."

After their son's death the Prince and Princess retired into strict privacy, but 1893 brought the bereaved parents fresh duties and interests. In May the betrothal of their second son, the Duke of York, to Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, was officially announced, and the wedding was solemnised on July 6th in the Chapel Royal, St. James's; and three years later Princess Maud of Wales was married to Prince Charles of Denmark.

The public life of the Princess of Wales is too well known to need repetition here. Her beauty, her charm of manner, her kindly courtesy and winsome *bonhomie*, have long been the admiration and love of the nation. Even now one recalls the speech of the fair young Princess in the Forest of Bernstorff, "and I should like best to be loved," for most assuredly this wish has been verified.

But, although people are familiar with the Princess' sweet looks and winning ways, perhaps they hardly realise the real simplicity of her daily home life, and that deeper side of her nature known only to those in her immediate environment.

An intense sympathy with the sick and suffering is a predominant feature of her character. When Mrs. Jones, who nursed the Princess in her long illness in 1867, fell ill, Her Royal Highness insisted on sitting up with her some

nights until the end came. A monument in Brompton cemetery bears this inscription:

"In memory of Elizabeth Jones, who died May 13th, 1881. For 14 years the faithful servant and friend of Alexandra, Princess of Wales, by whom this monument is erected."

There is another act of thoughtfulness verified by high authority.

After the Duke of Clarence's death, when numerous special services were held at the Memorial Chapel, Windsor, Her Royal Highness had begged for another service late in the evening before she left Windsor.

In spite of her sorrow she thought of the fourteen little choir boys who might be sent supperless to bed, and herself gave orders that chickens and other good things should be sent to their residence in the cloisters; and as the lads expressed it, in boy language, "they had a jolly good feed." This anecdote is related in "Marlborough House and its Occupants." The Princess is an excellent speaker, and knows how to say the right thing at the right moment; but it is at her beloved home, Sandringham, that the Princess indulges her special philanthropic propensities.

The Princess and her daughters visit the cottages and schools on the estate, and take a great deal of interest in the children. Sandringham is certainly a model place, for in the five villages on the Prince's estate there is not one public-house. In the charming *châlet* which is used as a model dairy, and where afternoon tea is often served, there is a piece of humble pottery in the shape of an earthenware jug, which had been presented to the Princess by a young girl, who died of consumption, in gratitude for the kindly attentions shown her by the Royal lady. The Princess' kindness of heart is known to the very tramps, and her benevolence and generosity are so widespread that she is the subject of endless appeals. By her servants and house-

hold she is greatly beloved, and we are told "that she has a kind word for everybody; and if, when in going out, she passes through the offices at Marlborough House, she never fails to bestow a smile of recognition and a word of inquiry upon each and all of the messengers and commissionaires who happen to be in the way." At Sandringham she is constantly in the cottages, and walks about the lanes unattended or with Miss Knollys.

She is passionately fond of horses, and pays daily visits to her pony stables. Bina, Merry-Antics, Bow, and Bell are the occupiers of this pretty building. Since the death of the Duke of Clarence, her favourite, Vera, has not been so much used; but is still visited and petted by her mistress. The Princess is also devoted to dogs. The kennels at Sandringham are quite as fine as the stables, and there is a dog hospital and nursery attached to them. The Princess has numerous other pets—Persian cats, doves, Australian pigeons, a Barbary dove, and some fine water-fowl—and, last but not least, Cockie, her cockatoo, who is said to be over a hundred years old.

As every Englishwoman knows, the Princess of Wales excels in needlework, and has a penchant for millinery. As a rule, she designs her own dresses; she is also a collector of old lace. Her Royal Highness takes great interest in domestic industries. At Sandringham she has practically created the Alexandra Technical School, and maintains it out of her privy purse.

The Princess loves to superintend the toilettes of her daughters, and to give little finishing touches. As a young mother, nothing delighted her more than to don a large flannel apron, and bathe her little ones herself. Amongst her other good works, the Princess has always taken a great interest in "The Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses," and has herself designed the armlet worn by the nurses.

In July, 1895, the Princess gave certificates to the hospital

nurses, at Marlborough House. Tea was provided for them in a large marquee, and at the close of the entertainment the Princess performed one of those graceful little acts which make her so beloved. Handing a spray of lovely flowers to one of the nurses, she graciously intimated that others might help themselves, and the floral decorations were speedily cleared. Well might the Chairman of the Royal Free Hospital say in his speech "that they were glad to place the name of Alexandra in the final section of that great institution in remembrance of a royal, gentle, and gracious Princess, whose nobility of character, kindness of heart, and tender sympathy for the sick and suffering poor, was known not only to them, but to the whole world."

At Sandringham Sundays are spent very quietly, and household and servants are spared unnecessary duties. At the hour of Divine Service the Royal hosts and their guests wend their way through the park to the little church of St. Mary Magdalene. The interior of the church is small, and will only seat about a hundred people. There is no surpliced choir, but one recruited from the children of the Royal School and the ranks of grooms and gardeners. Much care is bestowed on their training, and the singing is decidedly good. The afternoon is quietly spent in the house or park. The Prince and Princess often visit the kennels and stables, or wander round the gardens, or to the Model Dairy. Afternoon tea is either served here or in the Grand Saloon. Then the company disperse until the half-past seven o'clock dinner. Sometimes the Prince and Princess attend Evening Service in one of the village churches near. When this happens to be the case we are told that the front pews are reserved for the Royal party, and that the Princess chooses the hymns. "Lead, kindly Light" is one of her greatest favourites.

There is one thing worthy of special note. The railway station some two miles from Sandringham, where the Royal

Family have their own waiting-room, is always closed on Sunday, as no train whatever is run on that day. Indeed, no unnecessary work is performed on Sunday in any part of the Prince's estate. In the evening there is often good sacred music, or the best modern music is played, as well as Beethoven and Mozart.

When the Princess is in Denmark she attends the Danish Service, so dear to her; or visits the pretty English church in Copenhagen, in the erection of which Her Royal Highness was mainly instrumental.

In this, as well as in her kindly hospitality, her womanly sympathies, and royal grace, our Beloved Princess still sets a noble example, and still earns her title as "Queen of Hearts."

The Duchess of Teck

From a photograph by Waiery.

THE DUCHESS OF TECK.

A LADY BOUNTIFUL

"If each man, in his measure,
Would do a brother's part
To cast a ray of sunlight
Into a brother's heart,
How changed would be our country,
How changed would be our poor!
And then might Merrie England
Deserve her name once more!"

LINES BY PRINCESS MAY.

THE present age, as we have remarked elsewhere, is prolific of biographies and autobiographies. The hero-worship inherent in human nature demands to have its curiosity satiated; in its mistaken zeal even the sanctity of the home is invaded, and the open sesame rashly spoken makes the closed doors one by one fly open.

As in the days of old the Athenians "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing," so even in these modern days there are still babblers and loiterers in the market-place, searching out curious psychological questions, and weighing motives, or talking glibly of character and environment. No problem is too difficult to solve, if one has only leisure and perseverance. To shy, retiring natures this absence of all reticence is felt as a positive martyrdom; it is as though one walked in tropical sunshine in the full blaze of the noonday, without shelter of any kind. Nothing could be more distasteful than this publicity to the humble individual striving to do his duty in the state of life to which God has called him, and more

anxious to satisfy his conscience than to win the plaudits of his fellows. Some minds are so constituted that to them truth is the one thing to be desired, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and herein lies the difficulty. How is any one to interpret truly the mind of another? "Know thyself," says the sage; and yet even here interpretation has its limits. As Amiel justly remarks in that wonderful journal of his: "How many times we become hypocrites simply by remaining the same outwardly and towards others when we know that inwardly and to ourselves we are different. It is not hypocrisy in the strict sense, for we borrow no other personality than our own; still it is a kind of deception." If, according to Amiel, it be so difficult to know ourselves, it can surely be no easy task when we touch other people's lives, when we deal with the complex personality of some great worker or thinker to whom we passionately desire to do full justice.

With those born in the purple there is greater scope: they have lived in public from their birth, and their features, and even their idiosyncrasies, are in a way familiar to us.

As a nation the English people are remarkably conservative in their attachments; they have their favourites to whom they offer their homage; and paramount among these we must place the name of the late lamented Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck.

At all public functions the bright, winsome face of Princess Mary always met with cordial welcome. "Our Mary" has been more than once her title, and there are few people who cannot recall her beaming smile. Up to the present time there has been no memoir forthcoming of this royal lady, although there is little doubt that one will shortly appear; and the writer of this brief sketch is largely indebted to the charming articles written by Mrs. Tooley in the *Woman at Home* and the *Girl's Realm*, and also to other character-sketches.

Her Royal Highness Princess Mary Adelaide was the youngest daughter of the Duke of Cambridge, the youngest and favourite son of George III. Her mother was Augusta, daughter of Frederick, Landgrave of Hesse. The Duke, who acted as Viceroy of Hanover until the death of William IV., resided in that country for some years, and it was at the Viceregal Palace in Hanover that his youngest daughter was born, November 27th, 1833, and where she passed the first four years of her childhood. On the accession of Queen Victoria to the throne, the Duke of Cambridge and his family returned to England, where the little Princess soon became a great favourite.

"Her first introduction into public life," Mrs. Tooley tells us, "was at the Queen's wedding, when she stood beside her mother throughout the ceremony. In a well-known picture of the Royal marriage, Princess Mary is a charming figure in her white frock, and a shower of golden curls falling down to her waist." At that time Princess Mary was not far from the succession, although her childish mind would not have grasped this fact.

The Duchess of Cambridge was a devoted and conscientious mother, and the little Princess was most carefully watched and educated. The Duchess inculcated habits of economy, and was extremely anxious that when her young daughter went out for her daily walks with her governess she should acknowledge the greetings of the passers-by with grace and affability. Princess Mary loved music, and sang beautifully; she shared this taste with her mother and sister Augusta, who afterward became the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

When Princess Mary was about twenty she lost her father. After his death she and her widowed mother lived chiefly at Cambridge Cottage, "a long, low, rambling old house, picturesquely situated close to Kew Green, and having lovely gardens which practically joined the Royal Botanical Gardens."

Here Princess Mary seems to have led a tranquil life, busy with her flowers and music, and visiting constantly her poorer neighbours. The widowed Duchess and her daughter took the deepest interest in all institutions for the relief of the widows and orphans of soldiers, and especially in the Royal Cambridge Asylum at Kingston, built in memory of the late Duke of Cambridge.

There were many suitors for Princess Mary's hand. Prince Jerome Buonaparte was one. Mrs. Tooley quotes an entry in the Earl of Malmesbury's diary: "Lord Henry Lennox arrived, said by the French to have come on a mission to propose a marriage between young Jerome and Princess Mary of Cambridge. I hope this is not true, for the sake of Her Royal Highness, for whom I have great respect and admiration." This offer was declined. The Emperor Napoleon was the next on the list, but the Princess was unwilling to marry out of her own country.

The Duchess of Cambridge and her daughter were fond of Brighton, and generally spent a short time there every autumn. It was during a review there that a handsome young foreigner, who accompanied the Prince of Wales, attracted universal attention. This was no other than Francis, Prince Teck. He was an officer who had seen active service in the Austro-Italian War. We learn from one article that the Prince was a descendant of the ancient Kings of Wurtemberg, and connected on his mother's side with a noble Hungarian family. He also traced his ancestry back to George II. Their betrothal soon followed, and on June 12th, 1866, Princess Mary married the Duke of Teck at Kew church, the Queen being present at the ceremony. There is one pathetic little incident connected with the wedding-day which we must quote. We are told, "the silken carpet upon which she had knelt to solemnise her marriage vows was treasured by the Duchess of Teck under lock and key until the day of her death, and, in fulfilment

of her wish, was placed by her heart-broken husband over her coffin."

A suite of apartments had been allotted to the wedded pair at Kensington Palace, and here the first sixteen years of Princess Mary's married life were spent. There all her children were born—Princess May, Prince Adolphus (who afterwards married Lady Margaret Grosvenor), Prince Francis, and Prince Alexander. Then for a time the Duke and Duchess of Teck and their children resided abroad, chiefly at Florence, and on their return to England they took up their abode at the White Lodge in Richmond Park. This pleasant country house was built for Queen Caroline, the wife of George II., and it is generally supposed to be the surroundings of the White Lodge which Sir Walter Scott describes in "The Heart of Midlothian," in the touching scene where brave Jeanie Deans entreats a pardon for her condemned sister from Queen Caroline. The passage from which we glean this information is worthy of quotation:

"But Jeanie, when her attention was drawn to the unrivalled landscape of fertile meadows, quiet vales, and limitless billows of undulating greensward to be seen from the eminence on which White Lodge stands, said, with true Scottish satisfaction, 'I like just as weel to look on the crags of Arthur's Seat, and the sea coming in ayont them, as at a' thae muckle trees,' and she expressed her opinion that White Lodge was more like a gentleman's house than a royal palace, which is certainly true." It contained, however, an interesting collection of historic pictures; and, though the gardens of the Lodge are not extensive, they were beautifully arranged and carefully tended by the Duke of Teck and Princess Mary.

It was certainly a happy home at the White Lodge. The Duchess of Teck was a devoted mother, and her children adored her. In reading of the girlhood of the Princess May one is struck by the close companionship

between the mother and daughter. They seem to have shared the same tastes and to have worked together in their charitable and philanthropic schemes. On warm summer days they might have been seen sitting at work in a favourite verandah, making garments for the poor, the Duchess busy with her knitting and crochet, which she preferred to sewing.

The mistress of the White Lodge was very womanly and domestic. She was fond of her home. She and her husband did not entertain largely, but in an informal way they dispensed hospitality. Their friends and relatives often came to spend a few hours with them on Sundays. The Prince of Wales was a frequent visitor, and the marriage of her only daughter to the Duke of York was a source of great happiness to the Duchess. The birth of her first grandchild, Prince Edward, under her roof, was a joy to her affectionate heart.

In her earlier life the Duchess had devoted a good deal of time to music and singing. Having travelled a good deal she was also an accomplished linguist, and spoke French and German as perfectly as her native tongue. The family at the White Lodge set a good example to the neighbourhood. They were most regular in their attendance at Divine worship, and might be seen Sunday after Sunday at the little church at Kingston Vale, not far from the Robin Hood Gates of Richmond Park.

The Duchess of Teck's devotion to good works is well known; it was the chief object of her life. Countless requests for her presence at some public function reached her by nearly every post; petitions to open bazaars, fairs, public institutions of all kinds. Her energy was marvellous, and her interest untiring. She was extremely fond of reading, but in her unselfishness she sacrificed her personal enjoyment, and laid her books aside for her work.

It would be tedious even to enumerate the various institutions with which the Duchess was connected.

She was the patroness of a Village Home at Addlestone, Surrey, which is called after her, "Princess Mary's Home," while the Princess Mary Adelaide Training Home at Richmond, the Cambridge Asylum, St. Monica's Hospital, and the Victoria Hospital for Children, with many others, received much attention from her. From her girlhood the Duchess had taken special interest in the Royal Cambridge Asylum, Kingston. Each year the old women received supplies of fresh vegetables from the gardens of White Lodge, which were distributed by the Duchess and Princess May.

The Duchess, who was full of fun and loved a joke, was always very merry on these occasions, and would banter the Princess in a playful manner, to the great amusement of the old women.

But the London Needlework Guild was her favourite charity. This admirable Society was first started by Lady Wolverton. Some years previously Lady Wolverton, being in need of children's garments for her orphanage at Iwerne in Dorsetshire, set her friends to help her, as the matron of the orphanage had told her "that the garments made by the ladies lasted twice as long as bought ones." The next step may be described in Lady Wolverton's own words, quoted by the writer of the article in *The Young Woman*: "It then occurred to me for the first time that there must be hundreds of women in England working aimlessly, and, on the other hand, there were thousands of men, women, and children wanting clothes. If only a little bridge could be thrown over from the Island of Waste to the Island of Want, how both would benefit!"

By the help of a paragraph in the London and provincial papers the Needlework Guild was started, and in eleven years grew into a mighty institution under its patroness H.R.H. Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck.

The rules of the Guild are very simple. Each member is bound to contribute annually two useful articles of clothing.

"These garments," as Lady Wolverton remarked, "being thus the free gifts to our Society, we freely give them to our applicants, heads of hospitals, missions, prisons, secretaries of every charity that asks for help, ministers of religion of every creed." In the report of December 1891 the year's work is represented by no less than 39,046 articles.

This charity was very dear to the Duchess's benevolent heart. Once she wrote from White Lodge: "We are still hard at work with our Guild work, and have already sent out from here forty-two grants. This is beautiful; don't you think so?"

There is a very vivid and interesting description of a visit of inspection made by a number of the lady workers, by special invitation of the Royal president.

There is a graphic description of the large basement room at the White Lodge, heaped up to the ceiling with the bales of clothing. "Outside, the leafless oaks were tossing their bare branches in the icy blast, while the snow pelted noiselessly against the window. The visitors were unable to remain many minutes in the room, as a fire was impossible with all those thousands of garments piled up. Nevertheless," the writer goes on, "the Duchess of Teck stood near the door in the chilly room, into which every new visitor imported another draught of the damp, icy outside air, for two long hours, with a kind word of greeting to every one, with explanations to whoever wished to be instructed concerning the work and objects of the Guild, and with never so much as a look of weariness to show that this was not the most enviable position in the world."

It is deeply interesting to know that Princess May was her mother's right hand, and worked hard for the Needlework Guild. When the time approached for distribution she would toil all day long in making up parcels of clothing and addressing them. After her marriage, the Duchess of York always went to the White Lodge to assist in preparing

the Guild work for distribution. There is a pathetic passage in the sketch in *The Girls' Realm* that touches on this; for Princess May was thus engaged when the Duchess of Teck was seized with her fatal illness. "All day," we read, "mother and daughter had been busy sorting and labelling parcels, and at tea-time the Duchess complained of feeling ill. At dinner she decided not to go to the theatre that evening as arranged, and Princess May said to her father, who wished her to accompany him, 'I think it will be best for me to stay with mother.' That evening was the last that they were destined to spend together."

The Duchess' kindness of heart was proverbial, and there are numerous little instances of this. "When Princess Mary gave us the tea and sugar," one old woman said, "she always gave your hand a bit of a squeeze—so kind like." Many ladies in the neighbourhood were honoured with her private friendship. "I shall always think of her as a dear, good friend," observed one lady. ". . . I have often said that if one wanted something to cheer and elevate your spirits there was nothing like a visit to White Lodge."

Another lady, who had been in close contact with the Duchess for many years, and had worked hard for the Needlework Guild, told the writer of this sketch of the warm welcome that always awaited her, of the tender reverence paid by Princess May to her age and infirmity—how she traversed the rooms of the White Lodge, leaning on the strong young arm so gracefully offered her; and of the frank affectionate greeting of the Duchess seated at her tea-table. "You must sit next mamma," whispers the Princess; "she loves to have you there." No wonder the Duchess was so beloved; her tact and wide sympathies drew hearts to her.

Amongst her numerous charities she took a great interest in the Distressed Irish Ladies' Fund, and would try and persuade her friends to buy Irish linens and poplins.

"Remember you can get as good silk at Spitalfields as abroad," she would say; for the promotion of British and Irish industries was her special hobby, and it is worthy of note that all Princess May's silk dresses were manufactured at Spitalfields.

In a short Memoir that appeared in the *Times* after Princess Mary's death, there are some interesting particulars of her life. We read "that she was remarkable for her personal beauty in her younger days, and was thought to be one of the most vigorous and robust of her family, though in later years she grew very stout." And again: "She was buoyant in temperament but subject to fits of depression, which, as a rule, she endeavoured to ward off by occupation. She was a hard worker, and could not tolerate idleness in others, and it was a sore trial when her physician advised her to restrict the number of her public engagements."

"I feel I am here to do a little good," she remarked to an intimate friend, "and I will do it as long as I am able." To quote from the *Times*: "She was a great walker, and knew every corner of Richmond Park, exploring it in all weathers, and keeping up at a good pace. . . . When the Duchess was in the enjoyment of ordinary health, and there was no preoccupation, her day was usually marked out on the following lines:—Rose at 8.30, breakfasted, dealt with correspondence till midday, walked in the park, visited or attended some public function in the afternoon, returned to White Lodge, dined, and engaged in organising and other work until midnight or later. Even before her serious illness this plan had to be modified, and she was induced to remain in her room until nearly noon, and to dictate almost all instead of personally answering her large correspondence."

Another interesting fact, and one perhaps little known, is also recorded, that the Duchess of Teck always spent in

charity at least one-fifth of the annual allowance of £5000 granted her by Parliament. After the Duchess' death a letter was sent to the editor of the *Times*, which was as follows :

"Sir,—Allow me to send you an anecdote of our late lamented Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck. On a brief visit to Lord Sefton, at Croxteth, Her Royal Highness visited the Hospital for Women at Liverpool, without any formality. She wished to see it as it was. Her Royal Highness went through the wards, speaking to every woman, and handing her a little bouquet. On leaving one ward she inquired why one woman was crying so bitterly, and on being informed that she was about to undergo a serious operation, Her Royal Highness exclaimed, 'I will go to her, I will go to her again and try to comfort her.' She hurried back to the patient's bed, and was seen for some minutes holding a whispered conversation, whilst stroking the poor toilworn hand. Turning away, wiping her eyes, the Princess said, 'I wish to be kept informed how that patient goes on.' On reaching the hall of the Hospital Her Royal Highness made some laughing inquiry into the presence of 'a man' in the hospital; she was told it was the poor patient's husband, who was in great grief. The Royal lady said, 'I will speak to him. Where can I go to speak to him alone? A door being open—that of the pantry!—Her Royal Highness drew the poor husband in with her, and tried in a homely, kindly way to console him. Her remark to those near her was, 'Well, I am glad I asked about him; I think he will feel comforted.' Just little actions such as these endeared the Duchess to the general public; and this has a peculiar pathos when we know that she herself had to undergo the agony of two operations."

This touching letter is signed "One who was Present." The Duchess of Teck's fatal illness may be said to have

commenced on April 29th, 1897; for, although she had been confined to the house with a cold for some days previously, serious symptoms only then appeared. Dr. Wadd, of Richmond, was called in, and he at once summoned Mr. Allingham, who the following day successfully performed a difficult operation. The Duchess kept her room for several weeks, and became so far convalescent that she was able to take part in the Jubilee procession. It was not until July 2nd that she performed her first public act after her serious illness, in laying the foundation-stone of an isolation hospital for the joint districts of Richmond and Heston-Isleworth.

The last public ceremony in which the Duchess took part was laying the foundation-stone of a new church at Wandsworth. She had promised to open a sale of work at Richmond, in aid of the building fund of Christ Church; but before the day arrived, the announcement of her death was published.

On Monday, October 25th, the Duchess again showed symptoms of illness. The next day she grew rapidly worse, and Mr. Allingham was summoned, and another operation was deemed necessary, as it was the only chance of saving her life, though the weakness of heart from which the Duchess had long suffered rendered the result doubtful. The operation was performed at midnight, in the presence of Dr. Wadd, his son Dr. Randal Wadd, and Mr. Hewitt. The Duchess had borne her suffering heroically, and on her return to consciousness she showed the same calm fortitude. The nurse from the Great Central Hospital, who had attended her before, and had only left her a fortnight previously, had been summoned, and arrived while the Duchess was under chloroform. She recognised her at once, and smiled and put out her hand. "I am so pleased to see you," she murmured; but a few hours later failure of the heart's action set in.

At six o'clock the Lord Mayor received a telegram from the White Lodge: "My beloved wife died this morning. Please give public notice.—TECK."

The sorrow was universal, and much sympathy was felt for the bereaved husband and children. The Royal Standard at the Mansion House was hoisted half-mast high, and the great bell of St. Paul's was tolled for an hour, in accordance with custom on the death of a member of the Royal House.

The funeral took place on Wednesday, November 3rd, 1897, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The coffin, which was first taken into the choir of St. George's Chapel, and watched throughout the previous night by the Minor Canons of St. George's, at the conclusion of the funeral service was conveyed to its resting-place in the Royal vault under the Albert Chapel, which stands next to the Deanery in the lower ward.

Never was a great lady more sincerely lamented. Well has it been said of this beloved Princess: "Her charity is of that kind which, in other languages than ours, goes by the name of love, and which, in one of the grandest and most beautiful poems of the Book of books, is held even above faith and hope, those lights without which humanity would walk in darkness."

Sister Dora

SISTER DORA.

CHAPTER I

A MODERN PANDORA

"It is when one expects nothing more for oneself that one is able to love. To do good to men because we love them, to use every talent we have so as to please the Father from whom we hold it for His service,—there is no other way of reaching and curing this deep discontent with life which hides itself under an appearance of indifference."—*Amiel's Journal.*

IN this great world of living, teeming human beings, all hurrying to and fro on the mighty ant-hill of existence, each bent on his or her little fraction of business, there sometimes emerges from the shifting crowd some strong, distinct personality whose influence makes itself felt from the first, and who, by sheer force of will, seems to dominate and hold sway over its fellows. To feeble, mediocre characters there is nothing so alarming as undivided responsibility; only those who are born in the purple know how to fill a throne. Human nature has its aristocracy and its democracy, its regality and kingship, and its proletariat, its hewers of wood and drawers of water, homely and plebeian. The leaders of men, the workers who have made their mark in their generation, and whose name is still handed down to us for reverence and admiration, at one time or other in their lives have stood alone; on their way to their promised land they have not feared to cross the wilderness, and to endure, if needs be, their forty years of wandering and unrest. "The end crowns all," that is their

motto; and when they take possession of their inheritance they bear the travel-stains of the pilgrim and the scars of the warrior; greatness is theirs, but they have suffered its pains and penalties, and have not grudged to pay the price.

In considering the noted women of the Victorian era, there is no more fascinating personality than Dorothy Pattison, the beloved Sister Dora of Walsall, once described by one who knew her as "Our Pandora," unto whom the great God had given all precious gifts, besides an infinite hope, and "without the mischiefs."

There is profound truth in this eulogium, nevertheless. Dorothy Pattison's character was a strangely complex one—she was intensely human, and human nature is by no means perfect. In spite of her large heart, her deep womanly tenderness, her pure, sound nature, she yet made grievous mistakes in her life, which cost her anguish and bitter tears, and the very force of her strong will led her into error. She was very humble in her own estimate of herself. "I look back on my life and see 'nothing but leaves,'" she writes when lying on her death-bed, spent and worn with superhuman labours for her suffering fellow-creatures—"nothing but leaves"; no one who knew Sister Dora would have endorsed that.

Dorothy Wyndham Pattison was born in the village of Hauxwell, near Richmond, in the North Riding of Yorkshire. Her father, the Rev. Mark James Pattison, was the rector of Hauxwell; he belonged to a Devonshire family. Dorothy was the youngest but one of twelve children; she inherited her beauty from her mother, and her finely proportioned figure from her father.

Miss Lonsdale, in her Life of Sister Dora, gives us a description of the place where she spent her childhood. "Hauxwell," she writes, "is a tiny village lying on the southern slope of a hill, from whence an extensive view of the moors and Wensleydale is obtained. It contains between

two and three hundred inhabitants. The rectory is a pretty little dwelling, some half-mile from the church, which is a fine old building much shut in by trees. The whole village, even on a bright summer day, gives the traveller an impression of intense quiet, if not dulness; but in winter, when the snow lies thickly for weeks together in the narrow lane, the only thoroughfare of the place, when the distant moors look cold in their garment of white, and the large expanse of sky is covered with leaden-coloured clouds, when the very streams with which the country abounds are frozen into silence—then, indeed, may Hauxwell be called a lonely village."

Dorothy appears to have been a very delicate child, and much petted by her sisters. She was not allowed to learn much on account of her weak health; but her mind was vigorous, and she seemed to pick up crumbs of information almost instinctively. Even in early childhood she observed things minutely, and stored up in her memory the results of her observations. She very soon showed a great determination to have her own way; but though wilful, she was not passionate, and her disposition was affectionate and unselfish.

"If she could not get her own way easily," we read, "she did not give it up or take refuge in sulks, or in an outbreak of temper, like most children; rather the meeting with opposition seemed to stimulate her active mind to find a device for getting her way back." There is an amusing anecdote told in illustration of this, of how Dorothy and her next sister tried to spoil some obnoxious velvet bonnets by putting their heads out of window one rainy day, and then laying them in their boxes soaking wet. "Quite spoilt: we can never wear them any more," was her answer when questioned about the bonnets; but, to their chagrin, the little culprits were condemned to wear them for many Sundays.

When Dorothy was fourteen she had a severe illness, accompanied by terrible spasms, and it was then she learnt

to bear pain with such fortitude, "combined with an aptitude for always looking on the bright side of everything—a habit which never forsook her through life." After this her health began to improve.

The Pattison family were devoted to the village people. The girls would plan how to save their money, that they might give it away; they would mend their old dresses to avoid buying new ones, and give away their dinner and dine on bread and cheese. To give was a delight to them, and Dorothy shared their devotion to the poor. A boy who had fallen ill of rheumatic fever during her absence abroad, longed incessantly to see "Miss Dora" again before he died. On her return she went to him at once, and nursed him till he died. This seems to have been the only instance of her nursing sick people in early youth; her chief work at that time was training the village choir. She had a clear, powerful voice, with a love for music. As her health grew stronger she was also a daring horsewoman; she loved to follow the hounds, and go to meets with her brothers. She often described to her patients in after years her rides across the wild moorlands. She was also fond of driving herself in a pony carriage, and enjoyed running, jumping, and playing games.

By the time she was twenty Dora, as she was now called, had become tall and strong, full of restless, untiring energy that never allowed her to be inactive for a minute, and with a flow of bright, natural spirits. One neighbour writes, "Her merry laugh is still in my ears"; and another spoke of her "as a bright bonnie maiden singing about the house." Her personal beauty was remarkable; "her features were almost perfect; her white teeth and brilliant dark-brown eyes set widely apart and twinkling with merry sympathy," were some of her attractions, and also her small, beautifully shaped hands. "Perhaps later on in life," writes Miss Lonsdale, "the powerful form of her chin and jaw, remind-

ing one of Dante's profile, became too marked for beauty. At the age of twenty, however, the dark, lightly curling hair waving all over her head, which no amount of cutting off or covering with caps could ever smooth, the softness and roundness of youth, the extreme beauty of her whole colouring and complexion, made her a fascinating creature to look upon."

A country life did not satisfy Dora; her sympathies were roused by Miss Nightingale's work in Scutari, and she begged her father to allow her to join her band of nurses. This request was refused. He pointed out to her that she was wholly untrained and undisciplined, and that she had enough to employ her at home; and though she chafed secretly under the disappointment, she still did her home duties cheerfully. Her mother was an invalid, and she did much of the nursing, and her father called her "his sunshine." Sister Dora always believed in presentiments. During a visit to her brother she had a dream. She thought her mother stood beside her bed, and called, "Dora, Dora, Dora!" It left such a vivid impression on her mind that she told her old servant about it. The next night the dream returned, and Dora was convinced that her mother was in danger and wanted her. Her brother tried to laugh her out of the intention of sending to the neighbouring town for letters; but she persisted in doing so, and a letter which had been delayed three days was found, telling her of her mother's dangerous illness. She returned home at once, and found her on her deathbed. She died soon after. Dora was now deprived of her chief home occupation; her mother's death and other circumstances increased her longing for an active life.

During her visits to Redcar she became acquainted with some of the members of a large working Sisterhood calling themselves "the Good Samaritans," whose headquarters were at Coatham, where they had a convalescent home.

As her quiet life grew more distasteful to her, she began to think these Sisters were to be envied. Her father disapproved of her leaving home for other work, though he would not actually forbid it. Dora was nine-and-twenty, and certainly old enough to know her own mind. "I was very wilful; I did very wrong; let no one take me for an example," were her words on her deathbed, as though the memory of her waywardness had burdened her conscience through life. Her strong will prevailed, and in October 1861 Dora left Hauxwell Rectory, and became nominally village schoolmistress in the parish of Woolston, near Bletchley, on the borders of Buckingham. Her father continued her allowance. This and the small salary belonging to her office was all she had to live upon. She had a small cottage, kept no servant, only an old woman came in now and then do the scrubbing; but she seemed to have spent three years happily enough. Her beauty and highly-bred appearance soon excited interest in the neighbourhood, and her devotion to children made her popular. She visited them in their homes, and nursed them when they were ill. At times her loneliness must have tried her, and once she had an unpleasant experience with burglars who made off with her silver spoons and forks.

At the end of three years her health suffered. A neglected cold resulted in a severe attack of pleurisy, and when fit to be moved she was sent to Redcar for change. The old associations connected with the place revived, and in the autumn of 1864 she joined the Sisterhood of the "Good Samaritans" in spite of the disapproval of her family. It was impossible for those who knew her best to acquiesce in this step. They were too well aware that she was singularly unfitted for a Sister's life. The atmosphere was too restricted; and though she was soon very popular, there was no denying that she disliked the sole society of women, and somewhat despised their limited physical

power. Her intellectual gifts and "pride of life," and her keen sense of humour, were likely to be snares to her.

But there were other reasons that were urging her to work—a profound restlessness and mental dissatisfaction. We read "that before she went to Woolston she fell under the influence of an intellect more powerful than her own, and the result of her contact with it was a shock to the very foundations of her religious faith. . . . Her mind was filled with doubts relating to the authenticity and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, so that she could not give herself up to that personal devotion to Christ, without which her nature could not be satisfied."

The Sisterhood of the Good Samaritans was a secular community, and the members took no vows except that of obedience to the Mother Superior and the clergyman. Sister Dora's training was very distasteful to her; she made beds, scoured floors and grates, and finally became cook at Coatham. She actually sat down and cried one day when the beds she had made were pulled to pieces by some one in authority, and she had to remake them.

Her first attempts at nursing were made in the Cottage Hospital at North Annesley, near Middlesbrough, where she worked sometimes alone or with other Sisters.

In the early part of 1865 Sister Dora was sent to Walsall, to a small cottage hospital, which had been established the year before and was in charge of the Good Samaritan Sisterhood. Walsall was a town at that time containing about thirty-five thousand inhabitants, on the borders of the great coal and iron district in South Staffordshire called "The Black Country." There is a vivid description of Walsall in Sister Dora's "Life." One seems to see the forests of tall chimneys belching out smoke and flame, the "rows of dusky little red-brick houses, the huge cranes and dirty canals," which are so strangely transfigured and glorified at sunrise and sunset. At night, we read, "the

spectator seems to be transported into the infernal regions, where the blinding glare of blast furnaces, the snorting of engines, the ponderous thud of steam hammers, and the clang and whiz and whirr of machinery, sounds that never cease and which are less noticed during the day, bewilder the senses."

The Birmingham hospitals were seven miles away, and as accidents were becoming frequent, it was necessary to have an accident hospital in Walsall. At first there were only four beds, but before the first twelve months had passed there were fourteen. The Sister in charge had fallen ill, and Sister Dora took her place. Unfortunately she soon after caught small-pox from one of the out-patients, and was very ill; in her delirium she occupied herself in tearing up her sheets into bandages. As soon as she recovered she resumed her nursing.

The Walsall people were rough and ignorant, and at first there was a good deal of prejudice against the Sisters, which gradually died out. Once, as Sister Dora was walking through the town late in the evening, a boy called out: "There goes one of those Sisters of Misery," and threw a stone which cut open her forehead. This young fellow was afterwards brought to the hospital much injured, and was tenderly nursed by Sister Dora. One night she found him crying, and when she asked him what was the matter, he said, with a sob, "Sister, I threw that stone at you." To his astonishment she told him that she had recognised him the moment he had been brought in. "It was his first practical experience of good returned for evil," observed Sister Dora, "and he did not know what to make of it."

She was recalled to Coatham in 1865. Sister Dora's irrepressible flow of spirits sometimes carried her away; once, for example, when she insisted on mounting a donkey renowned for his trick of kicking his rider off: the result

was she fell on her knees, which were so bruised and swollen that she could not kneel without pain for weeks afterwards, but she dare not confess the cause of her suffering. Not long after this the celebrated physician, Sir James Simpson, came to the Home to find a Sister who would take charge of a lady who was nearly insane. His choice fell on Sister Dora. She was making a pudding with her sleeves tucked up when he saw her, and he said at once: "Send me that Sister; she is the one for my case."

The new patient lived near Coatham. Sister Dora had to sit up with her at night and return to the Home to sleep. From her own account it was not a pleasant berth: "An uncommonly unpleasant time I used to have of it," she would say; "what with the mad old lady who was fond of me, with the relations who were jealous of me, and with the flunkey who, because I had my breakfast in the housekeeper's room, took me for a servant, paying me attentions, and making love to me after the manner of his kind, by getting me good things to eat."

Sister Dora had one sensational experience, when her half-crazy patient, angry because her nurse would not accept some valuable jewellery, suddenly sprang out of bed and brandished a long knife over her head. As Sister Dora looked at her calmly she laid it aside, only saying, "I wanted to see if I could frighten you." After this Sister Dora always accepted the gifts, and then gave them up to the relatives the next day.

In November Sister Dora was again sent to Walsall, and though from time to time she went back to Coatham, her hospital work began steadily, and in spite of her want of training she impressed the medical men, with a sense of her fitness. Towards the middle of December she was ordered to nurse a private case in Devonshire; before final arrangements were made she received a letter from home telling her that her father was dangerously ill and wished to see

her. She telegraphed to the Home for permission to go to Hauxwell, and received the unfeeling answer, "No, you must go to Devonshire at once."

The order seems almost incredible, yet Sister Dora with a mistaken sense of duty set off to Devonshire; but she had scarcely reached her destination before she received the tidings of her father's death. She was almost broken-hearted, and when the Mother Superior gave her permission to attend the funeral she refused to go. From this moment a breach commenced between her and Coatham, which widened as the years went on.

No wonder that in her sorrow Sister Dora plunged eagerly into work when she returned to Walsall. She was very ignorant, and her great ambition was to become a good surgical nurse. The in-patients were mostly men and boys disabled by coal-pit accidents or wounded by machinery, while a large number of out-patients—men, women and children—visited the hospital daily for medical advice or for the treatment of injuries. The old doctor who was attached to the hospital soon found out for himself that Sister Dora had more coolness, courage, and common sense than most women possessed, and he taught her a great deal. She was allowed to set simple fractures under his superintendence, and then, as he discovered the remarkable delicacy of her touch, he began to teach her the position of the arteries in the human body. No doubt her apprenticeship must have been tolerably severe, as hospital nursing entails constant strain and fatigue.

Just before she left Coatham she had received an offer of marriage; but though she was for some time undecided whether to accept it or not, her affections were not deeply engaged, and she finally resolved not to leave her work.

Her natural instincts inclined her strongly to the ordinary lot of women. Her love for children amounted to a passion, and she never ceased to regret that she would never have

children of her own. Later in life she was heard to say, "If I had to begin life over again I would marry, because a woman ought to live with a man and be in subjection."

In early life she thought differently, and though her friends told her that she was throwing herself away, that her rare talents were wasted, and that she was admirably fitted for domestic life, her strong will was not to be coerced. Her reserve prevented her from disclosing her real reasons; but she herself felt "that her only hope of gaining light in her period of darkness lay in active work for the good of others"; so, to use the words of one who helped her in her difficulties, "she threw into her work at Walsall great powers of mind, strong enthusiasm and wonderful imagination."

Her main stumbling-block was the acuteness of her intellect. When she was able to receive historical Christianity, her personal devotion to her Divine Master seemed almost to overwhelm her, and no self-sacrifice seemed too great. The wise counsels of a friend restrained her impetuosity, and prevented her from taking binding vows and entering a strict Sisterhood. He pointed out to her, that her special calling was active service, and that her work exactly suited her. Happily she took his advice, and commenced her work in a quiet, unobtrusive way, nursing not only in the hospital, but poor creatures in the slums and alleys who were too wretched to present themselves at the hospital.

In 1866 she had a serious illness brought on by exposure and neglect of ordinary precautions. She would come home soaked through, to find a crowd of out-patients awaiting her; wet clothes were constantly forgotten and allowed to dry on her. She did this once too often. After two or three weeks she was dangerously ill.

A clergyman who visited her constantly during her illness was amazed at the fortitude with which she bore pain. She had asked him to wait a moment before he

commenced to read. He related how "she turned away her face which was smiling, beautiful as he thought he had never seen a human face before; and his daughter, who was on the other side of the bed, was shocked to see it suddenly convulsed, as if with sharp agony, the tears streaming down the cheeks and the hands clutching convulsively at the bed-clothes. In a moment she turned back calmly to him and said, 'Go on.'"

Sister Dora always expressed her strong belief that her recovery from this illness was due to the prayers of the congregation at St. James, Wednesbury. The incumbent of this church was the Rev. Richard Twigg, of whom it was said that he had "buried talents which would have won the admiration of the world in the smokiest dens of the Black Country." Sister Dora owed much to his teaching and influence, "and his was the main human support to which she consistently clung throughout her life."

In 1867 it was evident that the cottage hospital was inadequate to the needs of Walsall. Its situation did not admit of free ventilation. Fatal erysipelas broke out, and one man was under treatment for six months, but when an amputation case was sent out unhealed the authorities felt it had received its deathblow, and it was resolved to build a new hospital on a larger scale in a better situation. The town of Walsall stands on a steep hill. There was an open space covered with blackened grass sloping up to a second brow of the same hill called the Mount, where the church was; and here the new hospital was built. It contained twenty-eight beds, and three wards, and was so arranged that it was just possible for one person of Sister Dora's calibre to do the entire nursing.

The out-patient department was, however, too small for the numbers who crowded into it, and was unconnected with the main building. "This defect was remedied by Sister Dora herself, who devised a plan to connect it with the

hospital by a glass passage, which she converted into a greenhouse."

A kitchen garden and a green lawn surrounded the building, and in spite of the exposed situation trees and shrubs flourished. From the windows there was a prospect of chimneys and machinery, and a wide extent of sky beyond. As the line of the South Staffordshire railroad ran at the bottom of the hill the patients had plenty of amusement.

About this time small-pox broke out in Walsall and lingered on for several months. Sister Dora did all she could for the sufferers. Whenever she could snatch an hour she visited the sick people in their own homes, and sometimes sat up whole nights with dying patients who had been deserted by their friends. She had no terror of infection, and would dress the wounds of out-patients who had the small-pox out on them; and it has been thought by some that her recklessness about her own safety was in a great measure caused by her secret grief at her father's death, and her remorse at the course she had taken.

There is one story told in her memoir that reads like one belonging to a mediæval saint, and which would have been worthy of St. Francis of Assisi, or St. Vincent de Paul, and which proves, not only her deep pity and love for suffering humanity, but also her wonderful nerve and heroic endurance. A poor man dying of "black-pox," who was much attached to her, sent for her one night. There was only a small piece of candle in the house, and she asked a neighbour who was with him to buy her some more, but the woman never returned. All at once the dying man raised himself and asked her to kiss him before he died; and, loathsome as he was with the horrible disease, she took the poor creature in her arms and kissed him, then, as the candle went out, she sat beside him in the darkness, not knowing if he were alive or dead, till the faint dawn allowed her to

grope her way to the door. It was an ordeal that few women, however brave or good, could have endured.

An old servant of the Pattison family had come to help her at Walsall. She looked after the two servants, kept the hospital linen, and assisted her in many ways; she even learnt to dress wounds, and sometimes sat up with a patient.

Sister Dora's sympathy was often excited by the misery of the poor men who had to submit to amputation; many of them would have preferred death. One day a young man was brought to the hospital with his arm so torn and twisted by a machine that the doctor said he must amputate it at once. Sister Dora's heart was wrung at the poor fellow's despair. She looked at the torn limb, and then at the stalwart, healthy form of the young man, then she turned to the surgeon and told him quietly that she believed that she could save the arm if he would permit her to try. The doctor reiterated his former opinion, that unless the limb was at once amputated mortification would set in, but Sister Dora persisted that she could save him. The patient joyfully consented to submit to her treatment, but the doctor was deeply incensed. "Well, remember it's your arm," he said, as he walked off in high dudgeon. "If you choose to have that young man's death on your conscience I shall not interfere, but I wash my hands of him."

It was a terrible responsibility for Sister Dora, but her patient's confidence in her encouraged her. She watched "her arm," as she called it, night and day for three weeks. "How I prayed over that arm!" she said afterwards. At the end of the time she invited the doctor to see the result of her nursing. To his astonishment the arm, when unbandaged, was straightened, and in a healthy, promising condition. "Why, you have saved it," he exclaimed, and no wonder Sister Dora cried for happiness when she heard it. "Sister's arm," as the young man was called in the hospital, was devoted to her, and even when he was back at his work he

would come up to have his arm looked at as an excuse for seeing the dear Sister again.

Sister Dora's influence over children was almost magical. Her passionate love for them taught her how to comfort them. She would carry about some miserable little scalded creature wrapped in a blanket, on one arm, instead of putting it to bed to cry itself to sleep. "Don't you cry—Sister's got you," she would say, and with her other hand she would dress wounds and do other things.

She had immense influence over the rough men and women who came to the hospital. She never allowed bad language in the wards; she made them feel the dignity of her presence, and she knew, too, how to make them feel ashamed of themselves.

Drunkenness was rife amongst the dwellers of the Black Country, and innumerable cases of hopeless bad legs, or old wounds breaking out afresh, were the result of intemperance. Sister Dora would remonstrate with her patients, and declared to them that unless they amended their ways she would not go on attending to them; but they knew better, and that her pity for them would never weary, and that she would never cease to dress their wounds, and try and win them to a better life. Once when a *protegé* of hers, a young fellow, had broken his promise to her, and came reeling into the ward, she laid down her head on the table and cried bitterly.

The men soon found she cared for them individually, and that she never forgot them. When they left the hospital her prayers followed them, and they knew they would always be sure of a welcome from "Sister."

CHAPTER II

"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH"

"Therefore gird up thyself, and come, to stand
Unflinching under the unfaltering hand
That waits to prove thee to the uttermost.
It were not hard to suffer by His hand,
If thou couldst see His face;—but in the dark!
That is the one last trial—be it so.
. . . Not by sight, but faith;
Endure, endure,—be faithful to the end."

HARRIET KING.

SISTER DORA'S sense of humour and delightful flow of spirits kept the wards cheerful. "Make you laugh!" remarked a big Irishman, "she'd make you laugh if you were dying." She would invent games for the boys, and when she had a few minutes to spare she would read to the men, and now and then play chess or draughts with them. She did not care to nurse the women, though she did her duty by them. She always went her rounds with the surgeon, and each night visited every patient. She carved at every meal herself, and if the out-patients were numerous the men would rather wait for their tea than have it served by any one else. She was so full of sympathy for them, so tender in her inquiries, so merry and full of fun, her father's name of Sunshine so exactly suited her, and then she was so natural and original.

"I have thoughts too big for my brains," she remarked once; and another time, "My dear, if I could not laugh

over the things, I don't know what I should do;" for, in spite of her merry ways, her heart was very tender.

She never yielded her will in matters she considered important; she would employ drollery and humour and all manner of feminine devices to get her own way with the committee of management, and when every attempt failed would give in her resignation; this always brought them to reason.

Her position was a strangely solitary one. The clergy lived too far off for companionship, and her intercourse with the doctors was only in the way of business. She was in this isolated condition when a man crossed her path in whose society she took an ever-increasing pleasure. In intellect he was her superior; he could give her the sympathy and support for which she had longed all her life, and he loved her with intense devotion; but, alas! he had held sceptical views, and she knew this from the first.

It was a fearful temptation, and for a time she yielded to it. She became engaged to him. The same friend who had helped her before now pleaded with her to be true to her profession for the sake of others, if not for herself. In the end his arguments prevailed, and she was induced to break off her engagement; but the whole thing gave her acute suffering, and a severe illness ensued, an attack of pyæmia came on, and matter formed in the knee. The old surgeon feared that amputation would be necessary to save life, but Sister Dora vowed she would rather die than submit to it, and ever after she showed a sad recklessness about her health. We read that "the poor old doctor went out of the hospital in tears, saying 'If Sister Dora dies I'll never enter these doors again.'" But she made up her mind that she was going to live; and after she had been a month ill, hearing that there was to be a serious operation she got out of bed and went straight to her work without passing through any stage of convalescence. While she was

ill the young man whose arm she had saved walked eleven miles each Sunday to ask after her. When he received his answer, he said, "Tell her that's her arm that rang the bell," and walked back.

In the spring of 1869 Sister Dora did some private nursing; but during the three weeks she had to go back to Walsall twice to induce some patient to submit to a necessary operation.

Children who had been terribly burnt or scalded were often brought to the hospital; her treatment of the poor little creatures was both wise and tender. If the child were badly burnt, or beside itself with terror, she did not at once try to dress the wounds; she only excluded the air by means of cotton-wool, and wrapt it in a blanket, putting hot bottles and flannel to the feet. Then she fed it with milk and brandy and tried to soothe it. When the nerves were quieted she could then attend to the wounds without exciting fresh terror. If the child died, she was glad to know that it had not been uselessly tormented.

Her care for the little ones was truly maternal. She constantly took one, sometimes two, children into her own bed; and she has been known to sleep with a burnt baby on each arm, in spite of the sickening effluvia from the burns. One little girl of nine years was so badly burnt that she only lived a few hours. Sister Dora gave up her other work, and devoted herself to the dying child, talking to her about heaven and her Saviour. All pain had ceased, and the child died peacefully. Her last words were, "When you come to heaven, Sister, I'll meet you at the gates with a bunch of flowers." In the Memoirs of Sister Dora there is a long and interesting account, written by one of her lady pupils, which gives us an idea of her ordinary day's work at Walsall.

"Sister Dora," she narrates, "used to come down into the wards at half-past six in the morning, make the beds of

all the patients who were able to get up, and give them their breakfast by half-past seven, when it was time for her own breakfast. The bright sunshiny way she always worked, with a smile and a pleasant word for every one, was in itself a medicine of the best kind. . . . No one had ever seen such a woman as this before; so beautiful, so good, so tender-hearted, so strong and so gentle, so full of fun and humour, and of sympathy for broken hearts as well as for every other kind of fracture, and the best friend that many of these poor maimed men had ever known. . . . After her own breakfast she read prayers on the staircase, so that all the patients in the three wards could hear and join. Then came the daily ward work, the washing up breakfast things and of patients, and the dressing of wounds. At half-past ten there were usually several out-patients who came regularly to have their wounds poulticed or lanced or otherwise attended to. The doctor generally appeared about eleven, and went his rounds. At twelve came the patients' dinner, at which Sister Dora attended minutely to every detail, and always carved herself. Then she read prayers in the little general sitting-room, the lady pupils, if there were any, and the servants only attending. Then followed dinner for the nurses—a very movable feast, sometimes put off for an hour or more, and sometimes omitted altogether, as far as Sister Dora was concerned, if any visitors whom she was obliged to see or any accidents came in at that time. Out-patients, who were treated every day, began to arrive at two, and truly their name was Legion. It was no uncommon event for sixty or a hundred persons to pass through the little rooms in the course of one afternoon. It was a most interesting sight to watch Sister Dora with her out-patients. . . . The doctors got through their part of the work quickly, for they passed on to her such minor operations and dressings as are entrusted to experienced dressers in large hospitals. The setting of fractures, and even the drawing of teeth, when no surgeon

was present, were common operations to her. . . . The treatment of the out-patients often took between two and three hours, so that the in-patients' tea at five o'clock had sometimes to be prepared by servants, when neither Sister Dora nor her pupil could be spared. At half-past five or six the nurses had their tea. . . . After tea she went into the wards again, and this was the time to which her patients looked forward all day. She would go and talk to them then individually, or a probationer would play the harmonium and they would sing hymns, she joining with her strong cheery voice while she washed up the tea-things. . . . By eight, wounds had been dressed for the night, and the patients' supper was served. Sister Dora read prayers always, even when, as sometimes happened, her many duties and labours so delayed her that most of the patients were asleep; 'for,' she said, 'the prayers go up for them all the same.' Just before bedtime came her own supper, when she would often be very merry, and would relate her many remarkable experiences with intense fun and drollery."

Sister Dora always took the heaviest part of the work on herself, and she preferred doing as much as possible herself. She was the first up and the last to go to rest. Bishop Selwyn called her "the one-horse chay." She had strong, even violent prejudices, which she tried not to show to her lady pupils; but she was a patient teacher, and never grudged time or trouble. She said once to a lady who was engaging a servant for the hospital, "Tell her this is not an ordinary house or hospital. I want her to understand that all who serve here, in whatever capacity, ought to have one rule—love for God, and then I need not say love for their work. I wish we could use and really mean the word *Maison-Dieu*."

She was a devout believer in prayer. "Pray without ceasing" seemed to be her motto. When the wards were quiet she might often be seen kneeling by the bed of some

unconscious sufferer. She still continued to believe in presentiments. One night, after a serious amputation had been performed, she woke up suddenly with a strong conviction that something was wrong. It was impossible to sleep; so she got up and went to the patient, and found one of the larger arteries had broken away from its ligatures, and that he was slowly bleeding to death. She secured the artery in time to save his life.

She would never allow a corpse to remain a moment longer than necessary in the ward. One night a patient saw her take up the corpse of a man who had just died, and carry it straight to the mortuary. People have often received this story with incredulity, but it is an undoubted fact that Sister Dora's magnificent physique and wonderful strength enabled her to do more than other ordinary women. A friend whose sister once worked with Sister Dora told the writer of this sketch that Sister Dora gloried in her own strength. She would come into the ward with a dish containing a joint of beef weighing about eighteen or twenty pounds in one hand, and a dish of vegetables in the other, and say, "None of you could do this!" She was indeed an athlete among women. She would pick up a huge collier who had fallen out of bed, and put him back like a baby; and yet with all these strains, little food and insufficient rest, her health did not seem to suffer.

Every one knows the story of the chopped-off finger, and how she sent the boy back to fetch it; and how she set the fracture, and the finger healed.

In 1871 her grateful patients subscribed £50, with which they bought a small carriage and pony, and presented them to her. At first Sister Dora was rather embarrassed by the gift, but she soon found it useful for convalescent patients and for visiting sick people in the town. In the March of 1873 a mission was held at Walsall, and Sister Dora, with her customary energy, took an active part. In September

she had a few days' holiday, and went to see the autumn manœuvres. In October she had a short but sharp attack of fever, caught in nursing a bad case; but she soon recovered, and wrote to a friend that "the hospital was full of interesting cases—one man with a compound fracture of each leg, and no less than thirty cuts on his head."

During one of her visits to Redcar she was bathing one day, when a woman got out of her depth. Sister Dora swam out to her, and tried to assist her; but the poor woman had lost all self-control, and clung to her so frantically that they were both in danger of being drowned. Sister Dora held her up until her cries for help attracted the attention of a gentleman, and he came to their rescue.

In August 1874 she had a well-earned holiday, and joined a sister and her children at Redcar. In the autumn of 1874 she took a number of convalescent patients to Rhyl. Their ages ranged from two years old to sixty. Only one of the patients had ever seen the sea before. It was an immense success. The necessary funds had been provided by a former lady pupil.

On another occasion she took seven or eight boys, all of whom had suffered surgical operations, to Sutton Park, near Walsall; and sometimes she took a number of patients, night-nurses, and humble friends to Lichfield for the day. She paid most of the expenses of the expeditions herself. Her charity was great. No one knew what her income really was; but Mr. Pattison's property was considerable, and it was divided among his children. Her benevolence was unceasing. Servants worn with illness, governesses, and workers were often helped. She was very anxious to establish a convalescent home by the seaside, but during her life this project was never carried out. She used to send her patients to the home at Coatham, until, at the end of 1874, she broke off all connection with the community of the "Good Samaritans." When questioned as to her reasons

for leaving the Sisterhood, her reply was, "I am a woman, and not a piece of furniture."

When the committee received an official communication informing them that the Sisterhood would no longer be responsible for the nursing at Walsall, they at once requested Sister Dora to take the entire management. In November 1874 she heard of the death of a dear sister, and for some time she was doubtful whether her duty did not lie with her bereaved brother-in-law and his motherless children; but after some weeks of indecision she made up her mind to seek advice, and she was counselled to remain at Walsall. During the struggle she had written: "I am afraid it is all selfishness on my part which makes me hesitate. No one knows what it will cost me to give up the work here, home, friends, and go to that barren moor." This decision was a great relief to her, and from this time she worked harder than ever. She literally spent herself for the sick, the sinful, and the sorrowful, who sent for her from all sides. "Send for Sister Dora" was their cry; and she never failed them.

In the early part of February 1875 there was another outbreak of small-pox in Walsall, which spread with frightful rapidity. The Mayor and Corporation had erected an epidemic hospital on the outskirts of the town; but the poor people refused to go—"they would rather die at home." In this dilemma Sister Dora came to the rescue. She offered to leave her work and nurse the small-pox patients, and this offer was joyfully accepted by the authorities. They knew well that if Sister Dora were in charge of the epidemic hospital they would be willing to send their relatives to be nursed there. Her generous devotion would save Walsall. The cottage hospital was left under the care of three lady pupils. She gave them no special orders; told them they must divide the work and do their best until she returned. They would have the doctor's supervision,

but no one could fill her place to the unhappy small-pox sufferers.

One must touch here on a weak point in Sister Dora's character—a serious defect in a singularly beautiful nature: she was unwilling that any one should even temporarily fill her place. This jealousy was strangely unworthy of her; and there is no doubt that her work and the hospital suffered from her tendency to dislike any woman worker who showed marked ability, and who was capable of taking her place. This was a sad blemish, and it led to unhappy results, for it made her gather round her second- or third-rate workers who were incapable of being her rivals. It was a flaw in an otherwise almost perfect character; but possibly she was hardly aware of this defect herself. She went to the epidemic hospital with the conviction that she would probably take the complaint and die; but for once her presentiment was wrong.

The epidemic hospital stands in the midst of heaps of "slag," the refuse of the iron furnaces. "It seems the end of the earth," Miss Lonsdale tells us, "and you look back upon smoky Walsall, with its crowning steeple and teeming inhabitants, as from a desert land. . . . The hospital is a long, low building of one storey, forming two sides of a square, with its entrance in the angle. In front about a quarter of an acre of ground is planted with cabbages for the use of the patients, and these dismal-looking rows of blackened vegetables seem to add to the desolation of the scene. Not a tree or a bush stands up against the sky, and and the ancient heaps of powdered slag hide from view even the neighbouring collieries, and the undulating lines of the distant hills of Cannock Chase.

As Sister Dora stood on the doorstep her heart failed her, and she exclaimed: "Oh, take me back! I cannot endure this dreadful place! I had no idea what it would be like when I said I would come here."

Her friend, the surgeon, who escorted her, and who was responsible for the epidemic hospital, knew her well; he only said "Come in;" for he was quite sure that she would be delighted with the internal arrangements.

The two wards were large and lofty, and capable of division by sliding doors; the windows barred with iron—a necessary precaution; and excellent ventilation contrived from the roof. Two large day rooms, a good kitchen, a sitting and bedroom in one for the nurse, a tiny one for the porter, and a small dispensary, comprise the whole. Entirely separate are a good laundry, a mortuary, disinfecting oven, and a stable containing an ambulance.

Sister Dora's practical mind was charmed with these arrangements, and she soon told the doctor that she had never seen a place where work would be so delightful, and that the building would spoil her for the Cottage Hospital.

Her work began at once. The twenty-eight beds were soon filled. The only help she had was from the old porter; he was very attentive, but would occasionally go off "on the drink, and leave her alone the whole night with the dead and dying. Two old women from the workhouse shared with her the loathsome washing of clothes and bedding."

It must have been horrible work. Sister Dora, in one of her letters, speaks of the revoltingly dirty condition of some of the patients. "I can only venture to wash their hands and faces in hot water this morning," she writes. She was not without visitors. Her faithful friend, the doctor, brought her books, and flowers, and news from the Cottage Hospital. Old patients called. One of them, an engine-stoker, Chell, came continually to see her. "I could not tell you all her goodness to me, words would fail me if I did," was his remark once. His leg had been crushed in a railway accident, and amputation was necessary. His own words were: "When I come to after the chloroform she was on

her knees by my side, with her arm supporting my head, and she was repeating—

> 'They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
> Through peril, toil, and pain;
> O God, to us may grace be given
> To follow in their train.'

And all through the pain and trouble that I had afterwards I never forgot Sister's voice saying those words." He was in the hospital for fifteen weeks, and had to endure another operation before he left. Sister Dora wrote three resolutions in a pocket-book she gave him :—(1) Come and see Sister Dora once a week; (2) Will go to church more regularly; (3) Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness.

Sister Dora never liked Sunday visitors, because she wished to go to church herself, and was afraid the patients' friends would bring in forbidden food to their friends in her absence; but old patients were allowed to come. No fear of infection could keep Chell from his friend, and others went too.

Poor Sister Dora had her difficulties in the epidemic hospital. "I cannot get a decent woman to come and help," she wrote, "although we pay well. I have got two 'critters' from the workhouse; one is so helpless, I have to do the work for her, and the other sits up all night, so can do no more. One man is so delirious, I cannot keep my eye off him, or else he is out of bed. Then I have a baby a year old, and another younger; and they are so cross, they keep up their music day and night." And in another letter later she says: "One man is blind with the pox. Another, a woman, is very delirious; she tried to escape last night—it took myself and the porter to hold her down. That fellow is very good; he scrubbed the kitchen floor early this morning to save me. . . . I am writing while waiting for my potatoes to boil. My bedroom and sitting-room is getting to look quite gay with flowers. . . . I really

wish you could take a peep at me. I am very bright and happy, and like this hospital better than the other. I have all so much under my eye." By-and-by she begged her friend to send her all the old novels they could find, as she was so weary at night that only a real sensational novel would keep her awake.

She had plenty of sensational incidents in her daily work. One night, when the porter was off on the drink, she was left absolutely alone. One of the patients, a Roman Catholic, was dying, and begged to see a priest. She had no one to send, and actually went to the priest's house in the middle of the night, running all the way. The priest was so shocked at her lonely condition that he went to the Town Council the next morning to tell them that help must be procured for the Sister, but they could find no one to go.

Another night, when the porter was away and she was reading to keep herself awake, a delirious patient, a tall, heavy man, sprang out of bed with a loud yell and rushed to the door. Sister Dora did not hesitate she grappled with him at once, although he was covered with the horrible disease, confluent small-pox. She got him back to bed and held him until the doctor arrived. His amazement when he heard of the struggle was great. "Sister Dora could sit up at night and work all day," he observed, "with little or no rest, and as far as I can judge she was neither physically nor mentally the worse for it. Her strength was superhuman—I never saw such a woman." One fact seems almost incredible; it brings a shudder even to read it. "Sister Dora was in the habit of bringing to life patients who had sunk into the first stage of the fatal collapse which often precedes death, by actually putting her mouth to theirs and breathing into them until vitality was restored." It was not until the middle of August 1875 that the last small-pox patient left her, and she returned to Walsall Hospital after six months' absence. Latterly, as her work had lightened, she had

visited it for a few hours at a time, after taking proper precautions, as things were in an unsatisfactory state there, and the surgeon had to perform serious operations without her assistance.

She always spoke lovingly of "her dear epidemic hospital;" but though she did not know it, a terrible piece of work was coming to her. In October an explosion of the furnace of the ironworks at Burchill, near Walsall, took place. One man at the top was feeding the fires and eleven others were resting below. The unfortunate men below were covered with molten metal, and in their agony jumped into the canal. They were rescued with difficulty, and, with the exception of one man who wished to be taken home, they were driven to the hospital.

The poor charred bodies hardly seemed to belong to human beings. Some were in terrible agony, others dying painlessly; some cried out to her to dress them at once. "But even among those stricken, tortured creatures there was one heroic soul. The narrative is very touching." One poor man named Phillips—let due honour be done to his memory—seeing how Sister Dora was distracted by the cries for help by which she was surrounded, said, "Sister Dora, I want to be dressed very bad, but if there's any wants you worse go and do them first." He was in intense agony and could only lie on his face; he died in the night. Some lingered for ten days, others longer. The sight and smell were horrible—even the medical men were ill and could hardly stay in the ward; but Sister Dora not only never went to bed those ten days, but stayed in the foul atmosphere and hardly left it day or night. It was the only time she had to fortify herself for her work with brandy. Some people tried to help, but in a few minutes they were sitting on the stairs faint and sick with horror. Two of the men ultimately recovered—one of them the man who was feeding the flames. He was six months in the hospital; his name was Cassidy, he

was an Irishman, and he would show his burnt and shrivelled hands and arms as he told his story.

He would describe "Sister Dora going from bed to bed, talking, laughing, and even joking with the poor men, sitting by their bedsides telling stories which she hoped might divert them for a moment from their misery, feeding them with the tenderest care, helping them to bear their pain, and pointing out the way to heaven to those who were appointed to die. . . ." Every time he said "Sister Dora" he stood up and reverently pulled his forelock, as though he had pronounced the name of a saint or an angel which he was scarce worthy to utter. "What we felt for her I couldn't tell you—my tongue won't say it," he exclaimed.

At the end of the year 1875 the authorities of the Cottage Hospital were in difficulties. The ward where the poor sufferers from the Burchell's explosion had been was hopelessly infected, the whole place impregnated with poison. Erysipelas broke out, wounds would not heal, and it was determined the old hospital should be pulled down and a new and larger one built.

A temporary house in Bridgeman Street was found, but it would only hold ten beds. Sister Dora had to give up taking lady pupils. The situation was a noisy one; it was so close to the railroad that the trains shook the house, and she was obliged to ask the engine-driver not to let out steam close to the hospital as it awakened her patients, "or startled a burnt baby into screams for the rest of the night."

In November 1876, when Sister Dora and her patients were settled in the little home in Bridgeman Street, another mission was held, and she threw herself into the work. She suggested to the missioners that some attempt should be made to rescue the fallen women of the town, and they agreed on condition that she should herself conduct this part of the mission.

On the first night, when the services were over, she guided

them into one of the worst slums of Walsall. As they turned into the narrow court, she said to the missioners, "Now keep close behind me. I am safe enough, but your lives are not worth a moment's purchase if you are seen here without me to protect you." Their reception was a rough one. A volley of oaths met them; but Sister Dora was not daunted. She spoke kindly to the women, addressing them by name, then she said, "Now I want you all to go down on your knees with me now, this moment, and say a prayer to God"; and to the astonishment of the clergymen the whole party knelt round her, and after that they followed her into the mission-room, where a short service followed.

For some time after the mission she continued to hold midnight services for these poor women. She also interested herself in the cabdrivers of Walsall, and had meetings or classes for them during the mission.

She had little rest during the mission week. As soon as she had dressed her patients' wounds and put them to bed, she went to her cabmen's gathering. When that was over she must have gone on to her midnight meeting, and yet by 6.30 she was up and in the wards. During the winter of 1876, Sister Dora, for the first time, found a difficulty in lifting her patients. She had contrived a method of carrying the dead down stairs. She would pass a broad bandage round the corpse, and then tying the ends round her own neck she would take the dead body in her strong arms and carry it down to the mortuary. As the difficulty increased, she consulted a medical man. He examined her carefully, and discovered the existence of a disease that must ultimately prove fatal. He told her that surgical aid might prolong her life, but after consideration she decided to let the disease take its course.

She bound the doctor to secrecy, as she resolved that no one should know her condition, and it was her wish to continue her work as long as possible, and if people knew

she was ill or suffering they might harass her with kindly meant remonstrances. She promised to consult him whenever it was necessary, but wished to have no regular medical attendance. It must have been a terrible moment for the heroic worker to hear her death-warrant pronounced. She was apparently in the fulness of health and strength, brimming over with life and spirits; no wonder she needed all her self-control and fortitude. She was doomed, and she knew it; and her resolve was taken at once,—to devote the whole energy of her body and soul to make the utmost of the time left to her.

She worked harder than ever. "I grudge every moment I must spend in taking care of the body," she wrote to a friend who knew nothing of her condition. "I fairly grudge myself the time which must be spent in sleep."

Her little pony-carriage was used nearly every day. From six till ten or eleven at night she drove to see patients who could not be received into the hospital, and her chief happiness was to pass the night beside some dying patient, soothing and comforting the sufferer. The midnight classes for women were still carried on during the winter of 1876.

Her expeditions at night in the cold and wet brought on a return of acute inflammation, and for a short time she was dangerously ill; but kind "Sister Death" refused to take her in her merciful arms, and in spite of her prayers Sister Dora recovered. Who could wonder that she longed to die, and that even her indomitable spirit quailed at the thought of those months of suffering that were before her? But with recovery her courage and cheerfulness returned. The new hospital was being built, and Sister Dora took a great interest in the plans.

She still continued her nocturnal visits, and had some unpleasant experiences. Once, as she was driving to Sutton, two ruffians sprang out of the hedge and seized the pony's

head, only a man on horseback came round the corner and they ran away.

Another dark night a man with a thick stick rushed after them. The porter, who always drove Sister Dora, whipped up the pony. "I had only time," she said, "for a short prayer, when the stick was brought down heavily on the back of the carriage. I had leant instinctively to one side as I had said my prayer, and so my head escaped the blow that was intended for it." The porter always declared that the ruffians did not know whom they were attacking. He looked upon those drives as some of the jolliest hours of his life. "She never stopped talking," he would say, "and telling me stories."

Her friend, Mr. Twigg, had been dangerously, ill and had gone to Sutton for change of air, and she often visited him there.

Towards the early spring the symptoms of her disease increased so rapidly that, at the urgent request of her doctor she consulted Mr. Crompton of Birmingham, from whose opinion there could be no appeal. He endorsed the opinion of her medical adviser. Though there were no signs of illness about her, the cancer was increasing and surgical dressing became necessary. She attended to the wound herself, and although she had three cases of the same kind under her care whose wounds she regularly dressed, she adhered to her resolution not to seek help.

One night the doctor summoned her to look at a child who was in the last stages of diphtheria. As a last hope he performed the operation of tracheotomy. Sister Dora knelt down by the bed, and putting her mouth to the incision cleared the child's throat of the poisonous mucus. The child recovered, to die of another disease, and Sister Dora had diphtheritic sore throat for three weeks. In June 1878 she left for a fortnight's holiday; on her return typhoid fever broke out in the temporary hospital in Bridgeman Street,

and it was necessary to close it. She very soon found herself at liberty, and in August she left Walsall, feeling sure that she would never work there again. She joined some of her nieces who were spending the summer in the Isle of Man. She was in high spirits, and the only difference her relatives noticed was she did not walk so far or so fast as she used to do. She taught her nieces to swim, and seemed full of life and health. In the autumn she went to Paris to see the Exhibition, and to study the wonderful inventions in the way of surgical appliances. At the end of September she was in London, where she intended to study Professor Lister's treatment of wounds, with a view of using his method in the hospital. She stayed at a nursing home in Fitzroy Square, where she was permitted to witness his operations. Her own disease was making rapid strides, and her cough increased so terribly that one of the London doctors proposed to examine her chest. In terror that her secret would be discovered by a stranger, she hurried off to Birmingham to consult Mr. Crompton.

Fatigue and anxiety of mind brought on fatal symptoms, and it was thought she would never leave Birmingham alive. Mr. Crompton wished to take her into his own house, but she begged to be moved to Walsall. "Let me die among my own people," was her cry.

The surgeon of the Walsall Hospital removed her in his own carriage, and she was taken to a small house that the committee had hired for her.

She wrote to a dear friend, a clergyman: "I wonder what you will say when you hear the decree has gone out—'Sister, put thy house in order, for thou shalt die and not live.' Such is the verdict of the doctors; such my own feelings this time. . . . I have not had two hours' sleep for four days and nights, but in the midst of the fiery furnace there was a form like unto the Son of God. . . ."

Sister Dora still enjoined secrecy on her doctors, and it was commonly believed that she was dying of consumption. "Her'll get well," the people said, "her never can be going to die"; but this conviction was followed by despair, when, in answer to their anxious inquiries, they received the answer, "No hope—only a question of time."

Sister Dora had hoped that she might recover sufficiently to be able to be carried to the door of the new hospital, which was nearly completed, to declare it open with her own lips; but this last hope vanished. After her return to Walsall she never left her bed. Her sufferings increased. She soon was unable to take solid food, and incessant sickness set in. She could only obtain sleep by the use of opiates, until at last they ceased to have effect. Her old servant, Mrs. H., with the help of two other night-nurses, nursed her through the night, and she was obliged at last to let Mrs. H. dress her wound when the doctor was not available to help her do it herself. She would not send for any of her own family. When two of her sisters went to Walsall for a week, in her morbid desire for concealment she would not allow them to nurse her, and they were obliged to leave her. Even on her deathbed her proud reticence and strong will prevailed. She told her doctors she would not give people the opportunity of "saying that she killed herself by her mode of life," and as long as possible she hid her physical suffering.

The approach of death—merciful death—was only a joy to her. She had struggled so hard for twenty months, and she was so worn out and weary. But this joy and relief was followed by deep depression, and "a horrible dread" of dying oppressed her. "I cannot pray, I cannot think; I sadly fear I shall be lost," were her words: "I can only trust." But even in this darkness her faith enabled her to cling to the cross, though her bright, hopeful spirit seemed

quenched in those deep waters. "I am in God's hands now," was her cry.

Her one earthly anxiety was to find some one competent to take charge of the new hospital. To her relief a friend and former lady pupil promised to undertake the nursing until a permanent head could be found, and on November 4th the hospital was opened in Sister Dora's name. She took great delight in the silver key in a velvet case which was sent to her by the committee.

Whenever she rallied, she showed her old interest in her friends' welfare. Her old patients who came to see her were received with beaming smiles, though perhaps a few minute before she had been groaning with pain. Some of them said "she was that cheerful and jolly that they were sure she would come round."

When her sufferings increased, and she could not pray for herself, she would beg her nurse to pray aloud. "I am not half so good and patient as many of those I have nursed," she would say.

Towards the end of November she grew suddenly worse, and then rallied again, to the amazement of her doctors. The measure of her pain and discipline was not yet full. One who was constantly with her wrote: "I shall never forget the unselfishness, brightness, and patience with which she bore her long trial. Her sufferings were sad to see; but even when she was moaning with pain, which she said was like the cutting of a knife, she would go on dictating (her letters) as best she could between her moans. . . . Her sorrow was that she could not realise God's presence more, and her fear was, lest she should seem impatient. . . . I feel that I cannot give you any true idea of those last hours that I spent with her, as her brave and loving spirit waited for the moment when God would call her to the full, unclouded daylight of eternity, into the dawn of which she seemed already to have entered."

During the last three weeks of her life the course of circulation in her right arm became impeded, and it swelled so painfully that it had to be supported with a cushion. In addition to her other complaint, she suffered from consolidation of the right lung, which caused impeded respiration and distressing cough. But as she sat propped up by pillows she seemed to regain her youthful beauty, and only the touch of white in her hair testified to her age. On Saturday, December 21st, the end seemed approaching, and Sister Dora's depression increased; it was the last time, and her faith triumphed. "I never saw such faith and patience," was the testimony of one of her nurses. On the morning of the 24th she said, "I am dying; run for Sister Ellen." In the biography we read that her faithful attendant "Mrs. H. tried to soothe her, saying, 'Our Blessed Lord is standing at the gates of heaven to open them for you.' But she no longer needed such consolation, for all her darkness was gone, and she answered, 'I see Him there; the gates are opened wide.' . . . When all human efforts for her relief were exhausted," it continues, "she said, as they stood watching her, 'I have lived alone; let me die alone,' repeating 'let me die alone,' till they were forced to leave her, one friend only watching through the half-open door."

They laid her to rest in Walsall Cemetery on December 28th. No one who was present will ever forget that sight. In spite of half-melting snow and drizzling rain, hundreds of old patients followed, until almost the whole of the population seemed to join the procession. There were four workhouse funerals at the same time, and the service was read over all five at once. There was no room in the chapel, and Sister Dora's coffin was placed in the porch; as one of the nurses remarked, "that was just as Sister Dora would have wished—not to be divided, even in death, from the poor people she loved so well." The inscription on the coffin was: "Sister Dora. Entered into rest 24th December, 1878." Her

great wish to sing her Christmas carol in heaven had been granted her.

Seldom has a more beautiful life been lived upon this earth. It was spent in the service of Christ's poor, in ministering to the sick, the sorrowful, and the sinful. Can we doubt that to her the blessed words have been said: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."

Agnes Weston

From a photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

AGNES E. WESTON.

CHAPTER I

THE SAILOR'S FRIEND

"From an old English parsonage
Down by the sea,
There came in the twilight
A message to me.
Its quaint Saxon legend,
Deeply engraven,
Hath, as it seems to me,
Teaching for heaven;
And on through the hours
The quiet words ring,
Like a low inspiration,
'Do the next thing.'"—ANON.

IN writing even a brief sketch, a mere outline, of some living worker, one is generally met at the outset by a bristling phalanx of prejudices or difficulties, and must perforce tread gingerly, with nervous tremour and some degree of trepidation, over the debatable ground. A feeling of reverence, of delicacy, impedes the conscientious writer. The anxiety not to say too much, the fear that we may say too little, hampers one with a feeling of constraint. If we could speak out from our hearts, if we could boldly utter our good words and golden opinions, if we could cry "Well done!" "*bravissima!*" with the multitude, our task would seem so easy, and there would be no need to weigh our sentences.

Dean Goulburn once said to a friend who was about to

write a biography: "I would bear in mind brevity throughout. People will not tolerate lengthy biographies. Give the readers the plums, and nothing else." The advice was good, although it was couched in somewhat novel language; most readers like their plums to be as accessible as possible.

In writing of the notable women of the Victorian era, one figure stands out in strong and prominent relief as a typical worker of the nineteenth century—Agnes Elizabeth Weston, the Seamen's Friend—and no work is more widely known, or appeals more forcibly to our English hearts, than her self-denying labours for her beloved Blue Jackets.

"Doe ye nexte thynge" was certainly Miss Weston's motto; for step by step, as the way opened, the devoted worker was led from small beginnings to vast fields of work.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few," said the Divine Master; "pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers into His harvest."

The golden harvest fields are always ready and waiting to be reaped, the vintage is always ripe for the wine-press, but how few are the labourers! Still, thank God, here and there some brave strong workers step into the breach, ready with all their hearts to "do the next thing."

A short but most interesting account of Miss Weston's life and work has been written by her friend and fellow-worker, Miss Wintz, from which it will be necessary to quote freely. From it we learn that Miss Weston was born in London, and that her father was a barrister and a fellow of several learned societies. The family pedigree of the Westons passed, without a broken link, to the time of the Conquest, when the Norman founder of the house came over with William the Conqueror, and, receiving gifts of manors and lands, became Raoul de Bailleul de Weston. The family removed to Bath, and here Agnes Weston spent her girlhood. The early influences and environment of her

young days were singularly favourable, and her own words were: "Woe to me if, with such a father and mother, and such home influences, I had been aught than a child of God and a worker in His vineyard!"

Although, like St. Augustine, the child of many prayers, Agnes Weston was for some years the source of anxiety to her parents. She was strong-willed, impulsive and passionate in temper, and careless on matters of religion. "I put away the truth deliberately from me," she once wrote, "and the marvel is how the Good Shepherd followed me up."

But in 1856, when she was sixteen, a change came over the young girl, and in reading of her experience, one is reminded of Elizabeth Fry, sitting in the front of the gallery at "Goat's" in her "new purple boots, laced in scarlet," when William Savery, the American Friend, began to preach. In both cases it was through "the foolishness of preaching" that the good seed was sown and brought forth rich fruit, and it was the faithful and vigorous preaching of the Rev. James Fleming, at that time incumbent of All Saints' Chapel, Bath, that first attracted Agnes Weston's wondering attention. She began to listen and to think; then came storm and conflict. Like many other strong natures, Agnes Weston did not attain to peace and victory without long years of fighting and struggle. Doubts and misgivings haunted her, but her proud reserved spirit kept its own counsel. Still, the fierce mental storms through which she passed helped her to understand and sympathise with others who were similarly tried.

Ten years of sunshine and cloud intervened before the clear, unshadowed light dawned on her waiting soul. Truly she could say, with St. Augustine, "Thou hast made us, O Lord, for Thyself, and the soul is restless till it resteth in Thee."

It was during these days of storm and stress that Miss

Weston threw herself into the study of music and organ-playing. She studied for some time under Mr. J. K. Pyne, then organist of the Abbey Church, Bath; and he then suggested that she should place herself under the teaching of the celebrated organist and composer, Dr. S. S. Wesley, of Gloucester Cathedral. Dr. Wesley was not accustomed to train amateurs, but at Mr. Pyne's request he consented to meet Miss Weston in a certain church at Cheltenham. Miss Weston having arrived first at the rendezvous, made her way to the organ loft, and commenced playing one of Bach's pedal fugues, little knowing that Dr. Wesley was listening to her. Miss Wintz gives us the result of the interview. "As soon as the fugue came to a close, he walked into the organ loft, and without introduction said, 'I have heard enough; I will teach you. But do you wish to learn as an amateur?' 'No,' was her immediate answer, 'I want as sharp training as you would give to a professional.' 'You shall have it,' said he, smiling grimly. 'Come back with me to Gloucester, and I will ask the Dean and Chapter to allow you to study on the cathedral organ.' Scarcely a day now passed for some weeks that she was not found rousing the echoes of Gloucester Cathedral, practising morning, noon, and till long after dark, spite of all the ghostly stories narrated by vergers and fellow-pupils."

On her return from Gloucester her father presented her with an organ, which was put up for her use in the new country house he had just built on Lansdowne, near Bath. "Ensleigh," or End-of-the-Sea, was Agnes Weston's home for many years. It was situated on one of the highest hills, the downs stretching behind it. In front the view was very fine: one looked over a beautiful valley to a grand range of hills, "and on again from range to range, till about twenty miles away the panorama is closed by the chalk downs of Wiltshire and the edge of Salisbury Plain; while far below rise the tower and roofs of the old city of Bath."

Such was the lovely home which Miss Weston left with such regret in after-years, when her work called her to a very different sphere; and no doubt the beauty of her environment and the fine bracing moors and air were of great benefit, and helped to endow her with that physical strength, vigour and energy which were such important factors in her life-work. The instrument was being trained; soon it was ready for use, and "Doe ye nexte thinge" became the result.

In the early part of the year 1868, through the kindness of the chaplain, the Rev. E. J. Wright, she received permission to visit the patients at the Bath United Hospital.

With the ardent zeal of a generous nature she desired to share her blessings with others. She had wrestled through the darkness, and her storm-tossed soul was now safely anchored in its haven of peace; and, like the great-hearted Apostle, she too longed to say, "that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." By-and-by she gave a short address in each of the men's wards once a week. She would then go from bed to bed, and speak to each man, accompanying her words by little gifts of flowers and books. On one occasion, during the brief service a poor fellow was brought in terribly crushed by an accident in the stone quarries. The case was pronounced hopeless, and Miss Weston, much distressed, begged for permission to speak to him! It was granted, with the remark, "that as he would never be conscious again in this world, it mattered little what she said to him." Putting her hand gently on the dying man's shoulder, she repeated the text, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "After a short pause she repeated it again. He moved slightly, and big tears rolled down his rough cheeks. This was the only answer she received; but who

can say what passed at that moment between that soul and its God?"

Many interesting incidents from real life were turned to account, and made the subject of tracts by Miss Weston. These obtained a large circulation. She continued her work at the Sunday-school, and unmanageable boys were always drafted into her class. By-and-by the senior boys' class developed into a class for working men, until they reached the average of a hundred each Sunday afternoon. In this work she was assisted by the Rev. Canon Bernard, rector of Walcot, who allowed her the use of the parish schoolroom. Afterwards she rented a mission room in the east of Walcot, which became the centre of her work—working men's Bible classes and prayer-meetings, temperance and Band of Hope work.

Although greatly interested in temperance work, Miss Weston did not herself become a total abstainer for some time. A rather singular circumstance induced her to sign the pledge. A notorious drunkard came to her at one of the temperance meetings, and wished to sign the pledge. As he took up the pen he said to her suddenly, "If you please, Miss Weston, be you a teetotaller?" Somewhat disconcerted by this appeal, she replied "that she only took a glass of wine occasionally, in strict moderation." "Well," returned the man, laying down the pen, "I think I will do just as you say, take a glass sometimes in moderation," and nothing would induce him to sign the total abstinence pledge. He went back to his old life, saying that "he would do as the lady did."

"That night," observed Miss Weston, "I saw my duty very plainly, and I enrolled my name in the pledge book, heartily wishing that I had done so before this poor fellow came forward."

Miss Weston gives us in her own words a valuable testimony as to the salutary effect of total abstinence.

"Although I have worked harder with brain, muscle and nerve than I ever worked before, travelling thousands of miles, frequently holding two meetings a day, and standing at the helm of the large ship entrusted to my care, I may safely say that I have never enjoyed better health. Rest and food are the only doctors which I have had to employ."

The 2nd Somerset Militia assembled every year at Bath for training, and in conjunction with the chaplain, and with the colonel's permission, coffee and reading-rooms for the use of the men were started, and a popular meeting arranged every evening, consisting of songs, readings and addresses.

Miss Weston also undertook a Sunday Bible-class, and one of the officers remarked, "Since Miss Weston has taken the men in hand, and kept them out of the public-houses, they are not like the same fellows." At the close of the training she presented each man with a New Testament. This interesting work among the men of the 2nd Somerset Militia has been taken up and carried on by her sister.

Many people have wondered when and how Miss Weston first commenced her noble work among sailors. "It can be traced back to small beginnings"; it was just doing the next thing that came to hand. "In the early part of 1868," she relates in one of her published statements, "I wrote a letter to a Christian soldier then on passage with his regiment from England to India in H.M.S. *Crocodile*, one of Her Majesty's troop ships. He read and re-read it, and finding comfort and help from its words of Christian sympathy, he showed it to a seaman. The seaman's eyes glistened as he handed back the letter with this remark: 'That is good; we poor fellows have no friend. Do you think that lady would write to me? I would give anything to receive a letter like this.' 'I am sure that she will,' replied the soldier. 'I will write and ask her.' He did so, dating his

letter from Suez. My heart was rejoiced at finding something ever so small to do for Jesus, and I replied at once. That letter was the germ of all my present work in the service. For any ability in the letter-writing way I have to thank the Carus Wilson Soldiers' Friend Society, who supplied me with the names of Christian soldiers with whom I could correspond.

Miss Weston's letter to the seaman brought a grateful reply, enclosing the names of many sailors who would be glad of a letter. Every week the correspondence grew larger. Friendships were made with hundreds of Blue Jackets in this simple way. "We never light our pipes with your letters," wrote one sailor, "because you thinks about and cares for us."

The demand for written letters became so great that Miss Weston was obliged to supplement them with a monthly printed one, which enabled her to reach a greater number of men. During the first year of issue 500 copies a month were sent to individual men. In February 1872, 1,500 copies were forwarded each month. The circulation increased steadily to 21,000, at which figure it now stands. Miss Weston's desire is to speak to each man alone. The title is as follows:—"A Monthly Letter addressed to the Seamen, Marines, and Marine Artillery of the Royal Navy at Home and Abroad."

The whole of the navy now receives these little messengers monthly. They are sent to the royal naval hospitals at Haslar, Plymouth, and Chatham; the coastguard stations have been added, and through the kindness of the Trinity Board she also sends to all the English lighthouses.

After a time Miss Weston found it necessary to bring out a monthly letter for the boys also. Some lads from H.M.S. *Impregnable* came to her as a deputation from the rest with this request: "Please, ma'am, do you think that you could write us boys a letter all to ourselves? we don't

understand the men's." The boys' wish was granted: 500 copies a month were issued: but they soon rose to thousands, and gave great pleasure to the lads, of whom there are some two thousand at Devonport, and several hundred at Falmouth on board H.M.S. *Ganges*, at Portsmouth on board H.M.S. *St. Vincent*, and at Portland on board H.M.S. *Boscawen*. The "Monthly Letters" are sent in sackfuls to the Post Office, to be distributed all over the world to every ship in the service.

To give an idea of the work, "the cost of printing and sending Monthly Letters, salaries of evangelists and Bible-women, postage, temperance and gospel work afloat, relief of destitute seamen, etc., averages £4000 a year."

"In the year 1873 the National Temperance League having undertaken temperance work in the Royal Navy, Miss Weston willingly promised to superintend and carry it on for them." She at once commenced the work with her usual energy. The first step was to get permission to speak to the men on board their ship. Here etiquette and prejudice were against her, but a friend, Admiral Sir W. King Hall, K.C.B., then Admiral Superintendent of the Dockyard at Devonport, came to her help. He stipulated that she should give a short address to the dockyard men at their dinner-time, and that he and his chaplain should be among the listeners. The result was that word was passed to all the ships in the harbour: "Don't be afraid to let Miss Weston come on board and speak to your ship's company; I'll stand security for her." These meetings held on board of a warship by a lady are unique. One of her earliest ones was on board H.M.S. *St. Vincent*, a training ship for boys.

Miss Weston describes the scene in her own graphic way. "I gave them all a good talking-to. The moon struggling through the clouds, the shadowy tracery of the masts and rigging, the outlines of the old *Victory* and the

Duke of Wellington, the lights gleaming from the ports on the water, and the crowd of young Blue Jackets below, was a scene never to be forgotten. There were at least five hundred upturned faces, all listening with eager attention to every word that was spoken, and coming forward in crowds at the close to sign the temperance pledge."

The value of these meetings cannot be overrated, or the importance of gathering such large numbers of men together, and they have given Miss Weston "a hold upon the navy which she never could have gained in any other way."

CHAPTER II

THE SAILORS' REST

"Ever in waiting,
Glad for His call;
Tranquil in chastening,
Trusting through all.
Comings and goings
No turmoil need bring:
His all thy future,—
'Do the next thing.'"—ANON.

MISS WESTON'S work among the sailors at Devonport commenced in a very simple way. On Sunday afternoons, while staying with a friend in the neighbourhood, her attention was drawn to the immense numbers of sailor lads on leave from the training ships who were wandering aimlessly about the streets, getting into bad company. Feeling anxious to get a hold on them, she consulted some officers in the service about the best way to assemble them together; but their answer was by no means encouraging. "They are as restless when they come ashore as birds let out of a cage; they like to roam about, and you will never be able to collect them."

This was damping, but Miss Weston was not to be daunted; even in the face of these difficulties the plan was to be tried. She distributed notices, and invited the lads to meet her in a large public room in Devonport for singing and reading on Sunday afternoon. The first Sunday, after waiting for two hours, only one boy appeared, but he was too frightened to stay without his companions. The following Sunday not one came, and after spending four Sunday afternoons in this discouraging way she returned home much

disheartened, but still unwilling to give it up. She made it a matter of earnest prayer and thought, and unexpected help came. Mrs. Wintz with whom she was staying, offered her kitchen, with tea and cake as an attraction.

Two earnest men, one an employé in H.M. dockyard, and the other a member of the Metropolitan Police, offered to go out and beat up recruits. About a dozen lads were brought in, and the tea, cake and warm kitchen were such attractions that the numbers were soon augmented.

Miss Wintz in her narrative gives a pleasing sketch of one of these sailor lads, Arthur Phillips, who became a regular attendant at the meetings, and whose short, bright young life was so suddenly cut off. "Well, we are crowded out," he would say; "we shall soon have to ask God to give us a larger place, Miss Weston." And when he was drafted into a sea-going ship his last words were, "Never mind, it is God's will; my Saviour will be with me, and as soon as we come into Plymouth Sound again, I shall be up at these dear old meetings like a shot."

Alas! before many months had passed, the news of his death reached his friends. He had been in the habit of going to the bag-racks during the dinner-hour for private prayer, and was climbing down the ladder, when he fell through an open hatchway, the hatch of the chain-locker having been accidentally left open, and was instantly killed. The ship's company erected a tablet to his memory in Bebington Cemetery, near Rock Ferry, Liverpool, with the following inscription:—

In Memory of
ARTHUR PHILLIPS,
Seaman of H.M.S. Triumph,
Aged 18 Years.

Who was killed by an accidental fall on board the said ship on the 15th July, 1874, during the visit of the Channel Squadron to Liverpool. His remains are interred near this spot, and this memorial is erected by his shipmates to testify their esteem for the consistent Christian conduct he always manifested. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.

"Dear lad," wrote his friend, Miss Wintz, "his was indeed a simple, earnest faith, and to his prayers may be traced all the great work which was the outcome of that small kitchen meeting."

Time went on. Miss Weston secured a room in a good situation close to one of the landing-places, and it soon filled with boys. It is a well-known fact that sailors are restless by nature and have a good share of quicksilver, and Miss Weston gave an amusing account of her difficulty of keeping the boys' attention. About two hundred lads were collected, and one afternoon had been fairly quiet during the singing. "I opened my Bible," she went on, "searched for chapter and verse, while my audience, not being interested, began to think of beating a retreat. I heard a slight noise, looked up, and the whole assembly was in motion, some running over the backs of the benches like cats, some slipping underneath. In less than a minute the room was cleared except about a dozen on the front bench who had not been quick enough to fall in with the rest. I was, of course, put on my mettle to keep this small remnant of the scattered forces, and did so. The sailor boys had taught me a most valuable lesson, that the grand thing is to get the attention of your audience; and I must say for our lads, that, once gain their attention, and a more interested audience cannot be met with."

As the work increased, the question arose, "Can't we have a house to which we could come in the week—a temperance house;" in a word, "a public house without the drink," close to the dockyard. We are informed "that the temperance men clamoured for a temperance headquarters, and the Christian men for a religious headquarters, and they carried the day." "But for the pressure brought to bear upon me," Miss Weston has often remarked, "I do not know that I ever should have started the Institute."

Little by little the way opened. In the autumn of 1874 a

suitable house became vacant in Fore Street, a main thoroughfare leading direct to the great gateway of the Royal Dockyard. It was scarcely a dozen steps from the gate, had extensive premises at the back and a good frontage, and was substantially built. A short appeal in the columns of the Christian brought Miss Weston in a few days a sufficient sum to pay a year's rent. Money continued to flow in, until that noble sum of nearly £6000 was collected, which bought and fitted up the Sailors' Rest and Institute. The boys in the training ships saved up their coppers, and men put aside their grog money, and Miss Weston herself travelled hundreds of miles to lay the case before the public. There was a great deal to be done before the place in Fore Street could be used, "old warehouses to be cleared away, a coal-shed and small yard to be converted into a hall, an oilstore into a sailors' dining and sitting-room, and the dingy old shop wreathed with cobwebs transmogrified into a bright attractive bar."

The opening day came at last, and on May 8th, 1876, the doors were thrown open at five o'clock in the morning, and business commenced.

The previous evening the Hall had been filled by people of all denominations, and prayer had been offered "for God's blessing on the building." "The 8th of May was a glorious day," Miss Wintz tells us in her interesting account, "one of the brightest of that sunny month; the servants were up with the lark, but the coffee was hardly hot, and the bread and butter and cakes scarcely cut, before an impatient knocking outside made it very evident that there would be no lack of customers that day. In they came with a rush, and for an hour the popular saying was true, that 'one might have walked on the men's heads.' Sailors just going to catch their boats, dockyard men going to their work in the yard, policemen come in from their night's round, were all glad to get a cup of hot tea, coffee

or cocoa and a roll; and for the remainder of the day there was but little cessation from the stir and bustle of the morning."

The day preceding the opening, three man-of-war's men asked to see Miss Weston, and requested to occupy the new dormitories that night. When she objected that the building had not been formally opened, they replied, "Couldn't you throw the red tape overboard for once, Ma'am? for we've all three got leave from our captain on purpose to sleep here to-night."

The account goes on: "The red tape was thrown overboard, and has never been restored again." The men showed themselves deserving of the kindness, for when the attendant returned from taking them over to the dormitories, he said: "We've got three birds of the right sort here to begin with. When I showed them their room they shut the door, and in a minute I heard one of them reading. I listened: it was from the Bible, and then they knelt down and prayed, and it did my heart good to hear them!" Their photographs are still hanging up, and they have, like the birds, "returned to roost in their own nest whenever they could manage to do so."

No pressure to attend the meetings was brought to bear on the men, but the Hall, with its music and bright services, was close by. In the bar, among the syrups and good things, lies the pledge-book with pen and ink, and many a kind word is said by the servers, which lead to many a signature.

The Hall and the Institute are two departments, distinct yet united. "The Hall, with its evangelistic work, prayer-meetings, Bible-classes, gatherings for sailors' wives and children, temperance work of all kinds, and the Institute, with its refreshment bar, reading, recreation, smoking, dining- and sitting-rooms, containing papers, books, and writing material, both linked indissolubly together, and all

difficulties have been solved in practice by using what Lord Kintore called "sanctified common-sense."

The "public-house without drink" is not only a comfortable home of refreshment to sailors, but also to sailors' wives. The opening of the bar has been very successful, for during the first year £1,998 was taken over the counter.

The boys have a separate department, and an entrance into their own coffee bar. Their reading and recreation room is magnificent as to size and brightness. "It is 'boys, boys, everywhere,' a real home for them when they come ashore, and a place of safety which much rejoices their mothers' hearts.

Sailors are fond of giving nicknames. "We call it the Sailors' Nest, the Three C's," a Blue Jacket once informed an officer in the Navy. "We say one to another, 'Well, Jack, are you going to "The Three C's" to-night?' We don't mean any harm by it, sir, it's a real good meaning; it means 'coffee, 'comfort and company,' and if a man's got good coffee, comfort and plenty of good company, it goes a long way to keep him from what's wrong."

Good work has been done among the boys. A petty officer once told Miss Weston of a most interesting fact that had come under his notice. "I was going round the ship," he said, "when I came upon a dozen boys with a ship's lantern. I thought they were up to mischief, and watched them without their seeing me. The boy with the lantern held it so that the light shone on his book: it was the Bible; he read a few verses out of it, then shut the book, set down the lantern, and they all knelt round it in a circle, and one and another prayed. I found that they met like this every night, and I thought it would do your heart good to hear about it, Miss, as it did me to listen to them; they are boys who come up to 'The Sailors' Rest,' and they say they learnt to love Jesus there."

Years passed away, and the work at the Sailors' Rest went

on; but it became too small for the crowd of occupants. "Do shake out a reef, Miss Weston," pleaded the men. "We must have a bigger place; we often have to look out the softest plank to sleep."

The men were right; but what was to be done? Common sense said: "Get larger quarters and more accommodation close to the dockyard gate"; but, alas, the public-house trade was in possession. Five public-houses and a pawnshop stood in a row, and next door to the Sailors' Rest were three more blocking the way. The matter was made the subject for earnest prayer.

One morning a letter was received with an Italian stamp and the postmark Fiume, and out dropped a cheque for £1000. "This noble sum," Miss Wintz informs us, "came from Mr. Robert Whitehead, inventor of the Whitehead torpedo; and, as the Blue Jackets said, 'a better torpedo had never been fired.'" The late Mrs. Langworthy, of Manchester, also gave £1000, and in large sums and small, from a £1000 to one penny, the money came in, and the public-houses one by one capitulated. The last to give in was the "Dock Gates Inn," next to the dockyard; but one fine morning this stronghold struck its flag, and Miss Weston describes her feelings of gratitude to God when the keys were brought in and laid on her table, and she was the owner of three of the worst public-houses in Devonport.

The ground was cleared and the new building erected, funds still flowing in to cover expenses. The frontage of the new Sailors' Rest is most imposing. "A fine coffee bar, with sailor-boys' room and reading-rooms, cover the ground space, while tier upon tier of dormitories tower above." A side door near the coffee bar leads to a large smoking-room. Ascending the broad staircase, the visitor is shown some small comfortable rooms good enough for an officer, which can be taken for a small rental. Next comes a quiet reading- and smoking-room, and beyond this apartment

come the cabins. This floor communicates by a door with Miss Weston's private house, and includes a book-room.

The cabins are bright and airy. Each man has a tiny room to himself, in which is a bed, chair, some pictures and texts, pegs for his clothes, and a strip of carpet. Many of these are memorial cabins; the sum of thirty guineas constitutes the endowment. These tiny retreats are much prized by the men, who have no quiet place they can call their own on board ship. It is interesting to read some of the names of the cabins. One has the name of "Ruby," another "Diamond," a third "Undaunted," and a fourth "Volage," all after ships of their name. One cabin is called "Little Nan," another "Harry," both in memory of some dear one. The cabin given by the Duchess of Manchester and her husband, Sir Arthur Blackwood, bears simply the text, "My life is hid with Christ in God," those words having been the means of his own conversion.

The Blue Jackets enjoy their clean, comfortable beds, and look forward to a good sleep on shore with delight, as at sea their hardships are often very great.

"The Sailors' Rest as it stands, with sleeping accommodation for over four hundred men, is probably the finest Blue Jackets' coffee palace in the world."

Her Royal and Imperial Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh, accompanied by the Duke, have visited the Sailors' Rest; and, still more recently, the Prince of Wales. On this occasion the Duke of Edinburgh accompanied his brother, and pointed out all the objects of interest. The Prince was highly delighted with all he saw, and greatly admired the cabins. He wrote the following entry in the visitors' book: "I am much impressed by the admirable management and excellence of this institution.—ALBERT EDWARD." And he graciously consented to associate his name with Miss Weston's work.

It might be imagined that the energetic worker would have been satisfied with the vast area of work that lay before her in Devonport; but her wide sympathies were ready to embrace other spheres also. It had always been her intention that as soon as she was free from debt at Devonport, something should be done at Portsmouth, the great naval arsenal of England. Crowds of seamen thronged the Commercial Road, in the northern part of Portsmouth, near the new extension works. Here a small house with a hall at the back, that had been a theatre, was taken. "A tiny bar and reading-room, with a little back parlour, and the concert hall, with two small rooms for Miss Weston, a bedroom or two, and a room for the manager, were all the stock in trade." Here the work was begun and carried on, until a gentleman owning some property in the heart of the town, offered a fine site at a reasonable price.

As in the Devonport work, the matter was made the subject of anxious thought and prayer; and, as before, help was sent. Anthony Denny, Esq., offered his house for a drawing-room meeting, and sent a cheque for a thousand guineas. This formed the foundation stone of the new Sailors' Rest in Commercial Road. There is a graphic description in Miss Wintz's little book. She says: "The situation of this building is unique. A surging crowd ebbs and flows backwards and forwards all day and far into the night. Trams and omnibuses pass every minute, and the noise reminds one of a crowded London thoroughfare. The coffee-bar runs right round the basement, and is spacious and prettily decorated. Large blocks of cabins now tower behind, and a large hall seating a thousand people is in constant use."

The Portsmouth Sailors' Rest was opened by the Blue Jackets themselves on June 13th, 1882. It is impossible to count the number of Blue Jackets who come in and out all day long, though there is a "Sailors' Welcome" and a "Sailors' Home" in Portsea. The Sailors' Rest is often so

crammed that not only cots and shake-downs are full, but the reading-room table, which is declared to have "ample accommodation for nine," and all the other tables, are full too. During the Jubilee year H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Germany, now the Empress Frederick, paid a visit to the Sailors' Rest, and offered to endow a cabin, as her second son, Prince Henry, was a sailor. His portrait now hangs in it. The sailor boys of H.M.S. *St. Vincent* have a suite of rooms devoted to their use; these rooms are also utilised for ambulance and science classes, sailors' wives' meetings, drapery clubs, lending libraries, and naval benefit club. The Duke of York has not only endowed a cabin, but has become President of the Institution. "It is like Prince George; he's a Blue Jacket to the backbone," observed one of his admirers in the service.

On November 8th, 1890, H.M.S. *Serpent* steamed out of Plymouth Sound. On the night of the 10th the magnificent ship struck on a reef, and sank. When that awful telegram reached Devonport: "Total loss of H.M.S. *Serpent*, with all on board," the scenes were harrowing. Crowds of women rushed to the Admiral's office, and the Admiral, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, did his best to help and comfort the poor creatures. He called a meeting, summoned the local branch of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, and also Miss Weston and her coadjutors.

"The Sailors' Rest became a beehive of work—widows, orphans, and broken-hearted mothers coming for help." Subscriptions flowed in amounting to £13,000, wives and mothers were pensioned, and a sum of money at compound interest laid aside for each child on reaching majority. Since that sad time Miss Weston has started an "Employment Bureau" at Devonport, and also at Portsmouth.

When the Royal Naval Exhibition at Chelsea took place

in 1891, the Committee gave Miss Weston permission to erect a model cabin in the Howe Gallery, and also asked her to put a small Sailors' Rest in the grounds for the use of the two hundred seamen and marines on duty. "This cabin, with its spotless bed, strip of carpet, and pictures, always had a crowd round it.

"There, mother," observed a man-o'-war's man one day, "that's where I sleep when I go to Miss Weston's, and I pay for it too."

"Get along, Bill," replied the bright-faced country-woman, "I don't believe thee; that bed and little room would cost five shillings at least. Why, lad, it's fit for an admiral!"

"Well, mother, Miss Weston thinks it's fit for me, and I gets it for sixpence."

From this little anecdote one can see the pride and delight the Blue Jackets take in their cosy cabins. The Prince and Princess of Wales stopped to admire it, and to congratulate Miss Weston on the success of the work. On a trophy over the Bungalow building is inscribed the words, "Miss Weston's Sailors' Rest. For the glory of God and the good of the service."

The terrible loss of H.M.S. *Victoria* off the coast of Syria in 1893 is still fresh in our memories, when the ram of the *Camperdown* cut her nearly in half. That scene of heroism and death was almost unique. We read: "There was no confusion, no panic; the doctors went to save the sick, the ship's police brought up the prisoners, and then the call sounded for the men to fall in on the port side of the deck. In serried lines they stood, looking pale and anxious, the ship meanwhile filling and heeling over. Not a man tried to save himself; all was obedience and order. Even when told to save themselves many laid down their lives for others."

The news was simply overwhelming, and the sorrow and distress awful to contemplate.

A large meeting was called by the Mayor in the Portsmouth Town Hall, and Miss Weston pleaded for the widows and fatherless. She herself gave £500 to the fund, and undertook the administration of the immediate relief. £70,000 was raised, but months passed before this money could be administered. Miss Weston worked her Sailors' Rest as a food depôt and pay office. "We should all have starved but for you," was often said to her.

In the midst of this busy work she received a telegram from Admiral H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, now the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha:

"Clarence House.

"I feel sure that you and your workers will do all that is possible to alleviate the present distress.

"Alfred."

Princess May, too, who was then on the eve of her wedding, sent a touching message of sympathy in response to a telegram from Miss Weston, asking whether, in the midst of her joy, she could find time to send a message to these sorrowful ones.

It was at this time that, through the influence of the Duke of Edinburgh, Her Majesty, through the Secretary of State, conferred the title of "Royal" on the two Sailors' Rests at Devonport and Portsmouth.

Day by day and year by year Agnes Weston's work prospers and increases, and God's blessing seems to rest upon it. Her life is a happy and useful one, and her motto, "Doe y^e^ nexte thinge," has opened up a mighty field of work before her. When her beneficent task is finished and the Master of the Vineyard calls his weary labourer home, may we not venture to hope that on her glad ears the welcome words may fall: "Well done, good and faithful servant"!

Grace Darling

GRACE DARLING.

THE HEROINE OF THE FARNE ISLANDS

"Then let us sing, 'The boatie rows'
To tell of her fair fame,
Who honour on the race bestows—
Grace Darling is her name.

"'The boatie rows, the boatie rows'
In safety through the deep;
For Grace on mercy's mission goes,
And angels watch shall keep."—ANON.

IT is a far cry from the gentle, large-minded philanthropist, Elizabeth Fry, or that ideal and queen of nurses, Florence Nightingale, to the lowly heroine of the Farne Islands; nevertheless, the name of Grace Darling will never sink into oblivion.

"Heroism," says Hare, "is the self-devotion of genius manifesting itself in action," and the very meaning of the word heroine endorses this, for its interpretation in our dictionary is, "a woman of brave spirit, the principal female person who figures in a remarkable action." And it is quite certain, even to the most callous and indifferent mind, that no braver action was ever performed by a woman than the rescue of the shipwrecked mariners by the humble daughter of a lighthouse keeper; and no name has been more tenderly enshrined in the hearts of thousands.

Grace Horsley Darling was born November 24th, 1815, at Bamborough, on the Northumberland coast. She was the seventh child of her parents. Her grandfather, Robert Darling, had settled as keeper of the coal-light on the

Brownsman, the outermost of the Farne Islands. William Darling succeeded his father in that situation, but in 1826 he was transferred to the lighthouse on the Longstone, another of the same group of islands. At the time of their removal to Longstone, Grace was about eleven years old.

There is a description of these islands in a short memoir of Grace Darling by Elizabeth Starling that is worthy of being quoted in full. "The Farne Islands, twenty-five in number at low tide, though situated at no great distance from the Northumberland coast, are desolate in an uncommon degree, and through the channels between the smaller Farne Islands the sea rushes with great force. . . ." Mr. Howitt, speaking of his visit to Longstone, says: "It was, like the rest of these desolate isles, all of dark whinstone, cracked in every direction, and worn with the action of winds, waves and tempests, since the world began. Over the greater part of it was not a blade of grass nor a grain of earth; it was hard and iron-like stone, crusted round all the coast as far as high-water mark with limpet and still smaller shells. We ascended wrinkled hills of black stone, and descended into worn and dismal dells of the same, into some of which, where the tide got entrance, it came pouring and roaring in raging whiteness, and churning the loose fragments of whinstone into round pebbles, and piling them up in deep crevices, with seaweed, like great round ropes, and heaps of fucus. Over our heads screamed hundreds of hovering birds, the gull mingling its hideous laughter most wildly."

And speaking of the time when St. Cuthbert dwelt there, Baine, in his History of Durham, says: "Farne certainly afforded an excellent place for retirement and meditation. Here the prayer or repose of the hermit would be interrupted by the screaming of the waterfowl or the roaring of the wind or waves—not unfrequently, perhaps, would be heard

the thrilling cry of distress from a ship breaking to pieces on the iron shore of the lonely island.

Such was the grim environment of Grace Darling's childhood—the scream of the sea fowl and thunder of the surf breaking on the shore had mingled with her cradle song. Among the desolate rocks the children had made their playground, with shells and seaweed for toys. William Darling was known as a steady, intelligent, trustworthy man, and peculiarly fitted for his onerous post. That of the Longstone lighthouse was a very dangerous one, and only men of tried endurance and strong sense of duty were appointed to it.

Few people realise the intense responsibility, as well as monotony, of the life of a lighthouse-keeper. The first rule given them is to light the lamps every evening at sunsetting, and keep them constantly burning bright and clear till sunrising. This entails long weary night watches, for he must not sleep or leave the room until his comrade relieves him; whatever happens, the light must burn brightly till morning.

In winter the life of a lighthouse-keeper and family is strangely isolated. For weeks at a time they see no visitors nor receive supplies; it is necessary for them to keep abundant stores of food; and, as lighthouses are now provided with libraries, they are not without amusement.

The Darling family seemed a very happy and united one. The children were all educated in a respectable manner. Some of the daughters went out in the world, or married; but Grace, who was remarkable for her retiring disposition, remained at Longstone with her parents, assisting her mother in household tasks. Now and then there were happy reunions, when the brothers and sisters came back to the rocky island home to spend a joyous Christmas. Then the lighthouse fires burnt cheerily, and the parents

looked proudly at the bright young faces gathered round the hearth.

Grace Darling had reached her twenty-second year when the incident occurred which made her name famous. She is said to have been about middle size, of fair complexion, and very comely, gentle in aspect, and with an expression of great mildness and benevolence. William Howitt the poet, who visited her after she had become celebrated, found her the realisation of his idea of Jeanie Deans, the simple heroine in the "Heart of Mid Lothian." She had the sweetest smile, he said, "that he had ever seen in a person of her station and appearance. "You see," he says, "that she is a thoroughly good creature, and that under her modest exterior lies a spirit capable of the most exalted devotion, a devotion so entire, that daring is not so much a quality of her nature, as that the most perfect sympathy with suffering or endangered humanity swallows up and annihilates everything like fear or self-consideration, puts out, in fact, every sentiment but itself."

On September 5th, 1838, the *Forfarshire* steamer, a vessel of three hundred tons burden, under the command of Mr. John Humble, sailed from Hull on her voyage to Dundee with a valuable cargo of bale goods and sheet iron.

There were about twenty-two cabin and nineteen steerage passengers, Captain Humble and his wife, ten seamen, four firemen, two engineers, two coal-trimmers, and two stewards—sixty-three persons. The ship was almost a new one, for she was only two years old, but her boilers were in bad repair. They had been examined at Hull, and a small leak had been detected and closed up. This occasioned a little anxiety in the minds of the passengers, and one of the steerage passengers, Mrs. Dawson, was heard to say, that if her husband came down to the vessel in time she should return with him.

The vessel sailed about half-past six in the evening, and

passing through the Fairway between the Farne Islands and the land, entered Berwick Bay about eight. The wind blew strong from the north, and the leak increased so rapidly that the firemen could not keep the fires burning. About ten the *Forfarshire* bore off St. Abb's Head, the storm still raging. We read, "the engines soon after became utterly useless, and the engine-man reported that they would not work. There being great danger of drifting ashore, the sails were hoisted fore and aft, and the vessel got about, in order to get her before the wind and keep her off the land. No attempt was made to anchor. The vessel soon became unmanageable, and the tide setting strong to the south she proceeded in that direction. It rained heavily during the whole time, and the fog was so dense that it became impossible to tell the situation of the vessel. At length breakers were discovered close to leeward, and the Farne Light, which about the same period became visible, left no doubt as to the imminent peril of all on board."

Between three and four the vessel struck with her bows foremost on the rocks, and some of the crew, intent on self-preservation, lowered the larboard-quarter boat down, and left the ship. An awful scene of panic ensued.

"Very soon after the first shock a powerful wave struck the vessel on the quarter, and raising her off the rocks, allowed her immediately after to fall violently down upon it, the sharp edge striking her about midships. She was by this fairly broken in two pieces, and the after-part, containing the cabin with many passengers, was instantly carried off through a tremendous current called the Piper Gut. . . . The captain and his wife were among those who perished."

There were only now nine unfortunate creatures left on the wreck—four passengers and five of the crew. Amongst the former was Mrs. Dawson, the steerage passenger, who

had wished to leave the vessel. Her husband had not come in time. She was amongst the few who were in the forepart of the vessel. She had her two children with her, a boy and girl, aged eight and eleven. She held them firmly to the last; but when relief came the children lay stiffened corpses in her arms. It is impossible to describe their sufferings; they were half frozen by the cold, and heavy seas washed over them tearing off their clothing, while the hideous clamour of the wind and waves drowned their shrieks of agony. At the Longstone Lighthouse there was only William Darling and his wife and daughter. The dwellers in lighthouses are used to storms, but on the night of the 5th such a tremendous wind arose, and such a deluge of rain fell, that they felt unusual anxiety. If the account of this night be reliable, we are informed that Grace found it impossible to sleep. Towards morning she dozed, and then woke with a piercing cry for help in her ears. She roused her father at once, but though through the mist William Darling's glass showed him dim figures clinging to the wreck, he shrank from the idea of tempting the raging abyss of water. It was at Grace's solicitation that the boat was launched. The brave girl seized an oar and sprang into it, and her father soon followed.

"It is worthy of being noticed that Grace never had occasion to assist in the boat previous to the wreck of the *Forfarshire*, others of the family being at hand.

"In estimating the danger," the narrator continues, "which the heroic adventurers encountered, there is one circumstance which ought not to be forgotten. Had it not been ebb tide, the boat could not have passed between the islands; and Darling and his daughter knew that the tide would be flowing on their return, when their united strength would have been utterly insufficient to pull the boat back to the lighthouse island; so that, had they not got the assistance of the survivors in rowing back again, they

themselves would have been compelled to remain on the rock beside the wreck until the tide ebbed again."

Contemporary evidence is always valuable; and in the accounts that have reached us of Grace Darling's heroic act, there is nothing exaggerated or overstrained—it was, as we have already quoted, only "the self-devotion of genius manifesting itself in action."

It does not need a vivid imagination to picture that scene: the frail boat toiling over the billows, the slight girl bending over her oar, passionate pity and compassion for the poor sufferers nerving her weak arm with superhuman strength. Who knows what silent prayers went up to Heaven as she looked fearfully across the stormy waters, while the startled seabirds shrieked above her head, and and the salt spray dashed in her face? "It could only have been by the exertion of muscular power, as well as determined courage, that the father and daughter carried the boat up to the rock," we are informed, in the same trustworthy account of the rescue; "and when there, a danger, greater even than that which they had encountered in approaching it, arose from the difficulty of steadying the boat, and preventing its being destroyed on those sharp ridges by the ever-restless chafing and heaving of the billows."

By this time the unfortunate sufferers were nearly prostrate. Mrs. Dawson, with a mother's undying devotion, still held her dead children in her arms; the poor little creatures had been so buffeted and battered against the cruel rocks that they had not long survived.

A fireman named Donovan had lain on the rock for three hours in cruel suffering, lashed and beaten by the waves as they washed over him. But he had held firmly on to a strong spike nail; and though his hands were bleeding he would not let go.

The difficult task was accomplished, and great was the amazement of the survivors of the wreck when the boat

approached the rock, and they saw one of their deliverers was a girl; tears streamed down the sailors' weatherbeaten faces as they watched her straining efforts. "God bless her!" was probably the cry of their heart, "she must be one of God's angels, and not a mere woman." One by one the poor creatures were safely placed in the coble, but the return was even more perilous than the outward journey; but Longstone was reached at last, and the sufferers were housed in the hospitable lighthouse. Here, owing to the raging seas, they were obliged to remain from Friday morning until Sunday. Grace gave up her bed to poor Mrs. Dawson, whose mental and bodily sufferings were intense, and contented herself with lying on a table; and the boat's crew that came off to their relief from Sunderland, and who were also detained by stress of weather, slept on the floor round the fire.

Grace Darling's heroic deed was soon noised abroad, and the Longstone lighthouse became the centre of attraction to thousands. Many people visited the wreck, which consisted of the forecastle, part of the engine, paddle-wheels, anchor, cable, foremast, and rigging. Search was made for the missing bodies, but with little success; and the cargo, which was extremely valuable, could not be recovered. A public subscription was soon set on foot, and Grace was presented with the splendid gift of £700. The Royal Humane Society also forwarded a vote of thanks to her, and the President presented her with a silver teapot, and money flowed in from other sources. At Newcastle the amount of £280 10*s.* 3*d.* was subscribed. Grace received £160, and her father £58, and £35 was presented to the North Sunderland boatmen. A most gratifying note was received by the editor of the *Sun* from the hero of Navarino.

"Sir,—As I do not know where to send the enclosed subscription for Grace Darling, I shall feel obliged by your

forwarding it to the committee. I earnestly hope that the amount collected may be commensurate with the extraordinary deserts of that heroic girl, whose conduct in such a perilous and almost hopeless undertaking does honour to humanity.

"I remain, etc.,
"E. CODRINGTON."

"The Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck" voted the silver medal to William Darling and his daughter, and subscribed £10 to the Darling fund. The directors of the "Glasgow Humane Society" also sent their honorary medal to Grace. It bore the following inscription:—

"Presented by the Glasgow Humane Society to Miss Grace Horsley Darling, in admiration of her dauntless and heroic conduct in saving (along with her father) the lives of nine persons from the wreck of the *Forfarshire* steamer, 7th September, 1838."

The Duke of Northumberland also took a great interest in Grace Darling; he not only gave a handsome subscription to the testimonial, but took care of the money collected, and advised her how to invest it.

Of course Grace's portrait was taken, and sold with astonishing rapidity; indeed, the simple heroine excited such a furore, that actually the manager of a theatre conceived the idea of having the occurrence represented on the stage, and offered her £800 for merely sitting in a boat that every one might see her. But Grace Darling's self-respect would not allow her to become a spectacle for curious eyes.

"She was glad to have saved lives at the risk of her own," she affirmed, "and would most willingly do it again if opportunity should occur; but she could not feel that she had done anything great, and certainly she did not wish

for the praise that had been bestowed on her. As for going to the theatre to receive the plaudits of a curious crowd, that was the last thing she desired."

As the days passed on Grace became still more famous. The Duchess of Northumberland sent for her to Alnwick Castle, and though she did not see the Queen, Her Majesty was well acquainted with the deed.

Hero worship is sometimes ludicrous as well as inconvenient, as an amusing extract from a paper informs us. "Grace Darling's name is now as well known throughout the island as Queen Anne's; and to tell the people of the decease of the one is about as necessary as to warn them of the living glory of the other. . . . All feel individual gratitude to Grace Darling, and not a stranger that talks of her but knows her intimately. But, as we have said, the expression of this feeling of love and reverence is assuming an awkward character. It has taken, it appears, the shape, or shapes, of infinite demands upon her generosity in a minor way . . . just one ringlet, one apiece for upwards of ten thousand applicants scattered over various parts of the kingdom, but all linked together by a common sentiment. The last report is (we quote the newspapers) that Grace is nearly bald; that lock after lock has gone, each finding its way into ring, brooch, or locket, until 'The Darling of life's crew' discovers, like Cæsar, that a laurel crown may be worn for use as well as ornament, may hide as well as adorn."

William Howitt gives an interesting account of his visit to Longstone and his interview with Grace Darling.

"When I went she was not visible, and I was afraid I should not see her, as her father said she very much disliked meeting strangers that she thought came to stare at her; but when the old man and I had had a little conversation he went up to her room, and soon came down with a smile, saying she would be with us soon. So when we had

been up to the top lighthouse and had seen its machinery, had taken a good look-out at the distant shore, and Darling had pointed out the spot of the wreck, and the way they took to bring the people off, we went down and found Grace sitting at her sewing, very neatly but very simply dressed in a plain sort of striped print gown, with her watch-seal just seen at her side, and her hair neatly braided—just, in fact, as such girls are dressed, only not quite so smart as they often are. She rose very modestly, and with a pleasant smile said, 'How do you do, sir?' Her figure is by no means striking—quite the contrary; but her face is full of sense, modesty and genuine goodness; and that is just the character she bears. Her prudence delights one. We are charmed that she should so well have supported the brilliancy of her humane deed. It is confirmative of the notion that such actions must spring from genuine heart and mind."

The *Sunderland Herald* of November 22nd also contained a very pleasant article on the Darlings. After describing Grace much as William Howitt had done, it went on: "There is excellent accommodation to be met with at Longstone lighthouse, although it stands alone, upon a barren rock, five miles from the mainland. The tower is very ingeniously constructed, and contains a well-furnished sitting-room, in which is a capital collection of popular works, and three or four comfortable bedrooms. These, with an abundance of good, wholesome, homely fare, together with the very cheerful service of Grace and her parents, render a visit to the Farne Islands a treat of no ordinary description. Grace was taught to read and write by her father, together with seven of her brothers and sisters, and their schoolroom was the lantern of the lighthouse. William Darling, the father of Grace, is only in his fifty-fourth year, though he looks much older. His face reminds me of the late Thomas Stothard, R.A., the

painter of 'The Canterbury Pilgrimage,' and his person of the venerable Earl Grey. He reads much, and is most passionately fond of natural history.

"Mrs. Darling is a hale, comely old lady, bordering on threescore, and may be found engaged three-parts of the day at her spinning-wheel. It is true she assisted to make ready the boat at daybreak on the morning of the melancholy wreck of the *Forfarshire*; but her heart failed her when her husband and child pushed off, and as the waves receded from the rock on which she stood trembling with tears, she exclaimed, "Oh, Grace, if your father is lost, I'll blame a' you for this morning's work."

It is interesting to know that the boat which carried Grace Darling and her father that eventful day is probably still in existence. It was, we believe, exhibited at the Exhibition of 1862, and again at the Naval and Fisheries Exhibition. It came into possession of her brother, Mr. George Darling, who afterwards sold it to Major Joicy, of Stocksfield-on-Tyne. Some planks taken out of it for repairs have been preserved as great treasures, and snuff-boxes and other articles made from them.

It is painful to reflect that this beloved heroine was destined to an early death, for she was only six-and-twenty when consumption carried her off. Grace had never been particularly robust; she was slight of frame, and had not a strong build. Her health appearing delicate towards the end of 1841, she was by medical advice removed from Longstone lighthouse to Bamborough, and placed under the care of a doctor, Mr. Fender. Finding herself no better, Grace begged to be removed to Wooler for change of air. "Wooler is a small market town in Northumberland, eighteen miles north-west of Alnwick, and is situated on the borders of the county. The scenery is delightful, for it is in the midst of a country varied with sunny hills and picturesque glens, which belong principally to the Cheviot range, the Humbleton, Hedgehope,

and Beamish-head hills." But the pure, bracing atmosphere gave the invalid no relief, and it was evident that she was slowly fading.

At the request of her father she met him at Alnwick with a view of accompanying him to Newcastle for further medical advice. The Duchess of Northumberland, hearing of her arrival at Alnwick, procured for her a comfortable lodging in an airy part of the town, and sent her own physician. But all care and skill failed to arrest the fatal disease. Her father grew anxious that she should be with her own people; she was therefore removed to her sister's house at Bamborough, where she arrived only ten days before her death. On the day Grace left Alnwick, the Duchess, with a single attendant, went to the lodging for the purpose of bidding her farewell, which she did with the most unaffected kindness. Grace bore her suffering with patience and resignation. Her eldest sister, Thomasin, nursed her devotedly; but though human love could soothe her last moments, it could not prolong her life.

Throughout her trying illness she was never heard to murmur or utter a complaint. "Shortly before her death," we are informed, "she expressed a wish to see as many of her relations as the peculiar nature of their employments would admit, and, with surprising fortitude and self-command, she delivered to each one of them some token of remembrance. This done, she calmly awaited the approach of death; and finally, on October 20th, 1842, resigned her spirit without a murmur." The funeral took place at Bamborough, and was very numerously attended.

Two worthy memorials of Grace Darling have been erected —one in Bamborough churchyard, and the other in St. Cuthbert's Chapel, on the Farne Island. The former contains a recumbent figure of Grace Darling, and the other,

which was put up on September 9th, 1844, bears this inscription :—

To the Memory of
GRACE HORSLEY DARLING,
A Native of Bamborough, and an Inhabitant of these Islands,
Who Died October 20th, 1842,
Aged 26 Years.

But her best memorial is in the countless hearts that still love and cherish her, and to whom the name of Grace Darling, the noble heroine of the Farne Islands, is and always will be a sweet and sacred memory of a woman's pity and a woman's heroism.

Princess Alice

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE.

CHAPTER I

AN ENGLISH PRINCESS

"The fierce white light that beats upon a throne,
For which so many royal heads are hid,
Served but to make her worth more widely known,
To glorify the acts of grace she did.

QUOTED FROM "TRUTH."

MANY, many years ago, in the old days that sometimes seem so near and at others so far away, the writer of this sketch remembers standing in the vestibule of Buckingham Palace, waiting with thrills of suppressed excitement to see the Queen come down from her private apartments. Her Majesty was to open or prorogue Parliament that day; at this distance of time that matter is involved in haze, but she remembers the court was in mourning for some royal personage.

Down the grand staircase came the little procession; the Queen, small of stature but of regal dignity, leaning on the arm of her stalwart, handsome husband, the goodly Prince Consort, and behind them a slim girlish figure in white.

There was a moment's delay at the door while the Queen took her train from the pages before stepping into the carriage; and even to this day, through the mists of these long years, the writer has a vivid memory of the young Princess, so bright and animated and full of life, the pale expressive face looking small and girlish under its wreath of roses. That bright, happy-looking young girl was the Princess Alice,

whose name is still so beloved and honoured, and whose beautiful life was closed by so early and tragic a death.

Princess Alice was born at Buckingham Palace on April 25th, 1843. She was the third child and the second daughter of our gracious Sovereign. "Our little baby is to be called Alice," she wrote to King Leopold—"an old English name, and the other names are to be Maud (another old English name, and the same as Matilda), and Mary, as she was born on Aunt Gloucester's birthday. The sponsors are to be, the King of Hanover, Ernestus Primus (now Duke of Coburg), poor Princess Sophia Matilda, and Feodore (Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg), and the christening to be on the 2nd of June." The King of Hanover, however, arrived too late to be present at the ceremony; but the happy mother wrote in her cheery way, "that it went off very brilliantly. Nothing could be more *anständig*, and little Alice behaved extremely well."

The childhood of Princess Alice, like all the other Royal children's, was a happy one. "I ever look back to my childhood and girlhood as the happiest time of my life," she wrote herself in 1869. By her parents she was considered the beauty of the family; and according to the Queen "she was a very vain little person." On her fourth birthday Lady Lyttelton wrote a charming description of the little Princess. "Dear Princess Alice is too pretty, in her low frock and pearl necklace, tripping about and blushing and smiling at her honours. The whole family indeed appear to advantage on birthdays; no tradesman or country squire can keep one with such hearty, simple affection and enjoyment. One present, I think, we shall all wish to live farther off—a live lamb, all over pink ribbons and bells. He is already the greatest pet as one may suppose." And again: "Princess Alice's lamb is the cause of many tears. He will not take to his mistress, but runs away lustily, and will soon butt at her, though

she is most coaxy, and said to him in her sweetest tones, after kissing his nose often, 'Milly, dear Milly! do you like me?'"

Simplicity and careful discipline were maintained in the royal nurseries and schoolroom. The latter at Windsor Castle, "was a large delightful room with views over the South Terrace, the stables and the Home Park, and is now used by Princess Beatrice. We are told that, in spite of its luxurious furniture," on the walls still hang the numberless sketches and paintings executed by the Princesses of scenes in Scotland, pet animals and birds, and various essays at family portraits. The Queen encouraged her children to speak foreign languages by making them act little theatrical pieces; tableaux also were got up in the royal nursery, and in 1854 the Queen gave them for their own use the lovely Swiss cottage and gardens in the grounds of Osborne, where the boys could practise carpentering and gardening, and the girls cookery and housekeeping. The Queen would often be entertained there by the children.

From some memoranda contributed by the then Crown Princess to the Memoir of the Princess Alice, we read, that "fresh, blooming and healthy, escaping most of the illnesses of childhood, cheerful, merry, full of fun and mischief, she (Princess Alice) delighted in all bodily exercises, such as gymnastics, skating, etc. Above all she was passionately fond of riding and of horses. She preferred playing with her brothers, and was bold and fearless as a boy. With all this she soon showed proofs of real kindness of heart and tender consideration for others."

In 1849 she and the three eldest children accompanied their parents to Ireland, and in 1850 to the Highlands. All her life Princess Alice was an enthusiastic lover of Highland scenery.

The young Princess formed a warm friendship in her

girlhood with the Princess Louise of Prussia, now Grand Duchess of Baden, who records her impression of her.

"She was at that time most graceful in appearance, charming, merry, and amiable; and though always occupying a subordinate place to her very gifted and distinguished sister, there never was the least semblance of disagreement. Alice's cheerful disposition and her great power of observation showed itself very early in the pleasantest manner, and she had a remarkable gift of making herself attractive to others. . . . Our walks and drives together, the life in the schoolroom, the games in the corridors or in dear old Baron Stockmar's room,—these and all the pleasure and enjoyment of being together with the two sisters, will ever remain amongst the happiest and most lasting of my recollections."

And later on she writes: "A great vein of humour showed itself in her (Princess Alice), as well as a certain sharpness in criticising people who were not congenial to her. Many a little conflict took place in the schoolroom; but while the individuality of the sisters became more and more distinct, their happy relations to one another became unchanged."

The life in the Highlands was full of delight to the Royal children. They were encouraged to visit the humblest cottages; their visits also to their grandmother the Duchess of Kent at Frogmore and Abergeldie were much enjoyed.

Princess Alice's first visit abroad was to Cherbourg; when she accompanied her parents.

The marriage of the Princess Royal the following year made a great change in the life of the Princess Alice. She was now the eldest daughter, and had new responsibilities and duties; her intercourse with her father became closer, and from him she gained her love of art and music.

On April 21st, 1859, her confirmation took place. She had been carefully prepared for it by the Dean of Windsor (the

Hon. and Very Rev. G. Wellesley); the Prince Consort had also given her instruction. "She was in a most devotional state of mind," the Queen wrote to King Leopold; "quiet, gentle, self-possessed, and deeply impressed by the importance and solemnity of the event. She answered admirably at her examination, and went through the ceremony in a very perfect manner." The Queen had before this given her opinion in the following words: "She is very good, gentle, sensible, and amiable, and a real comfort to me. I shall not let her marry as long as I can reasonably delay her doing so." But in spite of the Queen's avowed determination, it was not long before Prince Louis of Hesse paid an eventful visit to England. In the following year, 1860, he and his brother, Prince Henry, were guests at Windsor Castle. After their departure the Prince Consort wrote to Baron Stockmar that Prince Louis and Princess Alice had formed a mutual liking. This was in June, and in November Prince Louis paid a second visit. The Queen wrote of the betrothal in her Journal as follows:—

". . . After dinner, whilst talking to the gentlemen, I perceived Alice and Louis talking before the fireplace more earnestly than usual, and when I passed to go to the other room, both came up to me, and Alice, in much agitation, said he had proposed to her, and he begged my blessing. I could only squeeze his hand and say 'Certainly,' and that we would see him in our room later. Got through the evening, working as well as we could. Alice came to our room . . . agitated but quiet. Albert sent for Louis to his room; he went first to him; and then called Alice and me in. . . . Louis has a warm, noble heart. We embraced our dear Alice, and praised her much to him. He pressed and kissed my hand, and I embraced him. After talking a little, we parted. A most touching, and to me a sacred moment."

The betrothed couple were very happy. The young prince was at that time three-and-twenty, and very manly and attractive. When her *fiancé* left England Princess Alice spent the greater part of her evenings with the Duchess of Kent, either reading or playing on the piano to her. The Duchess' health was breaking, and on March 16th of the following year she passed away, in the presence of the Queen, Prince Consort, and Princess Alice.

The Princess Royal set out from Berlin to be with her mother in her sorrow, and both she and the Princess Alice were sources of great comfort to the afflicted Queen.

On April 33th the contemplated marriage of Princess Alice with Prince Louis of Hesse Darmstadt, was announced by the Queen to the Privy Council, and communicated by message to Parliament. A dowry of £30,000 and an annuity of £6,000 was voted without a dissentient voice. "She will not," writes the Prince Consort, "be able to do great things with it."

In May Prince Louis arrived at Osborne for a visit, and fell ill with the measles. Prince Leopold caught them from him and was seriously ill. Prince Louis also paid another visit in September, and joined them at Balmoral.

In the midst of all the festive preparations for Princess Alice's marriage the following year, a terrible event was to overshadow the royal household. The Prince Consort fell ill, low fever set in, and, worn out by overwork and anxiety, though still in the prime of life, the beloved husband and father passed peacefully away on December 14th, 1861.

It was during these days of mourning that Princess Alice showed her strength of mind and her devotion to her broken-hearted mother. A passage must be quoted here from the testimony of an eye-witness. "Herself filled with intensest sorrow at her beloved father's death—and what a father! what a head of a family! what a friend and adviser to his wife and children!—she at once took into her own

hands everything that was necessary in those first dark days of the destruction of that happy home. All communications from the ministers and household passed through the Princess's hands to the Queen, then bowed down with grief. She endeavoured in every way possible, either verbally or by letter, to save her mother all trouble. The decision to leave Windsor for Osborne directly after the Prince's death, according to the urgent wish of the King of the Belgians, and which it was so difficult and painful for the Queen to make, was obtained by the Princess's influence." And in a memorandum by the Grand-Duchess of Baden: "It was the very intimate intercourse with the sorrowing Queen at that time which called forth in Princess Alice that keen interest and understanding in politics for which she was afterwards so distinguished. . . . The Princess suddenly developed into a wise, far-seeing woman, living only for others, and beloved and respected by the highest as well as by the lowest."

The *Times* always spoke with warm admiration of the young Princesss' devotion and unselfishness in those trying days. "It is impossible to speak too highly of the strength of mind and self-sacrifice shown by Princess Alice during those dreadful days."

The preparations for her marriage still continued, according to the known intentions and wishes of the Prince Consort. It was solemnised quietly at Osborne on July 1st, 1862. The Archbishop of York performed the ceremony in the absence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was ill. It was a sad wedding. The Duke of Saxe Coburg led the bride to the altar, the Queen sitting behind in deep mourning.

The newly married pair spent three days at St. Clare, near Ryde, and on July 9th they left England. It must have been a sore trial to the devoted daughter to leave her widowed mother and her beloved country; but hers was a

marriage of true and dear affection, and, in spite of sad drawbacks, the newly wedded pair were very happy.

The Grand-Ducal Family of Hesse were also in trouble. Some weeks before Princess Alice's marriage the Grand-Duchess had died; nevertheless, preparations for a brilliant reception were being made. The young couple stayed at Brussels a short time, and on the 12th made their state entry into Darmstadt. The Princess made a great impression by her sweet looks, grace, and dignity. Her new home was an unpretending house in a quiet quarter of the town, near the palace of Prince and Princess Charles of Hesse. Her household was on a very simple scale. In a letter to the Queen she writes: "We then went to our rooms, which are very small, but so prettily arranged, with such perfect taste, all by my own dear Louis; they look quite English."

Her reception seemed to have touched the Princess's heart, for in another letter she says: "I am really deeply touched by the kindness and enthusiasm shown by the people, which is said to be quite unusual. They wait near the house to see us, and cheer constantly, even the soldiers. . . . The whole family are very amiable towards me, and Prince Alexander is most clever and amusing."

Some of the young wife's letters strike a deeper keynote of intense happiness mingled with filial sympathy for her bereaved mother. "If I could relinquish part of my present happiness to restore you some of yours," she writes, in the fulness of her yearning love, "with a full heart would I do it; but God's will be done! God sustain my precious mother! is the hourly prayer of her loving and sympathising child." And in another place: "You tell me to speak to you of my happiness—our happiness. You will understand the feeling which made me silent towards you, my own dear bereaved mother, on that point. . . . If I say I love my dear husband, that is scarcely enough; it is a love and esteem which increases daily, hourly; which he also

shows to me by such consideration, such tender, loving ways. What was life before, to what it has become now! There is such blessed peace in being by his side, being his wife; there is such a feeling of security; and we two have a world of our own when we are together, which nothing can touch or intrude upon."

The summer passed happily. The Prince and Princess paid a short visit to Coburg, and a longer one to Auerbach, from whence they made excursions to Heidelberg and Carlsruhe. In September they went to Rheinhardtsbrunn, in Thuringen, to meet the Queen, and it was then arranged they were to spend the winter and spring in England with Her Majesty.

The house in Darmstadt was so small that plans had to be made for a new palace. It was a great comfort to the Princess to be with her mother on the first anniversary of her father's death.

On the last day of the old year Princess Alice met with a carriage accident, which happily was followed by no bad results.

The next event in her life was the marriage of her brother, the Prince of Wales, to the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, on March 10th following, and on April 5th the Princess Alice gave birth to a daughter at Windsor Castle.

The little Princess was christened on the 27th by the Hessian Court Chaplain Bender, and received the names of Victoria Alberta Elizabeth Matilda. After a short stay in London, Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse, with their infant daughter, returned to Darmstadt. They spent the summer months at Kranichstein, a shooting lodge near Darmstadt, belonging to the Grand-Duke. She writes to her mother about her little daughter: "Our little one is grown so pretty. She has little pink cheeks, and is so fat and good-humoured. I often think her like you when she smiles."

The Congress of German potentates and princes at Frankfort in August brought the Princess into contact with many crowned heads.

Later the Princess met the Queen at Coburg, and afterwards received Her Majesty and her sisters Helena, Louise, and Beatrice, with her brother Alfred, on a short visit at Kranichstein. A few weeks later the Prince and Princess, with their child, joined the Queen at Balmoral. When they returned to Darmstadt in November they found the new palace had made progress and was roofed in. The Grand-Duke had given the site, and the plans were from the Princess's designs.

In December Prince Louis' only sister Anna was engaged to be married to the Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and the Princess spent her first Christmas in Germany in this year, 1863. She gives a simple little description of her preparations: "A great pleasure I have had in arranging a tree for our good servants. I bought all the things myself at the market, and hung them on the tree; then I also got things for darling Louis." In another letter: "Baby had a little tree early at her grandpapa's and grandmamma's, with all her pretty things.

1864 was an eventful year for Germany. After a severe struggle the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein were wrested from the control of the German Confederation at Frankfort, and occupied by Austrian and Prussian troops. The marriage of the Princess Anna on May 12th was a cause of great rejoicing. The year passed pleasantly to the Princess. She and her husband spent three happy months in England, and on their return received a good many guests at Kranichstein.

But amid social duties and pleasures, Princess Alice's earnest mind did not lose sight of her higher duties and responsibilities. She became the "Protectress" of the Heidenreich Institution for Lying-in-Women, which was

the beginning of the active interest taken by her in all sanitary improvements. She writes to her mother, a most interesting description of this charity: "I am patroness of the 'Heidenreich Stiftung,' to which you also gave a handsome present in the beginning. The ladies who belong to it take linen to poor respectable women in child-birth who claim their assistance. They bring them food, and, in short, help them. All cases are reported to me. The other day I went *incog.* with Christa in the old part of the town—and the trouble we had to find the house! At length, through a dirty courtyard, up a dark ladder into one little room, where lay in one bed the poor woman and her baby; in the room four other children, the husband, two other beds and a stove. But it did not smell bad, nor was it dirty. I sent Christa down with the children, then with the husband cooked something for the woman, arranged her bed a little, took her baby for her, bathed its eyes (for they were so bad, poor little thing!) and did odds and ends for her. I went twice. The people did not know me, and were so nice, so good, and touchingly attached to each other, it did one's heart good to see such good feelings in such poverty."

On November 1st a second daughter was born to Princess Alice, who received the name, Elizabeth Alexandra Louise Alice. Her Memoir informs us: "The Princess was very proud of being able to nurse her child herself, and from this time she took up with the keenest interest all questions relating to the physical, mental and moral training of children. She found an able supporter and independent adviser in Dr. Weber, a very eminent medical man resident at Darmstadt.

"The little daughter," she writes, "was but a momentary disappointment to us, which we have quite got over. We console ourselves with the idea that the little pair will look very pretty together." And again: "We liked

Elizabeth on account of St. Elizabeth being the ancestress of the Hessian as well as the Saxon House."

In January 1865 Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse paid their long deferred visit to Berlin, and were received with the greatest kindness by the King and Queen of Prussia, who had been much attached to Princess Alice in her childhood.

A great trouble came to the Grand-Ducal family in April, when they received the news of the death of the young Grand-Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Prince Louis' only sister, "die Prinzesschen," who had been the pet of the house. She had died a few days after giving birth to a daughter. This sad event made a deep impression on the Princess. In May she writes as though her thoughts were occupied by grave subjects.

"I read serious books a good deal, and of a Sunday together we read out of Robertson's Sermons. In the second series there is one, 'The Irreparable Past,' for young people, so cheering, so encouraging, so useful. Louis read it to me on his return from Schwerin after poor Anna's death. A short life indeed, and it makes me feel the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of labour, self-denial, charity, and all those virtues which we ought to strive after. Oh that I may die having done my work and not sinned with *Unterlassung des Guten* (omission to do what is good), the fault into which it is easiest to fall!"

And in her letter of December 30th: "This is my last letter this year. In many ways a happy one has it been, though it has deprived us of many dear and near ones. Each year brings us nearer the *Wiedersehen* (reunion with the dead), though it is sad to think how one's glass is running out, and how little good goes with it compared to the numberless blessings we receive."

CHAPTER II

A ROYAL HEART

"'She being dead, yet speaketh'—all may hear
The message left us by her lovely life,
In deeds that live, in actions that endear,
As princess, sister, daughter, wife!"

"TRUTH," 1878.

THE following year the new palace was completed, much to the Princess' satisfaction. She also extended the field of her practical usefulness. She took a good deal of interest in the idea of founding special asylums for poor idiots, and organised a grand bazaar in her new palace; indeed, she sympathised with all good works.

Her inward life was not without its conflicts and troubles, and her strong, earnest nature came into contact with many serious questions.

To quote from her Memoir: "The traces of perfect trust in God, and entire submission to His will, will be found throughout her letters. We know at one time she wavered in her convictions. Although she never doubted the value of practical religion, although she ever turned to her Bible for help and comfort in hours of distress and anxiety, she had to wrestle heart and soul with theoretical doubts. It seems to have been a struggle of many years' duration, at the commencement and end of which personal influences played a great part."

An intimate friend of the Princess furnishes some interesting details on this subject. "After her son's death," she writes, "I observed a great change in her feelings. Before that time . . . she had allowed herself to be led away by the free-thinking philosophical views of others. After Prince Fritz died she never spoke in such a way again. . . . Some time afterwards she told me herself, in the most simple and touching manner, how this change had come about. I could not listen to her story without tears. The Princess told me she owed it all to the child's death and to the influence of a Scotch gentleman, a friend of the Grand-Duke and the Grand-Duchess, who was residing with his family at Darmstadt.

"I owe all to this kind friend," was her remark; and a note appended to this memorandum informs us that Princess Alice "returned to the faith in which she was reared, and died in it a devout Christian."

The unfortunate conflict about the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein had brought about the war of 1866. The Princess' German sympathies made her regard the struggle with great pain—"brother against brother," as she expresses it.

Prince Louis was obliged to assume command of his army, but he happened to be on leave for a few days when the Princess gave birth to her third daughter. This was on July 11th, and on the 14th he had to bid her farewell and go into action at Aschaffenburg. In a letter to the Queen she announces the birth of a strong, healthy girl, "with dark eyes and brown hair." "Baby is well and very pretty," she writes. "The time she came prevented a thought of disappointment at her being a girl. Only gratitude to the Almighty filled our hearts that I and the child were well, and dear Louis and I were together at the time. The times are hard. It wants all a Christian's courage and patience to carry one through them; but there is one Friend who in the time of need does not forsake one, and He is my

comfort and support." It was indeed a trying time for the anxious wife, left to endure such suspense in her weakness.

"These last four days they have been fighting again," she writes. "I had a few lines from him (Prince Louis). These last two nights he slept in a field, and the country is so poor that they had nothing but a little bread to eat. Now, the Prussians, having made peace with the Austrians, and having refused it to us, are advancing on our troops from three sides. I can scarcely write, this anxiety is killing me. . . . What I have suffered and do suffer no words can describe. The sleepless nights of anxiety, the long days without news: how I pray it may soon end, and dear, darling Louis be spared to me."

On July 21st the Prussians, under General von Göben, entered Darmstadt. Prince Louis' parents were daily with the Princess. As soon as her strength permitted, Princess Alice began to interest herself in the wounded.

"I have just returned from having been to enquire after the wounded at the different hospitals and houses, which are filling fast as they can be brought in from Aschaffenburg, Laubach, etc. As soon as I am better I will go to them myself, but the close and crowded wards turn one easily faint."

On August 8th, on her way home from visiting her parents-in-law, the Princess had the happiness of meeting her husband unexpectedly in the street. He had obtained leave of absence during a short armistice.

The Memoir tells us that the Prince and Princess together visited the wounded, and on August 11th the Prince was appointed by the Grand-Duke to the command of the Hessian Division then in the field.

"He took up his quarters in the 'Gelbe Haus' at Trierstein-Oppenheim, and the Princess courageously shared them with him, in spite of the cholera raging there."

On September 12th the little Princess was christened at

Darmstadt, the very day peace was ratified at Berlin, and received the names of Irene (Peace) Louise Marie Anna. The cavalry brigade the Prince had commanded stood sponsors to the child. On September 20th the Prince and Princess, with the Hessian division, made a public entry into Darmstadt.

This disastrous war had shown the necessity for a more efficient organisation for aid to the sick and wounded. In 1865 a society had been formed in Hesse, under the patronage of Prince and Princess Charles, and had done good work in the war. Deaconesses, Sisters of Mercy, and other ladies had hitherto nursed the wounded, but now it was felt to be desirable that specially qualified nurses should be trained for the purpose.

The Princess took the deepest interest in this question. She had the example of Florence Nightingale before her eyes, and her work in the Crimea; she therefore eagerly took up the idea of founding a "Frauen-Verein," or Ladies' Union.

"The central committee," we are informed, "was to be at Darmstadt, under the Princess' direction. The other committees spread over the whole country. Its object was to assist 'the nursing and supporting of troops in times of war,' and in times of peace 'to train nurses to assist other hospitals, or amongst the poor, or to nurse the rich'; in fact, wherever help was required."

In 1869 the members of the Ladies' Union numbered 2500. At the same time the Princess was much occupied in "the improvement of the condition of poor unmarried women and girls, as well as the education of girls in general." The distinguished authoress, Fräulein Louise Büchner, was her able assistant. A permanent Bazaar, called "The Alice Bazaar," was also founded for the encouragement of female industry. In this year the Prince and Princess paid visits to Gotha and Berlin, and

also visited the great International Exhibition at Paris. They then crossed over to England, and were present at Windsor and Osborne during the visits of the Sultan. Later in the year they went to St. Moritz, in the Engadine, where the Princess took the baths.

The following year the Princess spent the months of June and July in England with her three little girls; and on November 25th, 1868, to the great joy of herself and her husband, a son and heir was born, "a splendid boy." At his christening he received the names Ernst Ludwig Albert Charles William. The sponsors were the Queen of England and the King of Prussia.

The year 1869 opened quietly and peacefully for the Princess. In May she and her husband and their four children spent four delightful weeks with the Crown Prince and Princess at Potsdam, and later in the year they visited Silesia and Dresden, where they were the guests of the King and Queen of Saxony at their country seat, Pillnitz.

The Princess' last letter from Potsdam expresses her regret that her happy visit was at an end:—

"Our time here is soon drawing to a close, much to my regret; for the life with dear Vicky, so quiet and pleasant, reminds me in many things of our life in England in former happy days, and so much that we had Vicky has copied for her children. Yet we both always say to each other, no children were so happy and so spoilt with all the enjoyments and comforts children can wish for as we were; and that we can never [of course, still less I] give our children all that we had."

Later in the year the Prince and Princess of Wales and their family paid the Prince and Princess Louis a visit at Kranichstein, and on October 15th the opening of the idiot asylum took place. Prince Louis had arranged to accompany the Crown Prince to the East on the occasion of the opening of the Suez canal. They were to visit

Palestine, and journey up the Nile as far as the first and second cataract.

During the absence of their husbands the Crown Princess and Princess Alice, with her little son, went to Cannes. "We sisters are singularly blessed in our husbands," writes the Princess; and in another letter she speaks affectionately of her sister. "I have been so much with dear Vicky this year, that the thought of parting from her costs me a great pang, the more so as I do not think it likely that I shall meet her in this new year."

The beginning of the year brought fresh anxiety to the Princess. Soon after his return from his tour in the East, Prince Louis was laid up with scarlet fever, and soon after Princess Victoria and the baby Prince took the infection; the other children had colds and coughs, and seemed ailing. The Princess nursed them with the utmost devotion. In one of her early letters she writes: "I read to Louis and play to him, as my sitting-room opens into the bedroom. I keep the rooms well aired and not hot, and at night I sleep on a sofa near his bed. The first two nights were anxious ones, and I was up all night alone with him; but now, thank God, all seems going well."

During this time of enforced retirement Princess Alice found her intercourse with the famous writer and theologian, David Friedrich Strauss, a great source of pleasure.

She had made his acquaintance in 1868 by her own desire. Strauss himself speaks thus of the Princess: "Although I was entirely unaccustomed to associate with persons of high rank, I soon felt entirely at ease with this lady. Her simplicity, the kind manner in which she met me, and her keen, bright intellect, made me forget all difference of social position." He paid her many visits, and their conversations often lasted for hours; they even read aloud together. During Prince Louis' illness the Princess suggested that, if Strauss were not afraid of infection,

he should come and read to her his lectures on Voltaire, as her life for some weeks would be very solitary; and to this he willingly agreed. After a good deal of correspondence, the book on Voltaire was dedicated to the Princess with her husband's permission. The Princess writes to him from Kranichstein: "I have not been able till to-day to thank you for your Voltaire, received yesterday. The book itself is the cause of the delay, as I devoted my spare time to reading over what you had yourself read to me so beautifully last winter. I seemed to hear your voice and all your observations again. I must thank you once more for that great enjoyment, and for the kind terms of your dedication."

"Seldom has a Royal Princess shown herself so courageous and amiable," was Strauss' observation after this. But it was in accordance with Princess Alice's generosity and upright nature to avow her friendship for Strauss boldly; and though her views differed from his more and more as time went on, she always regarded him with esteem and gratitude.

When all danger of infection was over, the Prince and Princess with their family went to Mayence for change of air. While there the Princess visited several hospitals.

Their quiet time at Kranichstein in the summer was brought to an end by the declaration of war between France and Germany, and Prince Louis had to start for the front. He occupied a central position during the terrible battle of Gravelotte. He and his division also formed part of the army investing Metz, and it was while expecting a sortie of the French on October 8th that the news of the birth of a second son reached him.

All those weeks the Princess had remained "at her post" at Darmstadt, striving to alleviate the suffering of the sick and wounded, She visited the hospitals and ambulances at the railway station every day, and in her own palace

arranged a depôt for all necessaries required for the wounded. Numbers of ladies waited to serve out refreshments night and day to the sufferers halting at the railway stations.

"One of the hospitals erected by the English National Red Cross Society, and supplied with English surgeons, received the name of the Alice Hospital. In spite of her anxiety, the little new-born Prince thrived, and the Princess made a fair recovery. The christening was deferred in the hope of Prince Louis' return, and took place quietly the following February, the child receiving the names of Frederick William Augustus Victor Louis.

Princess Alice's letters during the trying months that preceded her child's birth tell of severe strain and exhausting labour. "I have tried to write as often as I could, but I have only two hours to myself during the whole day through driving in here (Darmstadt) twice a day. Besides the large Hülfsverein for the wounded and sick soldiers which is in our palace, I have daily to visit the four hospitals. There is so much to do; we are so near the seat of war. This morning we got two large waggons ready and sent off for Pont-à-Mousson where they telegraph from the battlefield of the 16th they are in great want. My best nurses are out there, the others are in three hospitals; two of them, military ones, were not ready or organised when 150 wounded arrived a week ago."

And again: "I have suffered much, and the load of anxiety is great! But thousands of Germans bear this load in unity together for their Fatherland, and none murmur. Yesterday a poor woman came to me to ask me to help her to get to the battlefield, to have the body of her only son looked for and brought home; and she was so resigned and patient."

And in another letter: "Hourly almost the trains bring in fresh wounded, and many and shocking are the sights

one sees. . . . It is ten days since Louis has been in a bed or under a roof. They have no water (it is kept for the wounded) and little to eat, but he is very well." And a little later: "My dear parents-in-law bear up well; but when we three get together we pour our hearts out to each other, and then tears which are full of anxiety will flow."

As soon as the Princess recovered strength she resumed her visits to the hospitals. "My wounded were so pleased to see me again yesterday," she writes. "Alas! many in bed and so ill still. My two in the house are much better, and the one who during six weeks lay at death's door is recovering. I have seldom experienced so great satisfaction as seeing this young man recover, and the doctors say I have been the means of saving his life. The joy of the old parents will be very great. Since I left there are new widows and fresh parents bereft of only children; it is a painful duty to go to them. But I know the comfort of sympathy is the only one in deep grief."

Now and then there is a touching passage in her letters to the Queen. "One of the poor wounded soldiers whom I gave your cape to, is dying, and the poor boy won't part with it for an instant, and holds it tight round himself." And again: "The poor soldier who had your cape is dead; he died with it round him. I was with him in the afternoon, and he had tears in his eyes, and was very low. In the night he died. This morning I was at the station to give things to the wounded and sick who came through—a sorry sight. This afternoon I am going to a poor soldier's widow who has just had twins. The distress on all sides is great; I help when I can. Becker tears his hair. The two wounded in the house cost so much. So does everything else; but as long as I can, through sparing on myself, help others, I must do it, though I have, as things are now, nothing left."

There is another pathetic entry: "I have little news to

give. I go about to the poor soldiers' widows and wives—no end of them, with new-born babes, in the greatest distress. Yesterday I saw the mother of the poor young soldier who died. She keeps your cape as a precious relic, as it had given him such pleasure."

The armistice and capitulation of Paris caused great relief to the Princess. On February 2nd she writes: "Now that there is a prospect of peace, and that the fighting is momentarily over, I feel quite a collapse of my nerves after the strain that has been on them for six whole months. I can scarcely imagine what it will be when my beloved Louis is at home again; it seems too great a joy." And on the 11th she writes: "To-day our little son is to be christened, but only the family will be present, and my ladies, and the two wounded gentlemen, who can get about on crutches. . . . How I shall miss dear Louis to-day! The seven months will be round ere we meet, I fear, and he has never seen his little boy. It always makes me sad to look at him, though now I have every reason to hope, please God, that I shall have the joy of seeing Louis come home, and of placing his baby in his arms. . . . I pray that peace may be restored, and that I may not live to see such a war again, or to see my sons go to it."

On March 21st the devoted wife awaited her husband at the Darmstadt railway station. Prince Louis had ten days' leave of absence.

The longed for peace was proclaimed at last, and on June 16th the Princess accompanied her husband to Berlin, to be present at the triumphal entry of the German troops. "Anything more grand, more imposing or touching and *erhebend* (elevating) than the entry of the troops into Berlin, I never saw," she writes. "It was a wonderful sight to drive for three-quarters of an hour through rows of French cannon. The decorations were so artistic, so handsome, and the enthusiasm of the dense crowds quite

enormous. I am glad to have been there; it will be a thing to recollect."

In August the Princess with her husband and family spent three weeks at Blankenberghe, to recruit after the strain and fatigue of the last few months; and afterwards they went to London, and arrived at Balmoral on September 13th. They found the Queen in a suffering condition, and remained with her until November 1st; but the children, who had caught whooping cough, returned to London, leaving their parents at Balmoral.

CHAPTER III

"LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER O'ER"

"It struck thee, O noble one, struck thee!
It crush'd thee, and now thou art gone!
Farewell! To our death-day thine image
Still, still in our hearts shall live on."
MEMORIAL POEM LAID ON PRINCESS ALICE'S BIER.

IN November Princess Alice and her husband paid a visit to Sandringham, and on the 9th she wrote to the Queen: "It is the first time since eleven years that I have spent Bertie's birthday with him; and though we are only three of our family together, still that is better than nothing, and makes it seem more like a birthday. Bertie and Alix are so kind, and give us so warm a welcome, showing how they like having us, that it feels quite home. Indeed, I pray earnestly that God's blessing may rest on him, and that he may be guided to do what is wise and right, so that he may tide safely through the anxious times that are before him, and in which we live."

Princess Alice little knew, as she wrote so happily and affectionately of her brother, of the terrible days of suspense that were approaching. Shortly afterwards the Prince of Wales, who had gone to London, was seriously indisposed; but on finding himself worse, he insisted on returning to his Norfolk home.

It proved to be typhoid fever. The Prince, his groom, Blegge, and Lord Chesterfield, who had all been at

Scarborough with Lord Londesborough, were stricken simultaneously. Sad to say, both Lord Chesterfield and the groom died; but the Prince's youth and good constitution were in his favour, but for some days his condition was extremely critical.

Great alarm was felt throughout the kingdom, for ten years before his beloved father had succumbed to this terrible fever; but on the anniversary of his death, December 14th, improvement in the Prince of Wales' condition set in. Prince Louis had been obliged to go back to Darmstadt for a time; but Princess Alice remained and helped the Princess of Wales nurse the patient. Nothing could exceed the wife's and sister's devotion. The Princess wrote to her mother in these touching words the following December: "That our good, sweet Alix should have been spared this terrible grief, when this time last year it seemed so imminent, fills my heart with gratitude for her dear sake, as for yours, his children and ours. . . . The 14th will now be a day of mixed recollections and feelings to us, a day hallowed in our family, when one great spirit ended his work on earth, though his work can never die, and generations will grow up and call his name blessed; and when another was left to fulfil his duty and mission, God grant, for the welfare of his own family and of thousands."

Princess Alice did not return to Darmstadt until the end of January. On June 6th another daughter was born, who afterwards received the names of Victoria Alix Helena Louise Beatrice. The Prince and Princess of Wales were among the sponsors.

During this year the Princess interested herself in all the charitable institutions which she had founded; she also instituted an orphan asylum, which proved a great success.

The general assembly at Darmstadt, the "Frauen Tag" or "Ladies' Diet," was distinguished this year by the presence of several remarkable people—Madame Marie

Simon, the founder and head of the Institution for Training Nurses at Dresden, and three English ladies, Miss Mary Carpenter, Miss Florence Hill, and Miss Winkworth.

"My associations take up a great deal of my time and thought," the Princess wrote to her mother, "and require a great deal of study. . . . We have had some satisfactory results in the class of the workwomen, and in the reform of the school; but there are many open questions yet, which I hope this meeting with others who work in the same field may help us to solve." And in another letter: "The English ladies were kind enough to speak—only think, old Miss Carpenter!—on all relating to women's work in England (she is our guest here); . . . Miss Hill (also our guest) about the boarding-out system for orphans; Miss C. Winkworth about higher education in England. . . . The presence of the English ladies—above all, of one such as Miss Carpenter, who has done such good work for the reformation of convicts—greatly enhanced the importance of the meeting, and her great experience has been of value to us all."

In an interesting series of articles, written on the "Daughters of Queen Victoria," by Sarah Tooley, there is a passage that touches on this side of Princess Alice's life:—

"Despite her high estate, she shared the lot of most progressive philanthropists in being abused and misunderstood by the very people at whose feet she was laying the rich treasures of her noble mind and heart. She had to combat many prejudices; and the mere fact that she was an Englishwoman, with broad and liberal views, made her an object of suspicion among certain sections of German society. Very keen was the unhappiness this brought her; but the sympathy of her husband, and the love and esteem of those in her immediate circle, encouraged her to persevere with her scheme, and she

was rewarded by the knowledge that the poor, the desolate, and the oppressed wept tears of thankfulness, and grew to venerate her as the mother of her people."

The Princess' habits of industry were truly admirable. In a letter in 1866 she wrote thus to her mother: "I have made all the summer walking-out dresses, seven in number, with paletots, for the girls, not embroidered, but entirely made from beginning to end; likewise the new necessary flannels for the expected. I manage all the nursery accounts and everything myself." Music and sketching were the Princess' favourite recreations, and she read much of the best literature of the day.

The year 1873 began brightly for the Princess, though, alas! it was to end in sorrow. Little Prince Fritz, whose health had given her much anxiety, seemed stronger and better, and in March she was able to carry out a much cherished plan, and visit Italy. She travelled incognito, accompanied by Miss Hardinge and Tufnell-Roland. Her route was by Munich and the Brenner Pass to Florence, and after staying there three days, she went to Rome.

In a comparatively short time the Princess accomplished a large amount of sight-seeing. She visited Pope Pius IX., who received her most kindly, and also went to the Quirinal to pay her respects to King Victor Emanuel and the Crown Princess of Italy, Princess Margherita. It was a time of intense enjoyment, and the Princess returned to Darmstadt on May 2nd, feeling refreshed in body and mind. But her happiness was of short duration. On May 29th Prince Louis left Darmstadt early in the morning to inspect the troops in Upper Hesse. The Princess, who was still fatigued from her exertions during her Italian journey, was resting quietly in bed.

The two little Princes came in to see her, and by her desire their nurse left them with her. What followed is told very briefly in her Memoirs.

"The children soon began to play, as was their wont, running in and out of the room into the adjacent one, and looking from one window and then from another. Prince Ernest having run into the next room, the Princess followed, leaving Prince Fritz in her bedroom. During her almost momentary absence he fell out of the window on to the stone terrace below. Whether he had leaned too far out of it and overbalanced himself, or whether in running fast through the room to the window to look for his mother he could not stop himself and fell from it, no one actually knew. He was picked up insensible, and died a few hours afterwards in the arms of his distracted mother. Effusion of blood on the brain caused by the fall ended that young and bright little life. The loss of this unusually gifted and beloved child was a blow to the mother from which she never recovered."

This was indeed sadly true. For many years the Princess' health had been far from strong. During the war time of 1870 she had overtaxed her strength; in her letters from time to time she complains of severe neuralgia, and she had also trouble with her eyes. After her boy's death, those who knew her noticed a look in her eyes as of one whose thoughts are dwelling in a sad past. "The horror of my darling's sudden death," she writes in June, "at times torments me too much, particularly waking of a morning; but when I think he is at rest, free from the sorrow we are suffering, and from every evil to come, I feel quite resigned. He was such a bright child. It seems so quiet next door. I miss the little feet coming to me, for we lived so much together; and Ernie feels so lost, poor love." And again: "My darling sweet child, to have lost him so! To my grave shall I carry this sorrow with me. In the book you sent me there is a fine poem by Miss Procter, 'Our Grief our Friend,' called 'Friend Sorrow,' which expresses so much what I myself feel about a deep grief." And a

little later on to that beloved mother she writes: "You feel so with me, when you understand how long and deep my grief must be. And does one not grow to love one's grief, as having become part of the being one loved, as if through this one could still pay a tribute of love to them, to make up for the terrible loss, and missing of not being able to do anything for the beloved one any more? I am so much with my children, and am so accustomed to care for them and their wants daily, that I miss not having Frittie, the object of our greatest care, far more than words can describe; and in the quiet of our everyday life, when we have only the children around us, it is doubly and trebly felt, and is a sorrow that has entered into the very heart of our existence." A still more pathetic passage comes later: "You ask if I can play yet? I feel as if I could not, and I have not yet done so. In my own house it seems to me as if I never could play again on that piano, where little hands were nearly always thrust when I wanted to play: away from home—in England—much sooner. I had played so often lately that splendid touching funeral march of Chopin's, and I remember it was the last thing I played, and then the two boys were running about the room."

The following year, May 24th, the Princess' last child was born, the Princess Marie Victoria Feodora Leopoldine, and a great part of the summer was spent at Blankenberghe. The Princess' letters still breathe profound depression, and on their return to Kranichstein she writes, in speaking of their little ones: "'Sunny' is the picture of robust health, and sweet little 'sister Maly' sits up quite alone, and is very neat and rosy, with such quick eyes, and two deep dimples in her cheeks—a great pet, and so like my poor Frittie. The return here has been very painful, and days of deep depression still come, when I am tormented with the dreadful remembrance of the day I lost him. Too cruel and agonising are those thoughts. I dwell on his

rest and peace, and that our sufferings he cannot know. What might not life have brought him? Better so! but hard to say, 'God's will be done.'"

Each year Princess Alice made some public effort to collect funds for her charitable institutions, and well known artists offered their services.

At the beginning of 1875 the Prince and Princess and their children spent two months in England; and the following year, 1876, though the routine of their daily life went on as usual, repeated attacks of exhaustion and weakness tried the Princess. A short stay in the Black Forest and a visit to England and Scotland were of some benefit to her. "I have never in my life been like this before," she writes. "I live on my sofa and in the air, and see no one, and yet go on losing strength." The air of her beloved Highlands refreshed and strengthened her, and on her return home she wrote more brightly. "The happiness of our meeting with the dear children was very great—they eat me up! They had made wreaths over the door, and had no end of things to tell me. We arrived at three, and there was not a moment's rest till they were all in bed, and I had heard the different prayers and hymns of the six, with all the little different confidences they had to make. My heart was full of joy and gratitude at being with them once more."

The year 1877 brought sad changes to the Ducal House of Hesse. Prince Charles, the father of Prince Louis, was seized with erysipelas on March 11th, and passed peacefully away on the 20th, surrounded by his sorrowing family. The Grand-Duke, who was deeply affected by his brother's death, was seized with serious illness a month later, and died on June 13th; and Prince Louis, being the next heir, ascended the throne as Grand-Duke Louis IV.

Princess Alice, who was much attached to her father-in law, was full of sorrow at his loss. "The recollections of

1861, of dear Frittie's death, when my dear father-in-law was so tender and kind," she wrote, "were painfully vivid. My mother-in-law's resignation and touching goodness, doing all that she could during the illness and since for all arrangements, is very beautiful! . . . His was a singularly delicate-minded, pure, true, unselfish nature, so full of consideration for others, so kind, my tears flow incessantly, for I loved him very dearly. My dear mother-in-law has such a broken, ruined existence now—all changed round her! She knows where to find strength and comfort. It will not fail her. . . ." And a month later, when the Grand-Duke was lying in mortal sickness: "We are going through a dreadful ordeal! . . . The questions, long discussions between Louis and some people as to complication and difficulty of every kind, that will fall upon us at once, are really dreadful, and I so unfit just now! The confusion will be dreadful. . . . I am so dreading everything, and above all the responsibility of being the first in everything, and people are not *bienveillant.*"

After the first press of business and official receptions were over, the Grand-Duke and Grand-Duchess went to the little watering-place of Houlgate in Normandy. The Grand-Duke only went as far as Metz, but later on he and the children followed the Grand-Duchess.

The rest and change were of great benefit to her, and when she returned to Darmstadt as Landesmutter, "mother of the country," she had a warm and enthusiastic reception. She at once resumed her charitable work. ". . . I had to receive sixty-five ladies," she writes in October, "amongst them my nurses, and some doctors from here and other towns, all belonging to my Nursing Society, which has existed ten years. Then I was at the opening of my Industrial Girls' School, where girls from all parts of the country come, and which is a great success. I started it two years ago. On Sunday I took the children to hear the

Sunday-school, which interested them much. I have been doing too much lately, though, and my nerves are beginning to feel the strain. . . . It is more than my strength can stand in the long run."

The celebrated portrait-painter, Heinrich von Angeli, came to Darmstadt in the spring of 1878, by command of the Queen, to paint a family picture of the Grand-Duke and Grand-Duchess and their children. Angeli's picture was the last ever painted of Princess Alice. The summer months of this year were spent at Eastbourne, and the whole family visited the Queen at Osborne. This was the Princess Alice's last visit to her native land. During her stay at Eastbourne she visited the cottages of the fisher-folk, and took great interest in refuges and reformatories. She even went *incognito* to Brighton, to visit the Albion Home. "I only come as one woman to another," were her words to Mrs. Vicars. She afterwards became Patroness of this Home.

On her return to Darmstadt the Grand-Duchess devoted herself to her charitable works; but, with all her energy and good-will her strength was no longer equal to her exertions. But she was ever patient. "Our home life is always pleasant," she writes, "never dull, however quiet. Only a feeling of weariness and incapacity is in itself a trial."

But the tried and chastened spirit of Princess Alice was to pass through more suffering before the end came. All her life long she had had a horror of diphtheria, and her anxiety was intense when the Princess Victoria was suddenly attacked by the treacherous disease. The child was at once isolated, and the Grand-Duchess superintended the nursing, aided by the nurses and Lady Superintendent of her own hospital.

The telegrams to the Queen tell of the mother's intense anxiety and anguish :—

"*November* 10*th*.—Victoria out of danger."

"*November* 12*th*.—This night my precious Alix has been taken ill."

"*November* 13*th*.—Alix tolerable. Darling May very ill. Fever so high. Irene has got it too. I am miserable; such fear for the sweet little one."

On the 14th Prince Ernest and the Grand-Duke were attacked. Only one child, Princess Elizabeth, had escaped, and was sent to her grandmother, Princess Charles of Hesse.

The mother's daily reports grow more heartrending:—

"*November* 15*th*. — Darling May's state unchanged; heartrending. Louis' fever and illness on the increase. The others, as one could expect: all severe cases. May's most alarming."

Great sympathy was felt throughout the country, and special services were held in the churches; but on November 16th, Princess May, "the little Sunshine," as her mother loved to call her, was taken to her heavenly home. "Our sweet little one is taken," was the poor mother's report. "Broke it to my Louis this morning. He is better; Ernie very, very ill. In great anguish."

On the 18th the telegram is more hopeful: "My patients getting better; hope soon to have them better. Last painful parting at three o'clock."

The Memoirs of the Princess Alice give a touching description of that parting from "her sweet May-flower." The coffin had to be closed very soon. It was entirely covered with flowers. The Grand-Duchess quietly entered the room where it was placed. She knelt down near it, pressing a corner of the pall to her lips; then she rose, and the funeral service began. When it was over, she cast a long, loving look at the coffin that hid her darling from her. She then left the room, and slowly walked upstairs. At the top of the stairs she knelt down, and, taking hold of the golden balustrade, looked into the mirror opposite to her to watch

the little coffin being taken out of the house. She was marvellously calm; only long-drawn sighs escaped her. When all had left the palace, she went back to her husband, who was to be kept in ignorance of what was going on.

On November 25th the Grand-Duke was able to leave his bed, and on December 6th she and Prince Ernest drove out in a close carriage. The Princess writes a few days previously: "So many pangs and pains come, and must yet for years to come. Still, gratitude for those left is so strong, and indeed resignation entire and complete to a higher Will, and so we all feel together, and encourage each other. Life is not endless in this world, God be praised! There is much joy, but, oh! so much trial and pain; and as the number of those we love increases in heaven, it makes our passage easier, and home is there." "Brave, suffering heart!" but the dawn of a cloudless life was at hand.

On December 7th the Grand-Duchess went to the railway station to see the Duchess of Edinburgh, who was passing through Darmstadt on her way to England. That night she complained of feelings of illness, and the next morning symptoms of the dreaded disease showed themselves. It is supposed by some people that the Princess took the infection "when one day, in her grief and despair, she laid her head on her husband's pillow." Others say, that in breaking the news of their child's death the Grand-Duchess threw her arms round his neck and kissed him.

The moment she was aware of her illness, Princess Alice settled several things and gave various orders in case of her death. She bore her great sufferings with the utmost fortitude. "On the night of the 12th she gave many directions to her mother-in-law and to her lady-in-waiting. At times too she spoke in the most touching manner about her household, also inquiring kindly after poor and sick people in the town."

On the 13th the doctors were compelled to inform the Grand-Duke that his wife's condition was hopeless. Her Memoir tells us, that "as the danger increased, the Grand-Duchess expressed herself as feeling better. . . . When the Grand-Duke entered her room her joy was most evident. She even read two letters, the last one being from her mother. After some hours of heavy sleep she woke perfectly conscious and took some nourishment. She then composed herself to rest, saying, "Now I will go to sleep again," and out of this sleep she woke no more.

On December 14th, at half-past eight in the morning, the Princess Alice died peacefully, murmuring to herself like a child going to sleep: "From Friday to Saturday—four weeks—May, dear papa."

It was exactly four weeks since Princess May's death, and seventeen years since the Prince Consort's death. "The 14th December will now be a day of mixed recollections and feelings," she had written to her mother six years previously; "a day hallowed in our family, when one great spirit ended his work on earth." Little did the devoted daughter know, as she wrote those noble and touching words, that that very day six years later she was to re-join her beloved father. On December 17th, after a solemn service held by the English chaplain, the remains of the beloved "Landesmutter" was removed to the chapel in the Grand-Ducal Castle. Among the loads of wreaths and bouquets that were arranged round the coffin were simple offerings from the poor. A watcher by the dead gives a touching little narrative: "It was still quite early morning when, with the first glimmer of day, came an old peasant woman from the Odenwald. Advancing timidly, she laid, with a murmured prayer, a little wreath of rosemary, with a couple of white flowers, perhaps the only ornament of her poor little room at home, as a token of grateful affection, down upon the velvet pall. Then, thinking herself

unnoticed, she took a rosebud from one of the splendid wreaths and hid it under the old woollen dress."

On December 18th the coffin was placed in the mausoleum at Rosenhöhe ; the Prince of Wales and Prince Leopold were present. A lovely recumbent monument by Boehm, representing the Princess with Princess May in her arms, is now placed over the hallowed spot where she rests. Truly a beautiful and noble life. An affectionate daughter, a devoted wife, and a most loving mother. Well may Princess Alice's example be enshrined in our memory ! When her rare spirit quitted this lower sphere, the world seemed the poorer for her absence ; if she suffered much, she loved much ; and her tender hand and gentle sympathy soothed many a sick and dying bed, and the poor and the widow and the fatherless rose up and called her blessed.

When the furnace of affliction burnt the hottest, and in mortal agony the bereaved mother stooped to drink meekly of that last bitter cup, can we doubt that the merciful angel, " Sister Death," took her gently to that still land where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, and " the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces " ?

Lady Henry Somerset

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

"THE DAUGHTER OF A HUNDRED EARLS'

"What a happiness work is!—there is nothing so satisfactory as having an object in life."

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

THERE is a latent spark of chivalry in the human breast, which is easily kindled into a generous flame at the recital of some noble deed. Altruism is the favourite virtue of the age, the culture of the social science its favourite study, and, however we may define it—as utilitarianism, philanthropy, universal benevolence, or even humanitarianism—the meaning is clear and distinct, the love of our brethren brought into action.

In the dark ages, when the world was younger and faith stronger and more childlike, the Christian knight-errant, sworn liegeman of the Cross, left home and wife and children, to fight and bleed, and maybe die, on the hallowed ground where the Saviour's feet had trod among the lilies of Syria. To deliver the Holy City and the sacred cave of Sepulchre, out of the hands of the Infidels, that was the object of the Crusades, and for which thousands of warriors laid down their lives.

To the modern practical mind there was something fantastic in the mediæval campaign, the task was impossible; and yet as we stand beside some monument where some stony warrior lies with clasped hands and the cross upon his mailed breast, we feel a sudden thrill, a hushed reverence, as though we were on Holy ground. Rough soldier, unlettered, uncultured, he may have been, but he had fought his good

fight; his youth, and perhaps the best of his life had been spent in warfare against the Saracens, and he had come back to die amongst his own people. But it is not only the deeds of old chivalry that move us to admiration: even in this nineteenth century there are noble crusades being organized and led by many a faithful soul against the hordes of evil.

Civilisation has done much, thank God, to humanise mankind; but there are still dark corners of the earth, where the enemy is entrenched, where might, not right prevails, and the souls of the righteous are vexed, as Lot's was in the God-forsaken Cities of the Plain, by the corruption and evil and cruelty that surround them. The maleficent spirits are Legion; but of all the powers of darkness, the hydra-headed monster of Intemperance is one of the most baneful and powerful.

It is the sin of England—how often we have heard that said. The phrase is hackneyed, we say it glibly almost without realising its meaning, but how awfully true it is! The sin of merrie England—the great festering sore that breeds corruption, that brings misery to thousands of innocent beings; yet who can doubt it, who walks with seeing eyes through the streets and alleys of our vast metropolis? The myriad gin palaces, with their flaming gaslights and steamy vitiated atmosphere, the drink-sodden men reeling out of the swing door, the tawdry miserable women, the white-faced starvelings of children—among all the awful problems that brave men and women are striving to solve, surely this is the saddest question of all, how is the Drink Fiend to be met and vanquished?

God's workers are many, and each has his or her corner of the vineyard and their own special work to do. The great problem of the submerged is engaging their attention, "the labour question, sweating, the tenement-house system, the social evil, woman's suffrage, all branches

of the same subject," to which they are devoting their best energies; and amongst them no name is more prominent or held in higher honour than the subject of this sketch, Lady Henry Somerset, who has consecrated her splendid talents and strong powers of mind and body to the temperance work. "To be good rather than to be admired," and "I scorn to turn or to be afraid," are the mottoes of the Houses of Somers and Beaufort, and no one who has studied the accounts of Lady Henry Somerset's great work can doubt that she has nobly lived up to these mottoes.

Lady Henry Somerset is one of the two wealthiest heiresses in England. She is the eldest daughter and heiress of Earl Somers, and her ancestral home, Eastnor Castle, is only outranked in splendour by Chatsworth and Warwick. Her only sister is Adeline, the lately widowed Duchess of Bedford, and her son and only child, the Hon. Henry Charles Somerset is the prospective heir to the Dukedom of Beaufort, descending in a direct line from the Plantagenets.

In Macaulay's "History of England" there is an interesting record of her great ancestor, Lord Keeper Somers, Chief Counsellor of William the Third, "of whom it is said that he excelled alike in literature and statesmanship," and who was mainly instrumental in securing the Protestant succession. He was the friend of Joseph Addison, Richard Steele. Congreve and other English writers.

Lady Henry's father, Lord Somers, was one of the finest art critics in England, a pupil of Frederick Maurice and a friend of Ruskin and Turner. "It was through his efforts that Sir Henry Layard was enabled to make the famous excavations at Nineveh, the results of which are a marked feature of the British Museum. Lord Somers was the friend of Cavour and Garibaldi, and had the cause of Italian unity deeply at heart."

There is French blood in Lady Henry Somerset's veins, for her mother was the beautiful Miss Pattle, grand-daughter of Madame de L'Etang, who was maid-of-honour to the ill-fated Marie Antoinette.

The two sisters, we are told, were most carefully educated; but, owing to the frequent residence of their parents abroad, they were left in the charge of relatives who were perhaps a little over-anxious and scrupulous. There is an amusing speech narrated by Mrs. Tooley. When Lady Isabel was only five years old, she astonished her father's friend, Sir Henry Layard, by telling him in effect that her life was scarcely worth living, because she had "too many parents."

But, in spite of "her twenty governesses," she grew up a bright, natural child, fond of out-of-door life, and with a fund of humour and spirits.

In 1873 Lady Isabel Somers married Lord Henry Somerset, the second son of the Duke of Beaufort. The death of her father, Earl Somers, made her the mistress of a splendid heritage. An American paper tells us "that Eastnor Castle is surrounded by twenty-five thousand acres of land," and that "one hundred and twenty-five thousand people live on the property which she owns in the city of London." In addition to this, she is the owner of large property at Reigate, where she has another beautiful home called "The Priory." Until the year 1885 Lady Henry Somerset lived the ordinary society life; to outward seeming she was only a gay, fashionable woman; but even then there was an unsatisfied void. Her mind craved for higher things, and declined to be fed solely on the husks offered her. Her own words were: "Though I was living in society, and had enough to do to keep my head above water, and though I was a woman of the world, I have never been a worldly woman. I never saw the day that I would not gladly have left parks and palaces for fields and woods."

God's chosen workers have their special call and training. We read again and again, how some great thinker or reformer, destined to become a leader among men or women, has served a long, weary apprenticeship, or have had to prove their faith, like the Jewish youths of old, in the fiery furnace of affliction.

In common with most strong, vigorous natures, Lady Henry had her secret difficulties and doubts. Her mind was naturally analytic and critical. But one June day, when seated under the great elm on the lawn at Reigate, the voice which our first parents heard in the garden of Eden seemed to speak to her inner consciousness. This solemn and sacred experience is narrated in simple and touching language by her friend, Miss Frances Willard. "Lady Henry Somerset," she writes, "seemed to hear a voice in the depths of her soul, and it said, 'My child, act as if I were, and thou shalt know I am.'" She had never before been conscious of anything so clear, so true, as this voice of God speaking to her inmost spirit. She wondered, and was glad. Rising from the rustic seat where all alone she had been pondering on the mysteries of being, she walked over to her pretty rose-garden near by, and stood there in the sunset enjoying the fragrance and quiet of the place and the purity of the open sky, while still the voice sounded in her heart. . . ." What follows is almost too sacred for repetition. It was the crisis of her life, and, like Paul of Tarsus, she "was not disobedient to the heavenly vision."

Her summer plans of gaiety and travel were given up, and a few days later she went with her son to Eastnor Castle, where she remained quietly for some years, studying the Scriptures and working amongst her tenantry. Here, amongst her own people, she brought up her boy, and served her apprenticeship to philanthropic reform. Philanthropy was not wholly unknown to her, as Mrs. Tooley

tells us in her interesting article: "Even in her society days, when slumming was not fashionable as it now is, she was occasionally to be found in the homes of the poor and distressed, and did not think it beneath her dignity to light a fire with her own hands on the empty hearth of a poor woman in a London slum, prompted then by the same feeling of human compassion which led her, only a few weeks ago, to seek permission to pass the night in a police-cell, so that she might by experience realise the sad treatment to which female prisoners are subjected, and use the knowledge for the redress of their wrongs."

Perhaps no woman of this age has ever been more richly gifted by nature than the mistress of Eastnor Castle. She has not only been endowed with beauty, charm of manner, and talents of a high order, but her voice combines sweetness with remarkable power. It is said that she can be heard by every listener in audiences of ten and twelve thousand people. When her faithful friend, Miss Willard, was once asked whom she considered the greatest woman of the day, she replied with enthusiasm: "Lady Henry Somerset. She possesses the most eloquent tongue, the mellowest heart, the widest outlook, the readiest hands, and the finest setting of any woman living. She is so attempered by sorrow, so annealed by pain, that she has become as ductile as the noble metals. She is great as a statesman and as an administrator. Some excel in one line, some in two, but she is strong in all." A magnificent eulogy, surely, but uttered from the depth of the heart of one who was her chosen friend.

Lady Henry Somerset's attention was soon called to the fact that intemperance was the greatest curse of the estates of which she was mistress. She held her first temperance meeting and gave her first address in the schoolroom she had established near the Castle gate, and there signed the pledge, her example being followed by about forty others.

"From this time," we are told, "she went on, giving Bible-readings in the kitchen of a farmhouse near the Castle, building mission-rooms, employing evangelists and Bible-readers, and speaking at the religious and temperance meetings of the village constantly herself. . . . Soon the knowledge of the change that had come over her life led to her being invited to the villages and towns round about, until she has visited and worked in no fewer than two hundred villages and cities of Great Britain." So the temperance crusade was started, and little by little from cottage meetings she advanced to the front rank of women orators, now addressing large audiences in crowded halls now talking to Welsh colliers in the murky darkness of the pits as they rested during the dinner-hour. Her fame as a speaker on temperance reform soon spread through the country, and in 1890 Lady Henry Somerset was invited to become the President of the British Women's Temperance Association, in which position she succeeded Mrs. Bright Lucas, the sister of John Bright. About a year and a half after this Lady Henry visited America by invitation of the National W.C.T.U. She was accompanied by Mrs. Pearsall Smith, author of "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life." They attended the convention of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, held that year in Boston, "representing through its delegates more than ten thousand local societies and half a million women from all parts of Christendom."

Lady Henry Somerset received an enthusiastic ovation. "It is asserted that her welcome in the West was heartier than that bestowed upon any foreign visitor since Lafayette." She was made vice-president, and her fame as a speaker was so great that the street outside would be packed with people who could not find entrance in the crowded hall. Her meetings in Chicago, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Washington have been memorable in the history of the

W.C.T.U. One of her objects in crossing the Atlantic was to find out Frances Willard, whose book, "Nineteen Beautiful Years," had influenced her greatly. This was the commencement of a deep friendship between them. It was during this visit that Lady Henry Somerset made acquaintance with Oliver Wendell Holmes and John Greenleaf Whittier, and if it had not been for the pressure of work she would have passed a delightful winter.

On her return to England in 1892 Lady Henry took part in the Liberal election campaign; and it may give some idea of her work to know that she gave thirty-six addresses in fourteen days. In the autumn of this year she again went to America, visiting Denver, Colorado, and joining in the annual meeting of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. On her return home Lady Henry threw herself into her Temperance work with renewed energy and vigour. Mrs. Tooley tells us in her sketch, that "in England alone she has travelled nearly fifteen thousand miles, addressing vast audiences." Small wonder that one energetic worker exclaimed, "Things are really getting serious; something must be done to restrain Lady Henry. She will kill herself if she continues to work at this rate." And indeed, later on, the zealous worker suffered acutely from nervous overstrain. At one time we read that a slight friction was caused by Lady Henry wishing to embrace other social questions which she rightly considered were involved in the Temperance question, such as Women's Suffrage and the Purity Movement; but there is no doubt that her womanly sympathies and clear-sighted common-sense made her widen her outlook, and "being a woman of remarkable executive ability and true statesman-like qualities," she took her stand boldly and without flinching.

She was a temperance woman before she took the white ribbon. Now we read "that there is hardly a city or town

in England that has not heard her earnest voice pleading for total abstinence." But it is not only as a platform speaker that Lady Henry Somerset is so widely known. Her editorial work presents her under another aspect.

In Chicago she had worked for some time as sub-editor of the *Union Signal*, edited by Miss Willard. In this way she gained some practical knowledge of journalistic work.

Afterwards she started the *Woman's Signal*, feeling there was a crying need for a paper that should educate women on advanced lines; to quote her own words, "a paper which would interest and instruct the women in the home, and show them something of the movements regarding the uplifting of their sex which are afloat to-day. 'For God, for home, and every land' is our motto, you know." And again: "We take our stand by the side of Temperance and Social Reforms, the Purity Movement, and Woman's Franchise." There is no doubt that Lady Henry Somerset enjoyed her editorial work. In 1894 she informed her interviewer that "her articles were nearly always written in the train, and that she prepared her speeches also when she was travelling."

Her untiring energy as a worker is marvellous. In an article written by Miss Willard for the *Young Woman*, in 1893, there is an interesting sketch of Lady Henry Somerset at home.

"Reigate is but one of her places of residence," she writes, "and when there she lives for the present mostly at 'the Cottage,' as it is called—a tasteful modern house at a little distance from the sunshiny old Priory, which is now undergoing alterations and repairs. If you see her at her home in London, you will find her surrounded by stenographers, secretaries, interviewers, committees, writing letters by the hundred, receiving telegrams more frequently than almost any one gets letters, and going out to engagements, nearly every one of them relating to

philanthropy. The next you know she is taking the train for her long lecture trips, standing at night before audiences that almost invariably number from two to five thousand, and holding on the morning after, a conference often representing all the organised philanthropies of the city she is visiting."

This spirited sketch, written in 1893, has been corroborated by another writer this year in the following paragraph :—

"Rising early and toiling late, Lady Henry sits all day long with stenographers, except when in public life. On the tram, in the train, she labours busily, and has immense facility of concentration, so that she can give out letters, articles, and speeches with marvellous rapidity."

It is at Duxhurst, near Reigate, where Lady Henry Somerset's noblest work is being carried on, and where for the last four years she and a band of sisters and teachers have laboured devotedly amongst hundreds of women who have been victims of drunkenness. "The nucleus of the idea was the Home Lady Henry had long maintained at Reigate for otherwise unmanageable orphan girls, taking over often the ne'er-do-wells of the workhouse, and turning them out well-trained laundry-maids and domestic servants."

The *Churchwoman*, in the February number of this year, gives a most interesting account of the work at Duxhurst, under the touching title "A Refuge and a Covert from the Storm." The results have been so satisfactory, even in these four years, that, as the writer of the article remarks, "no more can it be said, as has often been said before, that it is absolutely hopeless to reclaim a woman who has once become addicted to drink."

It is now fully recognised that drunkenness is not only a moral, but a physical disease, and requires special treatment. In the old days, when the miserable victims were sent to prison, one heard of cases in which the prisoner was

convicted for the hundredth, or even the three-hundredth, time. Alas! for the confirmed drunkard no prison discipline is a deterrent. Lady Henry Somerset's clear brain had grasped this fact, and she strongly felt the need of providing Inebriate Homes, not "run on old-fashioned penitentiary lines," with any idea of punishment, but as veritable Homes. The description of this ideal retreat, which is really an industrial farm colony, should be given in the founder's own words, as narrated in the *Churchwoman*. "It consists," Lady Henry Somerset tells us, "of a colony village, built on the slopes of the hills of Surrey—a breezy upland farm overlooking beautiful plains that stretch away for miles on either side. The strong, bracing air and lovely woods have lent themselves as the best possible surroundings for our settlement. Here the little thatched cottages, bright and smiling, nestle as though they had been built for many a year, forming a triangle round the green, while on one side stands the hospital, and opposite the church and in another meadow the long building called 'The Children's Nest' faces the village. Far up the road, in its own grounds, is the Manor House, which has been opened for the reception of patients able to pay a larger fee." Each cottage contains six inhabitants and a nurse sister, who superintends the small household. The cottages are furnished simply, and the women take a pride and interest in their home.

They have plenty of wholesome occupation, so one paper tells us, in "out-of-door work on the lawns, among the flower-beds, in the vegetable gardens and the forcing-houses. . . . Early tomatoes and cucumbers are grown for the market. All the vegetables for the colony are grown by the women themselves. There is also bee-farming and silk-weaving. Hard work, but at the same time work that is varied and interesting, is recognised as part of the treatment; and, as the *Churchwoman* sensibly observes, "with their minds healthily occupied, and their lungs filled with

sweet fresh air, it is not astonishing that women who come to the colony utter wrecks, soon regain their youth, a happy, bright look, and, in many cases, strength for the rest of their lives to resist the temptation which has been their ruin."

The work in the garden is superintended by Miss Jessie Smith, a lady gardener trained at Swanley. The women mow the lawns with light hand-mowing machines; there are eight bee-hives, and one woman has worked each summer among the bees. As some of the patients are not fit for out-of-door work, other industries have been started. In March last year there was only one loom; now there are three. On these the women weave fancy aprons, dress materials, etc., while the knitting machine is also used for numerous warm articles. Laundry-work and mending is also done, and yet, with all this, it is grievous to read that this colony is still in debt. This is a sad burden on the founder's mind.

The Holiday Home for Children, "the Bird's Nest," is a great interest to the women. In the summer children are taken from the slums for a fortnight's holiday, to enjoy the sweet sights and sounds of the country. Lady Henry Somerset's idea of grouping the patients is recognised as an excellent one; and one paper tells us, "that in her recent address at the Mansion House she told how a new inmate forgot her sorrows in discussing the respective merits of the kitchen range in the cottage and that which had adorned her own kitchen."

There are many touching letters written to the Sisters by the women after they have left, which bear testimony to good work done; and sometimes former patients bring down their friends at their own expense, and beg for their admittance. There is one very pathetic story told in the *Woman's Weekly*: "One day a prayer-meeting was being held, when suddenly the door opened, and a girl, one of the former

inmates slipped in, and fetched out one of the matrons and Lady Henry Somerset, who happened to be present. Knowing the girl to be living in Manchester, they were somewhat alarmed; but this was what she said: 'Oh, ma'am, I have brought you my mistress. I knew what a lot of good you did me, and I saved up all my money, and paid her fare, and here she is!' Could any testimony be more touching than the generosity of this poor servant-girl, who loved much because her sins had been forgiven her?"

The statistics furnished by Lady Henry Somerset to one of her interviewers are full of interest. She mentioned that up to the present date, last May, the colony had received 112 inmates; "55 were successful, 9 failed after staying the full year, 5 were removed by friends before that period had elapsed, 6 were removed by the medical officer as unfit for medical treatment, 5 absconded, 3 were sent away as incorrigible, 3 died, 2 were insane, and 1 is doubtful." Sad, indeed, is the story of these patients, as Lady Henry gives it in her concise, businesslike way. "Of these," she tells us, "84 were married women, 28 were single, 43 had inebriate family history, 8 had insanity in the family, 11 had ancestors who died of paralysis, 63 were habitual drunkards, 40 periodical drunkards, and 7 were secret drunkards. . . ." In stating the cause of their fall, 34 gave depressing nervous work or trouble, 22 companionship, 8 overwork, 6 cruelty.

One of the strangest and most terrible of the life-stories that came under Lady Henry's notice is that of Jane Cakebread, who had been imprisoned nearly three hundred times. This unfortunate woman had drifted between the street and prison for many years, and had finally been sent away from Duxhurst, not for drunkenness, but for an attack on another woman. It was found out that she was mentally deranged, and had fits of violence even when she was sober; the medical officer was convinced of her insanity,

and she was finally sent to Claybury, where she ended her days.

Jane Cakebread was not the only woman who had been sent to prison nearly three hundred times; another poor creature with a similar reputation came to the haven of rest at Duxhurst. She was said to be one of the most unmanageable women in Holloway gaol, but when sober she was docile and affectionate. She remained in the colony for a year, but her health was impaired by intemperance and constant imprisonment. When she left she remained sober, in spite of her sufferings, till she died six months later. "A little tablet," observed Lady Henry, "is now erected in our church to her memory, with the words, 'At evening time it shall be light'; and we are happy in the knowledge that this poor stricken wayfarer saw that great Light before she entered into the new hope that lay for her beyond."

Such is the work to which Lady Henry Somerset is devoting her splendid talents, for she is as gifted with her pen as with her voice. She goes a great deal amongst her tenantry, and has built a chapel, reading-room, and restaurant for her London tenants. "Lady Henry Somerset is a whole fresh-air mission in herself," was the verdict of one whom she helped. She holds her own strong views on many subjects. "Justice to Ireland, the better housing of the poor, the provision of old age pensions, and the harmonising of reformatory institutions," are matters in which she takes a keen interest.

"All must do something," exclaims this zealous worker, "for every soul is precious, and if, in the brief space of life, we restore to some poor soul some glimpse of the innocence they once enjoyed, some closer communion with the Light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world, we shall not have hoped and laboured in vain."

Grand words, that we all should do well to lay to heart!

May other Englishwomen be incited by them to follow Lady Henry Somerset's noble example, and by their life, their influence, and the dedication of their talents, to fight against the crying social evils of the day.

God will surely bless such work and such workers; and when life's long day is ended, and the labourers are called into the Master's presence, they will not appear before Him empty-handed, but shall have some precious sheaves to lay at their Lord's feet.

Frances Havergal

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

CHAPTER I

IN THE SPRING-TIDE

"For only work that is for God alone
Hath an unceasing guerdon of delight,
A guerdon unaffected by the sight
Of great success, nor by its loss o'erthrown;
All else is vanity beneath the sun;
There may be joy in doing, but it palls when done."

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

"FEW things have a more salutary effect upon me than reading secular biographies. For, successful or unsuccessful alike, 'vanity of vanities' seems the truest characteristic of every life not devoted to the very highest aims. 'Queens of Society,' Autobiography of Louis Spohr, and others, have left this feeling strongly upon me, and have been auxiliary in making me wish that my life may be laid out for Him whose it is by right. Oh, that he may make me a vessel sanctified and meet for the Master's use!" These words were written by the subject of this sketch in the record of her inner life, and bore testimony to the singleness of her aim.

Consecration, self-surrender, is the keynote to Frances Ridley Havergal's life; and as we read the loving "Memorials," penned by a sister's hand, we seem lifted up into higher regions, where the atmosphere is pure and the mountain tops are bathed in the golden light of heaven.

To those who are of the earth earthy, who prefer the

glitter and tinsel of Vanity Fair to the Delectable Mountains or the fair pasturage of the Land of Beulah, a life like Frances Havergal's is simply an unintelligible problem, *terra incognita*, a sealed book full of unsolved mystery, the very language in which it is written is unknown to them, it is a cipher to which they have no key.

How are such light natures to sound "the strange soul-depths, restless, vast and broad, unfathomed as the sea," with their puny-sounding rods? Under the surface there may be depths and wonderful abysses, an unseen world of moving life, strong currents, warm gulf-streams, of which they have no knowledge. Like Gallio of old, Worldly Wiseman "cares for none of these things"; they are foolishness to him. Bunyan's quaint fable of the muck-rake and the angel with the celestial crown embodies this idea; for as the Interpreter remarks: "'And whereas thou seest him rather give heed to rake up straws and sticks, and the dust of the floor, than to what He says that calls to him from above, with the celestial crown in His hand; it is to show that heaven is but a fable to some, and that things here are counted the only things substantial. . . .' Then said Christiana: 'Oh, deliver me from this muck-rake.' 'That prayer,' said the Interpreter, 'has lain by till it is almost rusty. "Give me not riches" is scarce the prayer of one of ten thousand. Straws and sticks and dust, with most, are the great things now looked after.'"

But if "whole-hearted loyalty in the Master's service" be the keynote of Frances Havergal's life, as we have before remarked, there is another salient point that especially attracts our notice, and that is, how her splendid gifts and sweet service of song were neutralised and silenced for months together by ill-health.

". . . I am stopped in every attempt at consecutive work," she once wrote to a friend. "It has for years been special discipline to me, because I am naturally fond of

going through with a thing, and have always had a strong yearning for definite, settled work. Yet I have never been permitted anything but desultory work; either ailments or something beyond my own control has always interfered, ever since I was about twenty." There is a sad ring in these words, as though the dark edge of the cloud were, turned to her. But later she wrote more brightly: "The bits of wayside work are very sweet. Perhaps the *odd* bits when all is done, will really come to more than the seeming greater pieces! The chance conversations with rich or poor, the seed sown in odd five minutes, even the *tables-d'hôte* for me, and the rides and friends' tables for you." There were many "turned lessons" in Frances Havergal's life; but, as she herself so sweetly says:—

> "Was it not kinder the task to turn,
> Than to let it pass,
> As a lost, lost leaf that she did not learn?"

Frances Ridley Havergal was born on December 14th, 1836. She was the youngest of the family; there were two brothers and three sisters older than herself. Her father was then the rector of Astley, Worcestershire, and she was baptised in Astley church. Her sponsors were Miss Lucy Emra, authoress of "Lawrence the Martyr," and other poems; Miss Elizabeth Coward and the Rev. W. H. Ridley, rector of Hambleden. Frances loved her name of Ridley, and was proud to be the descendant of the martyred bishop. There is a very interesting extract from a letter written by the Rev. F. H. Jeffery, afterwards vicar of Sway, then curate at Astley, quoted in the Memorials, which gives a charming description of the little Frances.

"I well remember Astley Rectory," he writes, "more than forty years ago. At that time your sister Frances was rather more than two years old; a very fairy-like creature.

Her chief companion was then a white-and-tan spaniel, such as Landseer might have loved, and this little favourite she called Flora or Flo. At morning prayers she always sat on her father's knee while he read the Scriptures. It is likely that she learned to read as a mere pastime. I well remember her sweet infant voice singing little hymns in imitation of her father. . . . The day she was four years old her little maid brought her down after dinner to dessert, crowned with a wreath of bay leaves. I shall never forget the picture she was—her dear mother in miniature, especially in the brightness of her expression and the sparkle of her eye."

Even at that early age her precocity was surprising. At four years old Frances could read the Bible and any ordinary book, and could write in round hand. French and music were gradually imparted, but she never had a regular governess. There can be little doubt that Frances inherited her love of music from her father. At this time he was an invalid, and he solaced himself by composing cathedral services, and many hundreds of chants and tunes, and some sacred songs; the profits accruing from these compositions were devoted to various societies and the restoration of churches.

In 1844 the living of Astley was resigned, and Henwick House, in the parish of Hallow, became the home of the Havergal family, until Bishop Pepys appointed their father to the rectory of St. Nicholas, Worcester, in 1845. Frances' first childish grief was the death of her playmate Flo. The little creature was buried under the Mespilus tree on the back lawn. Her childish memorandum is still preserved: "Here lies little Flora. Died April 16th, 1844, aged seven. Reverence her remains."

Frances showed a thirst for knowledge from a very early age. She always contrived to be in the drawing-room when the German professor was giving his lesson. In this way

she acquired the language. "When discovered," remarked a sister, "she had made such progress that Mr. Lorentz begged that he might instruct her."

When she was nine she wrote descriptive letters in perfect rhyme and rhythm to her brother Frank and her young friends. When Frances Havergal was two-and-twenty she wrote an autobiographical sketch of her childhood and school life. In it she remarks: "Up to the time that I was six years old I have no remembrance of religious ideas whatever. But from six to eight I recall a different state of things. The beginning of it was a sermon preached one Sunday morning at Hallow church by Mr. (now Archdeacon) Phillpotts. Of this I even now retain a distinct impression." Then in a naïve way she adds: "I began to pray a good deal, though only night and morning, with a sort of fidget and impatience, almost angry at feeling so unhappy, and wanting and expecting to get a new heart and have everything put straight and be made happy all at once . . . ." And then she goes on: "I shall know some day *why* my Father left me to walk thus alone in my early childhood, why such long years of dissatisfaction and restlessness were apportioned me, while others fancied me a happy, thoughtless child."

When Frances was eleven years old she had the grief of losing her beloved mother. She felt her loss acutely, though she did not always show it. "If anything occupied my attention," she wrote, "I had a happy faculty of forgetting everything else for the moment. And thus it happened that a merry laugh, or a sudden light-heeled scamper down stairs, led others to think I had not many sad thoughts, whereas not a minute before my little heart was heavy and sad."

It was a consciousness of this trait that made her write later: "Among the best gifts of God to me, I count a certain stormy-petrelism of nature, which seems to enable

me to skim any waves when I am not actually under them. I have an elasticity which often makes me wonder at myself, a power of throwing myself into any present interest or enjoyment, though the sorrow is only suspended, not removed."

After this sorrowful time the family went to North Wales for a change, and later Frances visited her sister Miriam, who had married Henry Crane, Esq., of Oakhampton, near Stamford, where she is remembered "as a clever, amusing child, sometimes a little wilful and troublesome from mere excess of animal spirits, but always affectionate and grateful for any little treat; reading a good deal of poetry, and leaving traces of her studies in volumes found in hayloft, and manger, and garden nooks."

In 1850, when Frances was between thirteen and fourteen, she went to school and spent six months with Mrs. Teed, at Belmont. It was Mrs. Teed's *finale* to a long course of school work; and her intense desire to influence her young pupils and to lead them to higher things, resulted in a sort of revival in the school. Girls are very impressionable. No doubt there was excitement; but that term was a turning-point to many a young life. Frances seemed to have been strongly impressed; but the clouds that obscured her inner path did not lift. She made a confidante of Miss Cooke, who afterwards became her stepmother, and found great comfort in her loving and wise counsel.

After her father's marriage Frances went to school at Powick Court, near Worcester. Unhappily, in December her studies were checked by severe erysipelas in her face and head. She was removed home, and all lessons prohibited. Her sister recalls her patience when almost blind. "She was so extremely agile in every movement," she adds, "a very fairy with her golden curls and light step, her father calling her his 'Little Quicksilver,' that to 'lie still' was no light trial."

In the following November she accompanied her parents to Germany, as her father wished to consult the great oculist, Dr. De Leuw. In a letter to a friend Frances writes: "The Hofrath says papa has incipient cataract, which he hopes to disperse. As we need remain here only three weeks, we shall winter in Düsseldorf. I will tell you about my school there, to which I am longing to return. The 'Louisenschule' is so called from the Queen of Prussia. . . . Fräulein Quincke is a very excellent schoolmistress, and the masters are undoubtedly good. . . . The school is under the direction of that good man, Pastor Krafft, so altogether papa has decided to let me have my way, and return to school, while he and mamma travel about."

A few months later she wrote to the same friend from Obercassel: ". . . I have left school for ever, I suppose, and came here from Düsseldorf. What a suffocating feeling it is, leaving school for ever; a period, an era, completely passed and left behind. One feels that childhood is over now, and a sense of tenfold increased responsibility and independence, so to speak, is a weight upon the spirit. . . . "Only fancy, when the testimonies were given out at the Louisenschule, amidst heart-beating and cheek-flushing (especially mine), 'Frances Havergal, Numero Eins,' broke the stilled silence of the awed assemblage. . . . Proud I was, partly on account of being a daughter of Britain. I did not go to sleep till nearly midnight for pure delight and satisfaction. . . .

"In the Louisenschule, when a girl has not learnt everything (as you know I did not) she receives only her testimony, but no number. This half-year, however, it seems all the masters in council assembled were so very well pleased with the *Engländerin's* (English girl's) papers and conduct, that they agreed to break their rule for once, and honour me with Number 1, a thing they had never done before."

While her parents were at Heidelberg, Frances was left

at Obercassel, a pleasant village on the Rhine, under the care of Pastor Schulze-Berge and the kindly Frau Pastorin. Frances seemed very happy with these good people. She made friends with the family of Count von Lippe, and read German with an adopted daughter, Fräulein von Clondt.

Pastor Schulze-Berger spoke of his English pupil most warmly. "She was committed to my care for her studies," he writes, "in 1853 at Obercassel. I instructed her in German composition, literature and history. I learned to appreciate her rich talents and mental powers, so that the lessons were more pleasure than work. She showed from the first such rare talent, such depth of comprehension, that I can only speak of her progress as extraordinary. . . . What imprinted the stamp of nobility upon her whole being, and influenced all her opinions, was her true piety and the deep reverence she had for her Lord and Saviour, whose example penetrated her young life through and through."

In December 1853 Frances returned to England with her parents. The following July she was confirmed in Worcester Cathedral by the Bishop, Dr. Pepys. Frances always kept the anniversary of her confirmation.

On her return home she carefully kept up all her studies, making abstracts in German, French and English. With her father's help she acquired sufficient Greek to enjoy studying the New Testament.

Mr. Havergal had been again to Gräfrath, in 1855, and returned with improved eyesight. It was a great joy to his family to see him in the reading-desk again, after nearly four years' absence.

In 1856 Frances went to Ireland. An Irish schoolgirl writes the following description of her: "In a few seconds Miss Frances, carolling like a bird, flashed into the room! Flashed! Yes, I say the word advisedly—flashed in like a

burst of sunshine, like a hillside breeze, and stood before us, her fair, sunny curls falling round her shoulders, her bright eyes dancing, and her fresh, sweet voice ringing through the room. I shall never forget that afternoon, never! I sat perfectly spellbound as she sang chant and hymn with marvellous sweetness, and then played two or three pieces of Handel which thrilled me through and through. She finished with singing her father's tune, *Hobart*, to 'The Church of our Fathers.' . . . As we walked down the shady avenue, one and another said, 'Oh, isn't she lovely?' and 'Doesn't she sing like a born angel?' . . . 'Oh, she's a real Colleen Bawn!' But from one young heart a different cry went up silently as she listened to the music: 'Lord, teach me, even me, to know and love Thee too!'"

During this summer Frances much enjoyed the study of Hebrew with J. H. S. She was blessed with a very retentive memory. She knew by heart the whole of the Gospels, Epistles, Revelation, the Psalms and Isaiah, and the Minor Prophets she learnt in later years.

In 1860 Rev. William Havergal resigned the living of St. Nicholas, and parting gifts flowed in from the parishioners. Amongst the testimonials there were gold watches for Frances and her sister, with the inscription, "From the Parishioners of St. Nicholas, Worcester, March 1860." The teachers and children of the Sunday-school also sent books. Frances Havergal was a model Sunday-school teacher. The work was very dear to her. Her sister tells us that "in the neatly bound register, entitled 'My Sunday scholars, from 1846 to 1860,' each child's birthday, entrance date, occurrences in their homes, general impressions of their character, and subsequent events in their life, are all carefully noted."

Leaving St. Nicholas was to Frances a mixture of sorrow and thankfulness. It was necessary for her father to have

less work, and the little country parish of Shareshill seemed to offer him comparative rest.

"Papa is so very much to me," she writes in her warm-hearted way; "so much more than all besides. He has been so very ill again, and this puts an end to all ideas of farewell sermons or visits. It is wonderfully thrilling to see him in illness: such utter peacefulness, such grand conceptions of God's absolute sovereignty in everything, such quiet rejoicing in His will, be it what it may, such shining trust in Him, in and for everything personal or parochial."

The removal to Shareshill proved beneficial. One of the first improvements effected in the new parish was the abolition of the Sunday post. Frances Havergal shared her father's feelings on this subject. She always sympathised with the men deprived of their Sunday rest.

In February 1861 Frances undertook the instruction of her two nieces, the daughters of her sister, Mrs. Crane, and made Oakhampton her second home. Her father approved of this plan, as he thought it would prevent her studying so hard. The hours for lessons were short, and she had many pleasant changes of scene. "She entered with zest into the recreation of her young companions, riding and scrambling, swimming and skating, croquet and chess, each in their turn, and excelled in them all. Her needlework was exquisite, from the often despised darning to the most delicate lacework and embroidery." She was fond of utilising odds and ends of time, and actually learnt all the Italian verbs while her pupils were washing their hands before dinner. The old nurse used to vex herself sorely when she found her at her Latin books before breakfast.

But under the bright surface the inner life was not free from storm and stress. In her Autobiography she writes: "No one professing to be a Christian at all could possibly have had a more cloudy, fearing, doubting, sorrowing and

wandering heart-history than mine has been through many years."

In the winter of 1865-6 Frances revisited her German friends, and resided with her parents for some time at Bonn. She had composed some songs, and was anxious to show them to Hiller, the German musician. His opinion was favourable on the whole. He told her that the melodies bore the stamp of talent, not of genius. She gave the account of her interview in a letter to Mrs. Crane. "But as for your harmonies," he continued, "I must say I am astonished. It is something singular to find such grasp of the subject, such power of harmonization, except where there has been long and thorough study and instruction. Here I can give almost unlimited praise." In answer to her questions, Hiller told her that in his opinion she had sufficient talent to warrant her, if she chose, in devoting herself to music as a life-work. He recommended her to study under Macfarren, and gave her the name of a book on harmony. The opinion of such an authority was very gratifying to Frances Havergal.

Her musical memory was singularly retentive. She would play through Handel, and much of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, without notes. When her nieces Evelyn and Constance Crane went to school, Frances left Oakhampton. In the autumn she went to the Lakes with an old schoolfellow and a friend. She also joined the Young Women's Christian Association, and received her card of membership. This association was a lifelong rivet. She took interest in a great many societies, and collected for them steadily. The Jews, Church Pastoral Aid, and the Bible Society were alike valued.

In settling that winter into the new home, Pyrmont Villa, Leamington, Frances writes with much gravity to a friend: "My first note in my new room in our new house must be to you. It is solemn to think of what I may go through

in this room; probably many happy hours, certainly many sorrowful ones. . . . I have just been praying words from my own mamma's lips, when I was a little girl: 'Prepare me for all that Thou are preparing for me.'" And later on she writes most characteristically of her work. "I have not had a single poem come to me for some time, till last night, when one shot into my mind. All my best have come in that way, Minerva fashion, full-grown. It is so curious: one minute I have not an idea of writing anything, the next I have a poem. It is mine; I see it all, except laying out rhymes and metres, which is then easy work. I rarely write anything which has not come thus."

The illness and death of her young niece, Evelyn Crane, was a great sorrow to Frances Havergal. Three years before her loving influence and earnest counsel had won her to higher things, and her dying message spoke of her joyful trust and peace.

The following year Mr. Crane took Frances with his wife and eldest daughter to Switzerland, by the Rhine route to Heidelberg, Freiburg, Basle, and Schaffhausen; and Frances realised the dream of her life, and saw snow mountains; and in the autumn she went to Scotland, and thoroughly enjoyed the Highland scenery.

A sad trouble was impending. Her father's companionship had always been dear to Frances. His classical knowledge, his poetic and musical talents, were invaluable. She would seek his criticism on her poems. As her sister writes: "Very charming was it to hear her lively coaxing that he would just sing, as she accompanied his sacred songs; while at other times I have seen her absorbed with his impassioned melodies, fugues, and intricate progressions, thrilling yet passing."

His holy and consistent life was like a guiding light on his children's path. Now the shadow of death was overshadowing that happy home. On Easter Eve, 1870, he was

unusually well. He rose early on Easter Day, but apoplexy ensued, and after forty-eight hours of unconsciousness he passed away.

As his daughter Frances wrote :—

> "'Yet speaketh!' There was no last word of love,
> So suddenly on us the sorrow fell.
> His bright translation to the home above
> Was clouded with no shadow of farewell.
> His last Lent evening closed with praise and prayer,
> And then began the songs of endless Easter there."

He was buried in Astley churchyard, under the fir tree, the spot he had chosen. The epitaph is as follows : "The Rev. William Henry Havergal, M.A., Vicar of Shareshill, and Hon. Canon of Worcester Cathedral. Died at Leamington, 19th April, 1870, aged 77. Curate 7, Rector 13 years of this Parish—1822 to 1842. 'A faithful minister in the Lord' (Eph. vi. 21)."

Memorial tablets were also placed in Worcester cathedral and St. Nicholas and Shareshill churches.

CHAPTER II

"LIGHT AT EVENTIDE"

"And thus she passed away; so beautiful in dying
As she had been in living,—grand in simple faith;
Her watchword, 'Trust Him,' tells the secret underlying
Her fragrant life of beauty, her victorious death."

EDWIN CHAS. WRENFORD.

SOON after her father's death, Frances Havergal undertook the preparation for the press of Havergal's "Psalmody," which was afterwards used in connection with the Rev. C. B. Snepp's Hymnal, "Songs of Grace and Glory."

She alludes to the work of harmonizing in a letter to her friend, Miss Mary C.: ". . . The way I studied harmony was rather unique. Some years ago (at home) I kept a treatise on harmony in my bedroom, read as much as I could conveniently grasp the last thing, and then worked out the exercises in my head before going to sleep. This I did for several weeks, and suppose I must have taken it in very comfortably under this system, inasmuch as I had some work to persuade Hiller that I had gone through no 'academical course.'" And later she writes: "When composing some tunes at this time, I selected six about which I felt doubtful, and sent them to Sir Frederic Ouseley, asking him to say if they were all right. This he kindly did; to my great delight he endorsed them every one, and praised them too."

She wrote several hymns for "Songs of Grace and Glory." "Writing is praying with me," she said in another letter, "for I never seem to write even a verse by myself, and feel like a little child writing. You know a child would look up at every sentence and say: 'And what am I to say next?' That is just what I do: I ask that at every line He would give me, not merely thoughts and power, but also every word, even the very rhyme. Very often I have a most distinct and happy consciousness of direct answers. . . . I was so overwhelmed on Sunday at hearing three of my hymns touchingly sung at Perry church. I never before realised the high privilege of writing for 'the great congregation,' especially 633: 'I gave my life for thee,' to papa's tune Baca."

In June 1871 Frances Havergal and her friend, Miss Elizabeth Clay, spent some weeks in Switzerland, with no luggage to encumber them beyond carpet-bags and knapsacks. She seems to have astonished the guide by her climbing powers. As an Alpine Clubbist remarked, "She went up like a chamois." And she thoroughly enjoyed the glissades down the mountains.

Christmas was a trying period now in the household at Leamington, and her father's loss was deeply felt. Ill-health compelled Frances Havergal to give up a good deal of her work, and especially the training of the St. Paul's choir. "But," as she writes, "when a disappointment comes in that way, it must be His appointment."

It was the "turned lesson again," with the mark still set in the selfsame place. There is small wonder that she writes rather sadly to a trusted friend: "I have been feeling very down, and I hope really humbled; it seemed rather marked His not letting me write at all this year, and now taking away all work from me seems another sentence of the same lesson. I feel such a 'cumberer'; every one doing more and better than

myself. Pray for me, that I may really learn all He is teaching me."

A few weeks in North Wales were of great benefit to her, and she seemed to recover health and buoyancy. There is a striking passage in a letter written in 1873, which speaks of the discipline of waiting. "Did you ever hear of any one being very much used for Christ who did not have some special waiting-time, some complete upset of all his or her plans first; from St. Paul's being sent off into the desert of Arabia for three years, when he must have been boiling over with the glad tidings, down to the present day? . . . My own case is far less severe, but the same in principle, that when I thought the door was flung open for me to go with a bound into literary life, it is opposed; the doctor steps in and says simply: 'Never! she must choose between writing and living; she can't do both.' That was in 1860. Then I came out of the shell with 'Ministry of Song' in 1869, and saw the evident wisdom of having been kept nine years waiting in the shade."

That summer Frances Havergal accompanied her friends Mr. and Mrs. Snepp and their daughter Emily to Switzerland. While descending from Mont Blanc her love of glissading led her into imminent danger, and only Mr. Snepp's presence of mind saved her life and the life of one of the guides. Miss Havergal writes a graphic description of the occurrence.

"They would not unrope me. When we got to Pierre à l'Echelle, I was so enjoying my glissades, and presently thought we were come to a sufficiently easy part to go carelessly, whereupon I slipped, and Payot the guide, who was next to me, totally lost himself too. Below us was a dark abyss. We both started a decidedly too rapid spin down a very steep incline to sheer precipice below; when instantaneously Mr. Snepp did the only possible thing which could have saved all four of us—flung himself right on his back with his heels in the snow, the orthodox thing to do if

only any one has the presence of mind to do it. Thus he was enabled to bear the immense strain on the rope and check our impetus; thank God, we soon recovered our footing. . . ."

On her return from Switzerland to Oakhampton, Frances Havergal immediately commenced work. Cottage visitations and four Bible-classes weekly occupied her time, and soon she assisted in preparatory work for a mission at Bewdley. In spite of fragile health she gave much help in the choir. During a mission week at Liverpool she was again at work. This year was a marked epoch in her inner life; "the 'sunless ravines' were now for ever passed." She was lifted into sunshine, to quote her own words, "of which all she had previously experienced was but as pale and passing April gleams, compared with the fulness of summer glory."

Some time after this she said to her sister: "It was on Advent Sunday, December 2nd, 1873, I first saw clearly the blessedness of true consecration. I saw it as a flash of electric light, and what you see you can never unsee. There must be full surrender before there can be full blessedness."

Her sister adds: "The practical effect of this was most evident in her daily true-hearted, whole-hearted service for her King, and also in the increased joyousness of the unswerving obedience of her home life, the surest test of all."

The hymn, "From Glory to Glory" was written after this at Winterdyne; and her brother-in-law, Mr. Shaw, remembers her reading it to him and saying, "There! I could not have written this before," and how her radiant face bore testimony to her words.

"The fulness of His blessing encompasseth our way,
The fulness of His promises crowns every brightening day,
The fulness of His glory is beaming from above,
While more and more we realise the fulness of His love."

In 1874 there was another delightful visit to Switzerland with her niece Miss Constance Crane and other friends. Her circular letters home are full of interest. After a month's rest she took up work again. "At Armont Dessus" she speaks of "establishing herself with pen and ink in a shady nook by a little, steep downhill waterfall." It was here she commenced her poem "The Thoughts of God;" but then, as ever, she was ready to lay aside her pen, if any opportunity of doing some little wayside act of work, of speaking some word in season, came to her. About this time she set about "Little Pillows," "thirty-one short papers; as a book for children, of say twelve years old," she explains in one of her circular letters, "a short, easily recollected text to go to sleep upon for each night of the month, with a page or two of simple practical thoughts about it, such as a little girl might read every night while having her hair brushed. I think this will take me about a fortnight to write and arrange for the press; adding probably a verse or two of a hymn at the end of each of the papers. There are lots of little monthly morning and evening books for grown-up people, but I don't know of one for children except those containing only texts." In her next letter she says, "I have finished not only 'Little Pillows,' but a little companion to it for morning use, 'Morning Bells.' Both manuscripts are ready for press."

Miss Havergal had returned from Switzerland in perfect health and ready to resume active work, but before the year closed fresh discipline was to try her. She had been paying a visit, and somehow or other she caught fever and commenced her homeward journey with headache and sickness; still she stayed at Willesden Junction to talk to a young stranger in whom her sister was interested, and to comfort her. The young lady afterwards wrote: "Oh if I could only feel as she looked; your sister Frances was so young and lovely, and I am glad I saw for once that God-satisfied

face." On reaching Leamington shiverings and feverish symptoms set in, and Miss Havergal was soon prostrate with typhoid fever. About the middle of November she lay between life and death. Prayer was offered up unceasingly that the beloved life might be spared, and great was the joy of those who watched beside her bed, when at last they perceived that "this sickness was not unto death."

Later on she said to a sister: "I never thought of death as going through the dark valley, or down to the river; it often seemed to me a going up to the golden gates and lying there in the brightness, just waiting for the gate to open to me. I never before was, so to speak, face to face with death. It was like a look into heaven; and yet, when my Father sent me back again, I felt it was His will, and so I could not be disappointed."

About the middle of January change of air was prescribed, and she was taken to Winterdyne, Bewdley. As her sister, Marie Havergal, was assisting her into the carriage at Leamington, she received the news of their brother Henry's sudden death. He was Vicar of Cople, Bedfordshire. But the sad intelligence was kept from the invalid until the journey was over.

Unhappily, after a few days a relapse set in, and Frances Havergal was again ill for many weeks; but no nurse was needed, as the Winterdyne servants pleaded to be allowed to sit up in turn with "dear Miss Frances." However, in a few days, she became so ill that they telegraphed for Mrs. Havergal. When Frances saw her stepmother, her first words were: "I am trusting Him for every bit of the way." Her patience was marvellous; even when in acute pain she would say lively things to divert her nurses' attention from her suffering. Once she said to her sister, "Oh, Marie, if I might have but five minutes' ease from pain! I don't want even to moan when gentle Sister Ellen comes in. How I am troubling you all!" Another day she said:

"I think my special idea of heaven is seeing the Lord Jesus exalted, glorified, vindicated, reigning King of kings, and all His enemies serving Him."

Her recovery was slow, but her room was the brightest in the house. At last she was carried downstairs, but for some time used crutches. Her sister tells us that "needlework for the Zenana Mission was a great enjoyment to her." In April change of air was again recommended, and on the 3rd she left Winterdyne. The "Memorials" tell us that as the servants gathered round her she said: "It was a great comfort in my illness the way in which you waited upon me. I saw you never grudged the trouble I gave you; that would have distressed me. Remember God's promises are for each of you; faith is just holding out your hand and taking them. . . ." One inscription in the books she gave them is: "Fanny Holloway, with the writer's warm thanks for her great kindness and attention during her illness at Winterdyne, January to April 1875. 'Inasmuch . . .' (St. Matt. xxv. 40)."

A short drive enabled her to reach Oakhampton, her sister, Mrs. Crane's, pleasant home. Wherever Frances Havergal visited, her constant consideration was for the servants of the house. Bible readings in the servants' halls, kind talks and helpful prayers, are all remembered. The large reference Bibles given at Oakhampton were much treasured, and she was deeply gratified when every servant there joined the Christian Progress Union. "Nearly nine months," she writes to Mr. W——, "since I was last at family worship. I was in almost too great spirits about it, which is not good for me, and of course I had to subside and go and lie down for a considerable part of the morning; still it was an epoch, after four months' illness and weakness. I am told that I must not expect to be fit for any sort of work for at least six months longer, but I do not feel one regret. . . . I do

really and altogether desire that His will may be done, whatever it is."

With the return to health came a return to work, and by word or by letter her helpful sympathy was always ready; but she had another relapse in June. That autumn she went to Whitby with Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, and enjoyed a visit to York Minster and a pleasant interview with Dr. Dykes. From Whitby she writes: "Mamma is better, but has been so ill that it was a question whether she could reach England. I am so thankful for her. For myself I have not been ill, though often poorly since my last relapse in June; but I decidedly do not get strong, and am not nearly so strong as before my illness, even under these most favourable circumstances of bracing air. . . . I can do a little, write an hour or two, see one or two people, sing one song, go to church once on Sunday, and subside all the rest of the day; but that is the length of my tether. I came upon some verses which seem just to express it:

"'I am not eager, bold or strong,
All that is past;
I'm ready not to do,
At last, at last.

"'My half-day's work is almost done,
'Tis all my part;
I bring my patient God
A patient heart.'

For I am quite satisfied to do a half-day's work henceforth, if He pleases; and well I may be when I have plenty of proof that He can make a half-hour's work worth a whole day's if He will, yes, or a half-minute's either."

Amongst the "turned lessons" of Frances Havergal's life was one especially trying to her. She had prepared for press many sheets of manuscript music for the Appendix to "Songs of Grace and Glory." They had only been sent to the publisher a week, when she received the news

that Messrs. Henderson's premises had been burnt down, and the whole of the stereotypes of her musical edition destroyed. She writes to her sister: "The greater part of the manuscript of my Appendix is simply gone, for I had kept no copy whatever, and have not even a list of the tunes! Every chord of my own will have to be reproduced; every chord of any one else's re-examined and revised. . . . Thus I am suddenly shut off from the bright stream of successful writing, and stopped in all my own plans for this spring, and bid work a few months longer in the shade at what is to me a special exercise of great patience. It is just what He did with me last year; it is another 'turned lesson.'"

During a visit to her brother, Rev. Francis Havergal, Vicar of Upton Bishop, near Ross, she spent a great deal of time going from house to house and reading to the people. The "Memorials" tell us that her singing from Handel's "Messiah," accompanying herself on her brother's organ, on her last Sunday evening at Upton Bishop, will long be remembered by all who heard. The old parish clerk remarked, "I never heard the like of that before." Frances became the first contributor to a fund for erecting a vestry. Since her death it has been determined that this vestry shall be specially "in memory of F. R. H." Her brother had her name cast in a new treble bell, thus completing the peal of six.

Frances Havergal's bright, sunshiny disposition attracted even strangers. Often people would say, "F. R. H. looks so really happy; she must have something we have not got." And she was also a great favourite with children; her sympathy with them, and her merry ways, drew them to her.

On July 6th, 1876, Frances Havergal and her unmarried sister left England for Lausanne. From Montreux they went to Les Avants, to visit Miss Whately, and from

Vernazay they went to a quiet pension at Fin Haut, *en route* for Argentière.

The crowds of peasants passing to early mass gave the sisters the idea of giving them a Bible address. About thirty or forty came. Frances Havergal had written a French hymn, "Seulement pour Toi," and the singing gave much pleasure, but, alas! the work was too much for her slender stock of strength. As she writes: "All the old elasticity and physical strength are gone. I don't feel the 'atmospheric *sal volatile*,' and go out on the freshest of Swiss mornings feeling up to nothing, instead of equal to anything. Yet it is thirteen months since I was really cured from my illness." Still, there were "little wayside bits of work done." The passengers in the diligence from Visière joined heartily with the sisters in singing "Seulement pour Toi," and the driver took up the chorus.

Frances Havergal's brilliant playing in the saloon of the Great St. Bernard Hospice, where they spent Sunday, attracted the Fathers, and she sang for them and the assembled strangers Handel's "Comfort ye," "He shall feed His flock," and "Rest in the Lord." It was her message, and while she sang she was praying secretly that it might touch some heart.

One of the strangers who crossed their path wrote afterwards to her sister: "I feel sure that God led us to Champèry that we might meet your dear sister Frances. Oh! I cannot tell what a blessing she was to me then. I always looked for those fair curls, and the saloon seemed desolate if I could not hear her voice and merry laugh. . . . Yes, it was on the balcony at Champèry that a new life and love seemed lighted up in my soul. Even as she was speaking to me I felt that, with God's grace, I must take the same step she had, and henceforth live 'only for Jesus.' That was indeed turning a perfectly new and bright page in my life."

Another Champèry friendship was with Baroness Helga von Cramm.

The tour was full of enjoyment and interest to both the sisters; but while they were staying in the Pension Wenzer above Lauterbrunnen, just opposite Mürren, Frances got wet through in a thunderstorm, and contracted a severe chill. A month's serious illness followed.

People were very kind to them, and they had the pension to themselves, and as soon as strength was restored they returned to England. Frances Havergal's illness had hindered all work, and it was a matter of regret that there would be no book for Christmas.

We will quote her sister's words. "It was after we had passed Oxford station on our way to Winterdyne, and I thought she was dozing, when she exclaimed, with that herald flash in her eye, 'Marie! I see it all; I can write a little book, "My King";' and rapidly went through divisions for thirty-one chapters. The setting sun shone on her face, and, even then, it seemed to me that she could not be far distant from the land of the King."

Illness came on again, accompanied by severe suffering; yet the book was quickly written and published. We may regard the pages in "My King" as the fruit of her patiently taking back the "turned lesson," which prevented her writing for so many months.

The year 1877 was passed at her home or in visits to her brothers and sisters, to Astley Moor and London. The distressing illness of her stepmother was a source of deep anxiety. But work went on steadily. "What am I to do?" she writes to one correspondent. "Your letter would take two hours to answer, and I have not ten minutes. Fifteen or twenty letters to write every morning; proofs to correct, editors waiting for articles, poems and music I cannot touch, American publishers clamouring for poems or any

manuscripts, four Bible readings or classes weekly, many anxious ones waiting for help, a mission week coming, and other work after that; but my doctor says my physique is too weak to balance the nerves and brain, and that I ought not to touch a pen."

During the winter and spring of 1877-8 Mrs. Havergal was patiently bearing intense suffering, but still carrying on her Zenana and other meetings. But on May 26th the end came. Her last smile of recognition was for Frances. She was buried by her husband in Astley Churchyard, and her death was a great grief to her stepchildren, to whom she had been a loving mother and a wise friend and counsellor.

The home at Leamington was to be given up, and the two sisters were somewhat undecided in their arrangements for the future. As they both needed change, they went to the Mumbles with their brother, and secured lodgings for the winter. They then stayed some time at the "Highlands" Farm, near Titley in Herefordshire, returning to Leamington to break up the home..

It was at this time that Miss Havergal sold most of her jewellery and ornaments, the proceeds being devoted to the Church Missionary Society. On their last Sunday evening in Leamington the sisters attended service at Holy Trinity, when "Frances Havergal's hymn 'Thou art coming, O my Saviour,' was sang. On the last home evening she sent for a number of the night-school boys, and gave books, magazines, maps for their library, a magic-lantern, and other things. They then sang with her 'Tell it out,' and afterwards she spoke some bright, helpful words."

She spent the greater part of August with her brother Henry's widow and family in Somersetshire. Her nephews and nieces were always very close to her heart, and her influence over them was great. "Aunt Fanny always

understands me," indicates her loving sympathy. Early in October she joined her sister in their Welsh retreat. She was very tired then, and needed rest. It was a pleasant little haven. Her study was cosy with home comforts, and her favourite pictures and busts were arranged in it.

"The small but select library," we read in the "Memorials," "showed the variety of her taste—classical, foreign, poetical, with many works on science, geology, etc. Humboldt's and Professor Ritchie's works (his last gift) she much enjoyed when the scant leisure came. The last books she had in reading were 'The Earth's Formation on Dynamical Principles,' by A. T. Ritchie; 'Goodwin's Works'; 'The Life and Letters of the Rev. W. Pennefather,' of which she said, 'I find such food in that book;' and 'The Upward Gaze,' by her friend Agnes Giberne, with which she was delighted. . . . It was at her study table that she read her Bible by seven in the summer and eight in the winter, her Hebrew Bible, Greek Testament, and lexicons being at hand. . . . Her harp piano was placed on a stand she contrived by dexterous carpentering."

"The last sacred song she composed was 'Saving all along,' and many other melodies to her hymns in 'Loyal Responses.' Her American typewriter was always close to her, and it was a great relief to her eyes to use it. Her couch faced the west window, with its view of Caswell Bay and its rocks, and it was here that she and her sister loved to watch the sunsets."

There was no lull in her work even in this peaceful retreat. "Rest!" she exclaims; "there is none for me apparently. Every post brings more letters from strangers alone than I and my sister can answer. It is nine months since I had a chance of doing a stroke of new work."

The appeals were miscellaneous. Hymns for special New Year's Services wanted. To write cards suitable to mourners. For set of six more "Marching Orders,"

Request for poems to illustrate six pictures. Request to write a book suitable to Unitarians. To promote a new magazine. To give opinion on an oratorio; with similar requests. No wonder the weary worker was at times overburdened, yet she always wrote cheerily.

As usual she took interest in the cottagers, and began, with the vicar's consent, a Bible-reading for them. The room was always full, but the work exhausted her, and she was persuaded not to attempt larger meetings in the Newton Schoolhouse.

On her last Christmas morning she woke in severe pain and was very ill for some days, and her doctor wished her to have perfect rest. How worn and weary she was may be gathered from her own touching words to her sister. "I do hope the angels will have orders to let me alone a bit when I first get to heaven." There is something pathetically human in this cry of exhausted nature, praying only for stillness and repose, even in the Beatific Home.

In the "Journal of Mercies," which she kept in 1879, there are one or two entries that speak volumes. "A little respite from letter-writing" is one; "Frustration of plans, and solemn lessons," another. "Done with some musical work," and so on.

On January 28th Frances Havergal went to London to visit her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Watson and the Rev. C. Bullock; but infectious illness in Mrs. Bullock's family decided her to return to Wales. After this work seemed to increase. Many needed advice and instruction, and her frequent visits to the village school were of great benefit to the children. She took the greatest pains with them, and offered a new Bible to every child who would repeat perfectly the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. She had fixed Good Friday for hearing the repetitions; but she was ill then, and had to put off the children for another day. Her bright ways with the little ones, and her simple, loving words, won

their young hearts. About this time she took up Temperance and Total Abstinence work. In her own words, "I haven't taken up teetotal work, but the work has taken up me. . . . I adopt the title of 'The Newton Temperance Regiment' to please my boys, who are a strong majority in favour of it and very hearty about it. I do love these little lads." The Baroness Helga von Cramm joined the sisters in May. She thought Frances Havergal looking "well and young and bright." The friends had pleasant seaside rambles together, and Frances sat beside her on the sand while she sketched the Mumbles Lighthouse.

On May 21st Frances Havergal had arranged to meet some men and boys in the village band. The spot was a cold one, and she returned chilled and wet with the rain and mist. The next day she seemed very poorly, but being Ascension Day she went to Holy Communion; and that evening she spoke to several lads.

The next day her sister sent for the doctor. There was to be a temperance meeting in the evening, but Frances Havergal cheerfully gave up her work to be present, and spent her time in stitching strong paper-tract bags for sailors, till she felt ill and returned to bed. A feverish night ensued. The next morning the Baroness von Cramm left them. At first she did not suffer much, but lay quietly in bed, with her kittens Trot and Dot on her duvet; but she rather astonished her doctor by asking him if he thought "she had a chance of going." He told her that she was not seriously ill.

On May 29th fever and internal inflammation came on, and all the agony of peritonitis. All attempts to relieve her sufferings seemed in vain; but through it all her patience and gentle consideration for her nurses never failed. Once she whispered, when she saw their distress, "It's home the faster!" and to her faithful attendant, Mary, she said, "God's will is delicious; He makes no mistakes." Soon after she

said to one of her sisters: "Let my own text, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin,' be on my tomb: all the verse if there is room."

The constant sickness was very distressing, and nothing alleviated her suffering. When she asked her doctor the source of the danger, he replied: "You are seriously ill, and the inflammation is increasing;" and her reply was: "I thought so; but if I am going it is too good to be true." And later on, to her sister she said: "Spite of the breakers, Marie, I am so happy; God's promises are so true. Not a fear!"

On Whit Tuesday, at the dawn of day, the change came. Her beloved ones were round her. Her sister describes that last peaceful scene in the "Memorials": "Whispering the names of many dear ones, she added, 'I love them all. Then, as it were with her last look on them from the opening golden gates, she said yearningly, 'I want all to come to me in heaven: oh don't, don't disappoint me! Tell them "Trust Jesus."' One of her sisters began repeating the hymn, 'Jesus, I will trust Thee.' Clearly, though faintly, she sang the whole verse to her own tune, *Hermes*. Then came a terrible rush of convulsive sickness. It ceased. The nurse gently assisting her, she nestled in the pillows, folded her hands on her breast, saying, 'There, it is all over! Blessed rest!' There was a lovely radiance on her face. Then once more she tried to sing, one high sweet note, then her voice failed,—and as her brother commended her into her Redeemer's hand, she peacefully passed away."

On June 9th they laid her beside her father in Astley churchyard. "A golden star of Banksia roses, a poet's wreath of laurel and bay, and many white crowns were laid on it." In her sister's touching words: "There, within sight of her birthroom in the rectory, and under the branches of the fir tree her father planted (and away beyond, the hills

and valleys of her childhood's haunts encircling us), we laid our dear sister, in sure and certain hope of her resurrection to eternal life."

The inscription runs as follows :—

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL,
YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE REV. W. H. HAVERGAL AND JANE HIS WIFE.
Born at Astley Rectory, 14 December, 1836;
Died at Caswell Bay, Swansea, 3 June, 1879, aged 42.
By her writings in prose and verse she "being dead yet speaketh."

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—1 ST. JOHN i. 7.

Printed by Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury.

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